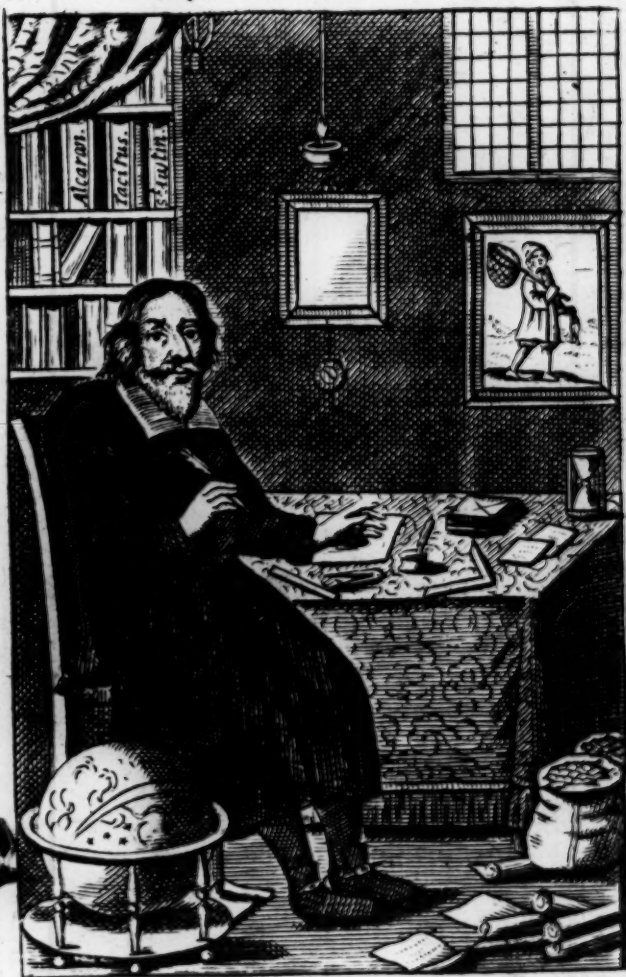


*Mahomet the Turkish Spy. Etatis suæ 72.  
F. H. W. Hove. sculp.*





*Mahomet the Turkish Spy. Etatis suæ 72.  
F. H. V. M. Hove. sculp.*

THE  
Third Volume  
OF  
LETTERS  
Writ by a  
**Turkish Spy,**  
Who lived Five and Forty Years,  
Undiscover'd, at  
**PARIS:**

Giving an Impartial Account to the  
*Divan at Constantinople*, of the most Re-  
markable Transactions of *Europe*; And dis-  
covering several *Intrigues* and *Secrets* of the  
*Christian Courts* (especially of that of  
*France*) continued from the Year 1645, to  
the Year 1682.

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*Written Originally in Arabick, Translated into  
Italian, and from thence into English, by the  
Translator of the First Volume.*

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**The Third Edition.**

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**L O N D O N,**

Printed by J. Leake, for Henry Rhodes,  
near Bride-lane, in Fleet-street, 1692.

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1864

1865

1866

1867

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1869

1870

1871

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TO THE  
READER.

OUR *Arabian* having met with so kind Entertainment in this *Nation*, since he put on the *English* Dress, is resolved to continue his Garb, and visit you as often as Convenience will permit.

He brings along with him many Foreign Commodities, to gratify the Various Expectations of People: His *Cargo* consisting of Jewels and other Rareties, which are the Genuine Product of the *East*; and some Kinds of Merchandise, which he has purchased here in the *West*, during his Residence at *Paris*.

It will be Pity to affront this Honest Stranger, by raising Scandals on him, as if he were a Counterfeit, and I know not what. This will appear Inhospitable, and Unworthy of the *English* Candor and Generosity.

To speak without an *Allegory*, in this *Third Volume of Letters*, as in the former

## To the Reader.

*Two*, you'll find an Exact Continuation of *Modern History*, acquainting you with all the Memorable Sieges, Battels and Campaignes, that were in *Europe*, from the Year 1645, to 1649. As also, with all the Remarkable *Negotiations* and *Transactions* of State, *Embassies*, *Leagues* and *Overtures* of Princes; the *Policies* and *Intrigues* of *Publick Ministers*, especially those of *Cardinal Mazarini*; the Great and Stupendous *Revolutions* and *Civil Wars*, in *England*, *China*, *Naples*, *Turky* and *Paris*, the Prodigious Rise of a Poor Young Beardless *Fisherman*, to the Height of *Sovereign Power*; the Dismal *Tragedies* of an *English King*, and a *Chinese Emperor*; with the Murder of a *Turkish Sultan*. And, all these intermix'd with Proper and Useful Remarks, Pleasant and Agreeable Stories; couch'd in a Style, which being peculiar to the *Arabians*, cannot be match'd in any other *Writings* that are Extant.

If his *Philosophy* will not abide the Test of our Learned *Virtuosi*, yet it may pass Muster in a *Mahometan*; since it is taken for granted, That the Men of that *Faith*, rarely apply themselves to such Studies; or, at least, not in the Method us'd in *Christian Schools*. They may have the  
same

## To the Reader.

same *Idea's* of *Natural* Things as We; but they express themselves in a different Manner.

As for his *Morals*, they are Solid and Grave, and such as could not be reprehended even in a *Christian Writer*, if we reduce what he says to *Universals*. For, abstracting from the Particular Obligations he had to his *Native Religion*, and to the *Grand Signior*, whose *Slave* he was; there will be found little Difference, between his *Ethicks* and ours. He every where recommends Loyalty, Justice, Fortitude, Temperance, Prudence; and all those other Virtues, which are requisite to fill up the *Character* of a *Hero*, or a *Saint*.

And, who will not bear with him, for Patronizing the *Religion* and *Interest* in which he was bred; it being Natural for all Men, to adhere to the *Notions*, they have suck'd in with their *Mothers Milk*? In this also, he shews great Moderation; and a more unbiass'd Temper, than one would expect from a *Turk*: Which may, in Part, be ascrib'd to his Studying in the *Christian Academies*, his Conversation with the Learned'st Men in *Paris*, and some of the most Accomplish'd Persons in the World. Hence it was, that he was

## To the Reader.

accus'd by his *Superiors* at the *Ottoman Port*, of Inclining to *Christianity* or *Atheism*; as he takes Notice, in his *Apolo-  
gy* to a *Religious Dignitary*, in the First Letter, of the Third Book of this Volume, Pag. 255. to which the Reader is referr'd for farther Satisfaction.

In his most Familiar *Letters*, such as this last mention'd, and others to his Intimate Friends, you will find some Expressions, discovering a certain Fineness and Strength of Thought, which is not very Common in *Christian Writers*. Which is an Argument, That the *Mahometans* are not all such Block-Heads, as we take 'em for.

And, though his *Piçture*, which we have affix'd to Our *Translation*, since we had the *Italian Tomes*, represents no Extraordinary Person, yet you know *Juvenal's* Remark, *Fronti nulla Fides*. And, it has been a Common Observation of one of the Greatest *Philosophers* in this Age, That by his *Outward Aspect*, no Man would guess, what an *Illustrious Soul* lodg'd within.

If you would know, how the *Italian* came by this *Piçture* (for, in his *Preface*, he asserts it to be the True *Effigies* of this *Arabian*) he says, That being acquainted with the *Secretary* of *Cardinal Mazarini*,  
and



## To the Reader.

and frequenting his House, he saw a *Picture* hang in his *Closet*, with this *Inscription* at the Bottom, TITUS DE MOLDAVIA, CLERICUS. *Ætatis sue* LXXII. He ask'd the Gentleman, who this *Titus* was, who inform'd him, That he was a great *Travel-ler*, and understood many *Languages*, especially the *Sclavonian*, *Greek* and *Arabick*; on which Account, *Cardinal Rich-lieu*, and his Successor *Mazarini*, had made great Use of him; and, That the Latter had caus'd that *Picture* of the *Moldavian* to be drawn, and hung up in his *Closet*, from whence he had it. Our *Italian* being satisfy'd, after some *Dis-course* about him, That this *Stranger* was the very *Arabian*, whose *Writings* he had so happily found, got leave of the Gentleman, to have a Draught of the *Picture* taken, by a Skilful *Limner*, which he afterward plac'd in the *Front* of his *Translation*.

There is one of these Letters, Pag. 306. wants a Beginning in the *Italian* Copy. Which the *Author* of that *Translation* takes Notice of in his *Preface*, saying, That by some Accident or other, the *Arabick* Paper had been torn asunder, and one Part was missing.



## To the Reader.

There needs no more be said, but to acquaint the Reader, That we are going forward with the *English Translation* of these *Letters*, as fast as we can. So that in all Probability, you may expect a *Fourth Volume* before *Christmas*. Wherein you will find, more Particular Remarks on our *English Affairs* with Political Discourses, on the Original and Dissolution of Governments. As also many Curious Passages during the *Wars of Paris*, which have not hitherto come to Publick View. In fine, you will there be inform'd of all the *Remarkable Events*, that happen'd at that Time, either in *Peace* or *War* on the whole *Globe*.

Adieu.

A

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A  
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OF THE  
LETTERS and *Matters* contain-  
ed in this *Volume*.

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VOL. III.

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## LETTERS

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(1)

# LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at *P A R I S*.

VOL. III.

BOOK I.

LETTER I.

Mahmut, *an Arabian at Paris,* to  
Nathan Ben Saddi, *a Jew at*  
*Vienna.*

**I** Believe, the News of my Imprisonment, might fill thee with Doubts of thy own Liberty; and, make thee careful to avoid at *Vienna*, such a Misfortune as besel me at *Paris*. Yet, if thou wert much surprized at this Accident, it is an Argument, that thou art but a Novice in the  
B World,



World, and art yet to learn the first Rudiments of Useful Wisdom, which teach us, *That there is no Stedfastness in Humane Affairs.*

There has Nothing happned to me in this, which I was not before provided for ; neither did the Suddenness of the Event, make me change Countenance. I smil'd at the fulfilling my own Presages, and, went to Prison as unconcern'd, as I would have gone Home to my Lodging. Not, that I would have thee think, I was insensible of a Loss so afflicting as that of Liberty ; but, my Chains did not appear so very formidable, having made them familiar to my Thoughts long before.

When I first came to *Paris*, I look'd on my self, but as a Prisoner at large ; owing the Freedom I had to walk about, only to the Carelessness of the *State*, and the Favour of *Destiny*. So that when that Indulgence was retrench'd, no new thing happn'd to me. What I had expected for Seven Years together could not seem strange when it came to pass.

By what I have said, thou may'st learn to prepare thy self for the Worst Event, which commonly steal upon the secure and unthinking ; being wrapt up in greater Darkness and Silence, than the Moments which bring them to Light. These slide away without our Advertisement ; unseen, unheard. Neither can our Watches or Dials, inform us any thing of them, till they are pass'd. So there is no *Index* to point out to us, the

*Hidden*

*Hidden Decrees of Fate*, till they are accomplish'd; no *Ephemeris of Destiny*, but our own Experience.

Thou, and all thy Nation, are suspected by the *Christians*: They esteem you Enemies of their *Interest*, as well as of their *Law*. They despise and vilifie you, calling you, *The accursed of God*. Yet they admit you, as Members of their Common-wealth. They receive you to the Protection of their Laws, and entrust you with their Secrets, that they may serve themselves of your Money. Thus are you become Banquiers for your sworn Enemies: And, while you profess an Eternal Obedience to the Injunctions of *Moses*, you make underhand Leagues with the *Disciples of Jesus*. I do not accuse your Commerce with these *Infidels*; but, I say, you have Reason to be upon your Guards, when you are environ'd with so many Millions of Enemies. They are not ignorant of the Intimacies between the *Ministers* of the *Sublime Port*, and those of Thy Nation: It is common in the Mouths of the *French*, *That the Jews are the Turks Intelligencers*. Thou oughtest therefore, to have a special Regard to thy Conduct, that no Imprudent Action may expose thee to the Jealousie of the *State* where thou residest. That *Court* is full of Eyes; and, thou hast need of a stricter Veil, than what thou wearest in the *Synagogue*. The very Walls of thy House, will betray thee; and, thy Domesticks, may prove thy greatest Enemies: Yet suspect none more

than thy self. This will not seem harsh Counsel, if thou reflectest Twice on it; there being nothing more certain, than, That it is not so easy to defend ones self from him in whom we confide, as from one we are jealous of: and, every Man is apt to put too much Trust in himself. I believe, thou art faithful, and abhorrest Treachery; yet, at the same Time, thou mayest be remiss and weak: What could not be extorted from thee by an Open Enemy, may be discovered by the Insinuations of a Pretended Friend. Thy own good Nature may cajole thee; and therefore, 'twill be no small Point of Wisdom, to beware of thy self. As for Contingencies, I advise thee not to be perplex'd about them, or be uneasy. Thou canst not avoid the Inevitable Appointments of Heaven: Only, be ready for the Worst that may happen: since, thou canst never be certain of any Thing.

Thy Predecessor *Carcoa*, was a Man of exquisite Fore-cast; always on his Watch, prying into the dark Orb of Futurities; yet, an Accident surprized him once, of which his strictest Caution never gave him Warning. I read it in one of his Letters to the *Kaimachan*, which thou sentest me from *Vienna*. The Story is this. As he was one Day writing *Dispatches* to the *Port*, a certain tame Bird, which he kept for his Divertisement, snatches from the Table, the Paper on which he was writing to the *Testerdar* and the Window being open, flies with it out into

into the Streets. The Paper was dropt in the Garden of the *Augustin Friars*, at the very Moment when the *Spanish Ambassador* was walking there with the *General* of that *Order*. 'Tis true, the Letter was unfinish'd, no Name subscribed, and so *Carcoa* escap'd an imminent Hazard of his Life. But, the Secrets therein contain'd, gave a vast suspicion to the *Imperial Court*, it being soon carried to the *Principal Secretary of State*, and by him communicated to the *Emperor* and *Divan*. Strict Inquisition was made throughout the City for the Author of that Letter. A Reward of a Thousand *Rix-Dollars*, promis'd to any that would discover him. The Bird was seen by many, to fly along with a Paper in her Bill; but, from whence she came, none knew. Nor had any curious Eye, attended her uncertain Motions back: No man divining, That that Paper was designed to transmit to the *Ever Happy Port*, the most important Counsels of the *German Empire*. Neither was *Carcoa's* Hand taken Notice of, having lived very privately, and used another Character in his common Dealings. But how near was he to a Discovery, when he says himself in his Letter, That he wanted but Five Words to the Conclusion, where he would have subscribed his Name! From hence thou mayest learn, That a *Mariner* in a Tempest, amongst Rocks and Sands, runs not greater Hazards, than he who acts in thy *Station*.

However, thou may'st now continue thy Advices to *Paris*, but observe the Directions of *Eliachim*, who brings thee this Letter. He will inform thee, of whatsoever is necessary for thee to know; taking this Journey on Purpose, to prevent the wakeful jealousy, and active Inquisition of *Cardinal Mazarini*, from whom Nothing can be hid, that's trusted to the *Posts*. Receive him with singular Honour; he is an incorruptible Friend of the *Ottoman Port*. From him thou shalt learn the safest Methods of our future Correspondence. He is the *Apolló* of thy Nation; and, his Wisdom and Fidelity, will be recorded in the *Register* of that *Empire*, which shall know no earlier Period, than the *Moon*, whose *Crescent* is her *Arms*, and the *Happy Omen* of her *Encreasing Lustre*.

When thou beholdest that *Noble Ensign* of *Mahomet*, on the Top of the Chief Temple of *Jesus* in *Vienna*, let it augment thy Veneration of our *Law*, and convince thee, That all Nations must submit to the *Messenger* of *God* and *Seal* of the *Prophets*. Be Faithful and Wise, and thou canst not miss of Happiness.

Paris, 28th. of the 7th. Moon, of the Year 1645.  
According to the Christian Style.

LETTER

## LETTER II.

To the Kaimachan.

SINCE my Release, I have inform'd my self of some Passages, to which I was a Stranger during my Restraint. The *Transylvanian Agent*, continues still at this Court; and, his *Negotiation* is not now a Secret. *Monsieur Croissy* is gone *Ambassador Extraordinary* to *Prince Ragotski*, on the same Errand, from this Crown. The Subject Matter of both their *Embassies*, is a League. *Cardinal Mazarini* suspected Tergiversation in that Prince, and that he would privately treat with the *Emperor*, if the *Grand Signior* should withdraw his Assistance and Protection from him; or, if he himself should grow weary of the War. Wherefore *Monsieur Croissy*, according to the *Cardinal's* Instructions, would not sign the League, till *Ragotski* had call'd Home his *Ambassadors*, who were treating with the *Imperialists* at *Tyrne*, and sent away the *German Envoy* from his Camp.

The League being concluded, he insisted on the Necessity the Prince lay under, of marching his Army nearer to *Torsten*son, the *Suedish General*, that so they might support one another against the *German Forces*.

This was the Pretence; but, in Reality,

it was design'd to engage the *Transylvanians*, beyond the Power of a Retreat, and to post them under the Eye of the *Suedish General*; who soon after possessed himself of *Tyrne*, the Place appointed for Treaty between the *Imperialists* and *Prince Ragotski*.

It is a Town in the Lower *Hungary*, not far from *Presburgh*. The *Suedes* entred this Place the 17th. of the 5th. *Moon*, but left a Garrison in it of Seven Hundred *Hungarian* Horse, and Three Hundred Foot, according to their *Articles* with the besieged.

These were soon forc'd to quit the Town by *Count Forgatsch*, an *Imperialist*, the *Suedes* and *Transylvanians* being march'd a great Distance off: And, 'tis said, this *Hungarian* Garrison, yielded not unwillingly to the *Imperial Arms*.

'Tis certain, *General Torstenson* puts but small Confidence in the *Hungarian* Soldiers: For, above Six Hundred of the Common Sort deserted him, the 29th. of the 5th. *Moon*, and the rest rais'd such frequent Tumults and Mutinies, that their Commanders stood in more Fear of them, than of their Enemies. It's reported likewise, That there has been lately no good Understanding between *Ragotski* and *Torstenson*, about the designed Siege of *Presburgh*: The former seeming too much to favour the *Hungarians* and being rather inclin'd to carry his Arms into the *Emperor's* Hereditary Countries. Yet he would not consent, that *Presburgh* should



should be in the Hands of the *Suedes*.

The *French* say, that this *Prince* is humorous and wavering, yet of a fair Intention; but, that the greatest Part of his Officers, are corrupted by the *Emperor*: And, that therefore, both they and the Common soldiery, were for Peace; only his Wife, his Son, and some few of his Counsellors, persuaded him to adhere to the *Suedes*.

They add, that the *Young Prince*, being instructed by his Mother, one Day in a full Assembly of the Chief Commanders, made the following *Oration*, *Ragotski* himself being also present:

“ PERMIT me, most Serene and Illu-  
 “ strious Prince, my Royal Father,  
 “ to perform the Part of a Dutiful Son,  
 “ a Faithful Counsellor, and a Loyal  
 “ Subject. The *Law of Nature* and of  
 “ Nations, entitles you to my Obedience;  
 “ and, the particular Honour you have  
 “ done me, in admitting me to your  
 “ Cabinet, obliges me to exemplifie it, in  
 “ an humble Remonstrance of my Senti-  
 “ ments, at a Time when the Interest  
 “ of *Transylvania* calls for freedom of  
 “ Advice.

“ It is with no small Complacency,  
 “ that I now behold you encompassed  
 “ with a Circle of *Hero's*, whose Valour  
 “ and Fidelity may give such a Lustre to  
 “ your



“ your Victorious Arms, as shall eclipse  
“ the Glory of the *Roman* and *Grecian*  
“ Conquerors. The *Alexanders*, *Ca-*  
“ *sars*, *Scipio's*, and *Hannibals*, shall no  
“ longer draw the World into an Ad-  
“ miration of their obsolete Atchieve-  
“ ments. The *Register* of your *Deeds*,  
“ shall foil their *antiquated Histories*;  
“ whilst *Plutarch*, *Tacitus* and *Livy*, must  
“ veil to *Modern Pens*, the *Recorders* of  
“ your *Matchless Actions*.

“ Let not the Crafty Insinuations of  
“ the *German Court*, warp your Resoluti-  
“ ons, and cajole you with the deceitful  
“ Umbrages of *Peace*, only to gain Time,  
“ that they may more successfully carry  
“ on the War. Neither suffer your selves  
“ already in Part Victorious, to be a-  
“ mus'd with feigned Treaties, and O-  
“ vertures which you cannot but suspect.  
“ We are now in a Condition to give the  
“ Law; and, should *Fortune* turn the  
“ Scale, it will still be in our Power to  
“ make our own Terms of Composition.  
“ The *Alliances* of *Sueden* and *France*  
“ have rais'd us to a Capacity of br-  
“ ving all *Europe*: Whilst the One with  
“ a Potent Army on the *Rhine*, the O-  
“ ther on the *Danube*, keep the *Imperi-*  
“ *alists* in such perpetual Action, that

“ will

" will be impossible for them to Barrier  
 " *Germany* from our Conquering Arms.  
 " Now is the Time to raise *Transylvania*  
 " above the Title of a *Tributary Province*.  
 " and restore this *Kingdom* to her An-  
 " cient Renown. If we miss this Op-  
 " portunity, we must for ever be  
 " *Slaves* to the *Turks* or *Germans*. Let  
 " us not seek any longer Protection, but  
 " from the Justice of our Cause and the  
 " Dint of our Swords. Let not *France*  
 " and *Sueden* boast of their *Turenne*,  
 " their *Torstenfon*, as if no other Nati-  
 " on could furnish the World with fa-  
 " mous *Generals*! Whilst *Prince Ragotski*  
 " lives, and lives at the Head of such  
 " an Army, your Fidelity and Courage,  
 " shall render his Name more terrible  
 " than that of *Tamerlain*, and his At-  
 " tempts more prosperous than those of  
 " *Scanderbeg*. And our Posterity shall  
 " be oblig'd, to raise *Pyramids* to your  
 " Honour; and from, your present At-  
 " chievements, to date a New *Epocha*,  
 " the Eternal *Memoir* of *Transylvania's*  
 " Redemption.

'Tis said, that *Ragotski* was not very well  
 pleas'd with his Son's *Speech*, suspecting that  
 he held some private Correspondence with  
*Torstenfon*, for whom he had no great Af-  
 fection.

fection. Last *Moon* he insisted earnestly on the Money and Men promised him by *Rebenstock*. But, *General Torstenson* thought it sufficient, that he himself was so near him with his Forces. Yet lest he should take an Occasion of Discontent, he sent him a Supply of Money; though he was not without some Apprehensions, that the *Prince* having receiv'd it, would underhand treat with the *Emperor*.

'Tis said here, that a *Chiaus* was arriv'd in the *Transylvanian* Camp, expressely forbidding *Ragotski* to enter into the *Hereditary Provinces* of the *Emperor*. But, that he, trusting to the Strength of his Army (which consist of Five and Twenty Thousand *German Transylvanians*, *Hungarians* and *Walachians*) was resolv'd to pursue his first Resolution.

Thou knowest what Reasons the *Port* had to send him this Prohibition. The *French* say, 'twas out of Fear, that he would join with the *Emperour's* Forces.

By this thou may'st know, what Opinion the *Infidels* entertain of the Measures taken by the *Sovereign Divan*. They descant at Liberty, whilst I send up *Vows* to Heaven, for the Exaltation of the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 4th. of the 8th. *Moon*,  
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

## LETTER III.

*To the Instructed in all Knowledge,  
the Venerable Musti.*

**H**Ail, *Holy Interpreter* of the *Sacred Law*; may the *Divine Light* guide thee beyond the *Errors of Humane Frailty*. I am amongst *Infidels*, *Enemies to Truth*; who yet seem as certain of being in the *Right*, as thou art sure they are in the *Wrong*. They hate us with an *Inveterate Hatred*. I must dissemble my *Relentments*; whilst, with the lowest *Prostrations to the Unity*, I celebrate his *Glorious Mercy*, who has sent us such a *Star*, to guide our *Feet* into the *Way of Peace*.

The *Christians* scoff at the *Faithful People*, as divided into several *Sects*. Would my *Death* could wipe out these *Reproaches*, and vindicate the *Honour of the Holy Profession*. I could retort, that *Error* shews it self infinite in them; but, I must hold my *Peace*, and restrain my self, lest my *Zeal* transport me beyond *Discretion*: Remembring, I am not sent here to *Dispute*, but to act secretly for my *Great Master*, whose *Empire* be extended over all the *Habitable World*.

These poor *Wretches*, boast much of their *Traditions*, their *Sacred Synods* and *Fathers*; as if we ever wanted *Holy Men*, working *Wonders*, and penetrating into the *profoundest Mysteries*,

*Mysteries*, by only wiping their *Eyes* with the *Dust* of their *Feet*.

They talk much of *Faith* and *Reason*; at which I smile, as knowing it to be only *Education*. Yet, as the *Worst* of *People* have something that is *Good*; so, these are not wholly destitute of *Devotion*. They pray often, but not so often as the *True Believers*; it being, as thou knowest, a just *Exception* against a *Witness* amongst us, *That he pray not Six times a Day*. They pray to Men and Women deceased; whereas, thou knowest, there is no *Deity* but One. They fast often, but not so strictly, as the assisted with the *Vertue* of the *Supreme Dispenser* of *Graces*. They are *Charitable*; but, this hinders 'em not from excluding all from the *blest Abodes*, who are not of their *Belief*: Whereas, thou affirmest (who art the *Resolver* of all the *Problems* of *Faith*) That it will go well at the *Last Day* with all *Honest People*; seeing these have all the *same Object* of *Worship*; and, their *Different Religions*, are but as so many *Different Ways*, which lead a *Man* to the *same Place* of *Rest*, like *various Roads* to the *same City*.

These *Christians* whip themselves often with small *Cords*; which *Humour*, they say, was set on *Foot* by an *Hermit's* *Preaching* and *Example*. Not many *Countries* distant from that where I am, there happen'd such an odd *Instance* of this *Extravagant Zeal* (which was to be heightned, it seems, with the *Fumes* of *Wine*) as plainly justifies our *Prophet's*

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phet's Wisdom, in charging the *Faithful* to avoid it. It was particularly the Custom of several People in this Place, in their *Processions* to whip themselves, till the Blood streamed down their Frocks; which were so made, as to cover their Faces, and leave only their Backs bare. One of these *Zealots*, distrusting the Firmness of his Constitution, had taken such large Draughts of this intoxicating Liquor, that reeling up and down with his Whip in his Hand, and his Head against the Walls, he was followed by all the Boys of the Town hooting after him; which so lessen'd the Repute of this *sottish Religion*, as made 'em abstain for the future, from this pompous Usage of it. What low Thoughts have these People of the *Almighty Lord of All*; when, allowing him to be *Omnipotent*; yet represent Him to themselves and others, as delighting in Cruelty? Whereas, thou knowest, this Passion is only to be found amongst the Weak and Miserable.

That the *Divine Preserver* of Men, may continue thee long for the Edification of his *Elect*, are the passionate Wishes of the meanest of thy Servants, *Mahmut*.

Paris, 4th. of the 8th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

## LETTER IV.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

WOULD to God, I could converse with thee Face to Face in the *Seraglio*, as in former Times. I vent many passionate Wishes to *Constantinople*, that happy Residence of my best Friends, the Nursery of my Childhood, the School of my Youth; and, I hope, the future Repository of my Old Age. When I think of that City, 'tis with a Passion hardly second to that, which I cherish for the Place of my Nativity. In *Arabia*, 'tis true, I first saw the *Light of the Sun*; but, 'twas in *Greece* I receiv'd the more friendly *Illuminations* of the *Moon*, the *Splendours* of the *True Faith*; which, though they disclose not to us, so clear a Prospect of the *Earth* and all its Gayeties; yet, they present us with an unveil'd Discovery of the *Heavens* and *Stars*; shewing us *Paradise*, with its glittering Inhabitants, the purpl'd Colonies of *True Believers*, *Champions* and *Martyrs* of the *Eternal Unity*. In the *Desart* I left my Father; or rather, he left me before I found my self, being but an Infant when he died; but, in the *City* I found Friends, which is not a less endearing Title. He gave me but my Birth, whereby I entred on the Stage of Miseries; with which he soon after left me to struggle, before



before I could distinguish Misery from Happiness. But, they gave me Education, which taught me how to shun those Evils, which are the Natural Consequences of our Birth. So that in the Main, I am more indebted to them than to him. Let it be how it will, I cannot cease to love them, and often wish myself with them. This is Second Nature. And, because I cannot have my Desires fulfill'd in that, I gratify myself by often writing to them. Should I make Comparisons, thou wilt say, I am a Flatterer. Suffice it to tell thee, That thou art one of the Number, whose Remembrance affects me with sensible Complacency. Yet, I cannot write to thee nor any of my Friends, so often as I would, without entrenching on the Obligations I have to the other *Ministers* of the *Sublime* Port. I send *Dispatches* to all by Turns, sacrificing my Private Regards, to the *Expectations* of the *State*, and the *Pleasure* of my *Superiors*.

Had I been at Liberty, I could have sent thee the earliest News, of the Slaughter which the *Germans* made Three *Moons* ago, in the *French* Army at *Mergentheim*. 'Tis not too late now to say something of it. The *Imperialists* owe that Triumph, to the Candor of *Turenne*, and the degenerate Craft of the *Duke of Bavaria*; who to lull the *French* in a Fatal Security, sent an *Agent* into *France*, to negotiate a *Peace*, with deceitful *Overtures* and *Umbrages*; commanding also, that none of his Soldiers, should dare to call the  
*French*

*French* their Enemies. Yet, some lay the Blame of this Overthrow, on the *Suedes*: whose unseasonable Suspicion of a *Private Treaty* between the *French* and *Germans* hindred *Torsten*son from joining the former and, expos'd *Turenne*, with his raw and unexperienced Forces, to the Numerous Army of Veterane *Imperialists*.

'Twas a Fatal Engagement, and the *French* lost many brave Men; besides an Hundred and Fifty Commanders taken Prisoners, Fifteen Hundred of the Common Soldiers, Fifty Ensigns, with many Waggon, and Four Mules laden with Money.

It is reported, that whilst *Turenne*, in the general Retreat and Flight of his Army, took himself to *Mergentheim*, as he lay on his Bed the first Night, one of his Officers was coming to alarm him with the News of the *Germans* Approach to that Town, but unfortunately stumbled at his Chamber Door: With the Noise of which, *Turenne* awaked; and, fearing some Attempt on his Life, leap'd off his Bed with his drawn Sword; and, making toward the Door, just as the Officer open'd it, he run him in the Heart. By which Mistake, he himself and the Troops that were in the Town with him, had like to have fallen into the Hands of the *Bavarians*. But receiving Notice of their Approach accidentally by some other means, he withdrew his Troops out of the Town by a contrary Road, and escaped the Pursuit of his Enemies.

This Victory has given new Courage to the *Imperialists*; and has not much dispirited the *French*, who are by this Loss, enflamed with greater Ardors, meditating a speedy Revenge. The *Genius* of this Court, seems to be undaunted, breathing Nothing but War.

I shall not fail to send thee such Intelligence, as will demonstrate, That *Mahmut* passes not away his Time in vain.

I pray the *Sovereign* of as many *Empires*, as there be *Worlds*, to distinguish thee, by some particular Mark of his Favour, from the Crowd of those he makes Happy.

Paris, 4th. of the 8th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

## LETTER V.

To Shashim Isthani, a Black Eunuch.

AT length thou hast condescended to beg my Pardon, for the Calumnies thy Tongue has loaded me with. I am not ill pleased with thy Letter. It abounds with elegant Expressions of thy Sorrow, for an Offence to which thou hadst no Provocation. Thy Submission, tho' late, abates my Resentment; and, if thou performest thy Promise, 'tis banish'd. The first Crime so ingeniously

nuously acknowledg'd, claims a Title to Forgiveness: Let Eternal Oblivion seal it. I am not by Nature revengeful. I rather blush for Shame, than grow pale with Anger, at him that injures me. Yet Self-Preservation will rouse our Choler; which is the most active Humour, and precipitates many to violent Courses. The Effect it has on me, is, to put me on my Guard, lest he who has wrong'd me, without any Signs of Repentance, should continue his Malice to my Destruction. But, thou hast dispers'd all my Suspicions, by thy seasonable Address; and if I cannot pronounce thee Innocent, I will believe thou art not Incorrigible. The best Advice I can give thee, is, henceforwards to attend to thy own Affairs, and refrain from those of others; remembering the *Arabian Proverb*, *He that peeps in at his Neighbour's Window may chance to lose his Eyes*. There is a great deal of Wisdom couch'd in these short Sentences. They are not the Product of one Man's Experience, nor of a few; but, they are the Result of *Universal Observation*. And our Country has been happy above others in the choice of her *Proverbs*. This that I mention'd is peculiar to the *East*: Yet, I can produce an Instance, whereby 'twas lately verified in the *West*.

There is hardly a Night passes in this Proligious City, wherein some Murder is not committed in the Streets. Two Nights ago, a Man was found dead on the Ground, whereupon a Tumult was gathered about his Bleeding

Bleeding Carcase. Among the rest, a Fellow came crowding in, inquisitive what should be the Matter. Those who stood by, beholding his Cloaths bloody, which he was not sensible of himself, seized on him as the Murderer. His wild Looks encreased their Jealousie; and, the incoherent Words with which he endeavoured to excuse himself, rendered him Guilty in the Judgment of the Rabble. They carried him before a *Cadi*, by whom he was strictly examin'd: He stoutly deny'd the Fact; and, no Proof could be brought against him, but his stained Cloaths. 'Tis the Custom here, to put to the Torture, Persons suspected of Capital Crimes, in Order to draw a Confession of the Truth. This they did to this poor Wretch; and, in the Extremity of his Pains, he acknowledg'd, he had kill'd his Wife that Evening, but was altogether Innocent of this poor Man's Death, who was Murder'd in the Streets. All the Torments they inflicted, could force no other Confession from him, save that which his real Guilt prompted him to make. For which, he was condemned to Death, according to the Laws. Thou seest by this, that had he gone about his Business, without prying into other Mens Matters, he might have escap'd a Discovery. But, that meddling Itch of the Imprudent, betray'd him (not without the particular Direction of *Fate*) to a Death, which indeed he merited, but not on the Score of the murder'd Man, whom he went out of his Way to see.

Thou

Thou wilt say, this Story is not applicable to thy Case; since, thou hast never yet embro'd thy Hands in any Man's Blood. I tell thee, what I have said, was not design'd as a Reflection on thy past Offence (let it be forgotten); but, as a Caution for the future, not to engage thy self, in Matters out of thy Sphere. For, a busie Body, is never without Trouble.

Above all, I counsel thee, to practise the Government of the Tongue, which is a great Vertue, especially in the Courts of Princes. The Arabians say, *That a Wise Man's Soul, reposes at the Root of his Tongue; but, a Fool's is ever dancing on the Tip.*

Thou hast no Reason to take in ill Part the Freedom with which I advise thee for thy Good: unless, thou thinkest thy self too Old to learn. But, I have a better Opinion of thee, than to rank thee among *Pythagoras's* Asses.

I have said enough for a Friend; too much for an Enemy. It is in thy own Choice to make me which thou pleasest. Adieu.

Paris, 4th. of the 8th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Zelim of Rhodes, Captain of a  
Gally.

THOU hast never vouchsafed to acknowledge the Advice I sent thee some Years ago, of a *Christian's* Design against thy Life. Perhaps he wanted an Opportunity, to put his Revenge in Execution that Way; and therefore, the Caution I gave thee look'd like a false Alarm. Thou trustest in thy Courage, the Strength of thy Vessel, the Multitude and Fidelity of thy *Slaves*, and thinkest thy self invulnerable. But, let me tell thee, That neither thy Courage, nor thy Vessel, can defend thee from the *Stroke* of *Destiny*; and thou hast no greater Enemies than those who eat thy Bread. Whether it be, the Continuance of thy Cruelty; or, the Natural Regret of Servitude has rend'ed them so, I know not; but, if what I am inform'd of be true, thou art the miserablest Man in the World. Wert thou only in danger to lose thy Life by a Stab, a Bullet, or the swift Effects of Poison, it would be a Happiness, in Comparison of the Method that is now taken to destroy thee: And, the Invisible Death which thou wert formerly to receive from a *Prayer-Book*, would have been soft as the *Stroke* of *Cupid's* Arrow, in Respect



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LETTER

LETTER VI.

To Zelim of Rhodes, Captain of a Gally.

THOU hast never vouchsafed to acknowledge the Advice I sent thee some Years ago, of a *Christian's* Design against thy Life. Perhaps he wanted an Opportunity, to put his Revenge in Execution that Way; and therefore, the Caution I gave thee look'd like a false Alarm. Thou trustest in thy Courage, the Strength of thy Vessel, the Multitude and Fidelity of thy *Slaves*, and thinkest thy self invulnerable. But, let me tell thee, That neither thy Courage, nor thy Vessel, can defend thee from the *Stroke* of *Destiny*; and thou hast no greater Enemies than those who eat thy Bread. Whether it be, the Continuance of thy Cruelty; or, the Natural Regret of Servitude has rend'ed them so, I know not; but, if what I am inform'd of be true, thou art the miserablest Man in the World. Wert thou only in danger to lose thy Life by a Stab, a Bullet, or the swift Effects of Poison, it would be a Happiness, in Comparison of the Method that is now taken to destroy thee: And, the Invisible Death which thou wert formerly to receive from a *Prayer-Book*, would have been soft as the *Stroke* of *Cupid's* Arrow, in Respect

spect of the *Tragical* and *Unheard-of Fate*, which is now preparing for thee. Think not I go about to amuse, or, affright thee with *Chimera's* and *Tales*, such as Nurses use to awe their Children into Compliance and good Manners. What I tell thee, is Matter of Fact; and, confirm'd by many Letters from *Italy*, to several eminent *Merchants* in *Paris*. I have seen some of them, and hear that the rest agree in the same Relation.

They give an Account, That at *Naples*, on the Second of the last *Moon*, Three *Witches* were seized, and accused of practising *Diabolical Arts*; of enchanting several Persons; of doing great Mischief; and in fine, of having private Commerce with the *Devil*. They stoutly denied all at first, and made very subtle and plausible Apologies. Infomuch, as the *Inquisitors* were almost persuaded of their Innocence; till it was suggested, That their Houses should be search'd. *Officers* were sent accordingly: who, after a narrow Scrutiny, found some *Magical Books*, several Vials of strange Liquors, Pots of Ointment, with an *Image* of *Wax*, resembling a Man, but partly melted. There were imprinted on the Breast of the *Image*, several unknown Characters, Figures and *Magical Symbols*; And, on the Forehead was to be read, *ZELIM EBEN SAGRAN*. All these were brought, and expos'd before the *Inquisitors* (of whose Office thou art not ignorant.) Great Deliberation was had about this unusual Emergency. The *Imams* and

and *Cheiks*, were sent for and consulted. The *Witches* were examined apart; and put to the Torture, as is the Custom in Capital Crimes. Admirable was their Constancy for a considerable Time; but, at length, overcome by the Continuance and Sharpness of their Pains, they confess'd, They had for some Years practis'd *Magick Arts*, convers'd with *Familiar Spirits*, rais'd Tempests, Earthquakes, and done other wicked Feats. Being examin'd about the *Image* of *Wax*, they declar'd, That it was the *Image* of a *Turkish Captain* of a *Galley*, whose Name was written on the Forehead: And, that they were hired, by certain *Italians*, who had been *Slaves* in the *Gally* of the said *Captain*, to bewitch him to Death, in the most lingring Method they could invent: That, in Order to this, they had made this *Image*; That every Night they met together, with a *Fourth* of their Gang, (who was not to be found) and made a Fire of the *Bones* of *Dead Men*, which they stole from the *Graves* and *Charnel-Houses*: That they laid this *Image* down at a convenient Distance, before this Fire, repeating certain *Magical Words* and *Charms*; and, as this *Image* gradually melted, so the Body of the said *Turkish Captain*, did insensibly waste and decay. And, to add to his lingring Death an intolerable Torment, they basted the melting *Image*, with the Oyls and other Liquors, which were contain'd in the Vials and Pots: That, by this Means, he was

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perpetually rack'd with most pungent and acute Pains in his Bowels, Head, and all Parts of his Body; raging under most violent Fevers, insatiable Thirst, and Want of Sleep. Finally, That this lingering Kind of Death would continue, as long as they pleas'd to protract the Dissolution of the *Waxen Image*.

This *Confession*, though extorted from the *Witches* in the Midst of insufferable Torments, yet was delivered without any Inconsistencies, and with all the Demonstrations of a real *Penitence*. And, being seconded with the Testimonies of many Credible Witnesses, who had overseen them in some of their *Nocturnal Ceremonies*; the *Inquisitors*, moved with a just Horror of so nefarious Abominations, sentenc'd them, *To be burnt, and their Ashes to be scatter'd into the Sea*. Which was accordingly executed, on the Sixth of the last *Moon*, in the Presence of infinite Spectators.

The News of this Extraordinary Event, is fresh in the Mouths of almost all the Inhabitants of this City; Yet, no Man, I dare say, hears it with that Concern for the *Turkish Captain*, as I do. Even those among the *Christians* who abhor *Witchcraft*, would nevertheless rejoice, if not only thou, but all the *Mussulmans* were destroy'd with *Enchantments*; since, they can never hope, it will come to pass by the Success of their Arms.

I am

I am not credulous of every Story that is related of *Witches*, being satisfy'd, That *Superstition* and *Ignorance*, has list'd many in that *Infernal* Number, who were Innocent and never deserv'd it: Some having been forc'd, by Racks and Tortures, to confess themselves Guilty of practising *Enchantments*, when, after their Execution, there have appear'd evident Proofs to the contrary. Yet, I cannot be sure, but that there have been some in all Ages and Nations, who have entred into Leagues and Associations with *Devils*, and have been enabled thereby, to perform Things above the Power of *Nature*. However, I have a Particular Desire to hear from thee, and to be inform'd, Whether thou hast experienc'd the Effect of their *Enchantments*. If thou hast not, bless thy Stars, that thou wert born and bred a *Mussulman*, against whom the *Magick* of the *Infidels* cannot prevail; and, that thou hast swallow'd the *Impression* of *Mahomet's Seal*, which is of Force to dissolve and make invalid, all the *Charms* of *Men* and *Devils*. But, if thou hast felt the Force of their *Enchantments*, and pine'st away with unaccountable Pains and Langours; then, think with thy self, That thou art defective in keeping some *Point* of our *Holy Law*; That *Mahomet* is angry with thee, withdraws his Protection, and exposes thee to the Malice of *Evil Spirits*. Neither persuade thy self, That because the *Three Witches* are put to Death, thou shalt presently recover thy former Health and Ease again:

For, so long as there is a *Fourth* living; and out of the Reach of *Justice*, thou art not safe. Nay, if she were taken and executed too; so long as thy Enemies are yet alive who first employ'd these *Hags*, thou art still at their Mercy. They will search every Corner of *Italy*, and of all *Europe*, but they will find Instruments of their Revenge. They will rummage *Hell* it self, to gratify their Fury. The best Counsel I can give thee in this Case, is, To pacifie thine Enemies by extraordinary Acts of Civility to the *Christians*, where-ever thou meetest them; by using thy *Slaves* mildly, and giving them their Freedom, after a limited Time of Service; without exacting a Ransom, which neither they, nor their Relations and Friends can ever be able to pay. This will abate the Rancour of the *Infidels*, and turn their Revenge into Kindness and Love. Thou wilt every where be free from Dangers; and, thou very Persons, who now study all Means to take away thy Life, will then hazard their own to preserve thee from Death.

Think not, that I go about to perswade thee to change Temper with thy *Slaves*, and from the Resolution and Bravery of a *Mussulman*, to sink into the abject Timoroulness of a *Christian*. Be fearful only of thy self, and stand in Awe of none more than of thy own Conscience. There is a *Cato* in every Man, a severe Censor of his Manners, and he that reverences this Judge, will seldom do any Thing he need to repent.



Let not the *Authority* of thy *Station*, tempt thee to be Cruel or Unjust; but, in all Things, *Do as thou wouldst be done unto*. This is a *Precept* engraven on every Man's Heart; and, he whose Actions write after this Copy, will always be at *ease here*, and transcendently *happy hereafter*. Follow this *Rule*, and thou wilt experience the *Effect*. Adieu.

Paris, 1st. of the 9th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

## LETTER VII.

*To the Invincible Vizir Azem.*

IF One may judge of future Events, by applying to them the Symptoms of Things past; and, if a Man may compare one Kingdom with another; I should think, that *France* will in Time extend the *Limits* of her *Empire*, as far as any of the *Four Great Monarchies*, that have been recorded in *Histories* for their *Universal Sway*. I will not say, as far as the wide-stretch'd *Empire* of the ever-victorious *Osman*s: Yet, the *Genius* of this Nation, seems in some Manner to inspire the *French* with as ardent a Thirst of Glory and Conquest, as that which has in all Ages, appear'd to be the *Inseparable Vertue* of the *Mussulmans*. They press forward to the

Mark, for which they take up Arms; that is, to subdue all before them, and lay Kingdoms, Provinces, and Cities at the Feet of their *Sovereign*. They are not discourag'd at Difficulties and Losses. The Checks and Oppositions they meet with, do but animate them with new and fresh Vigors. So that it is become a sure Prognostick of some great Success to that Nation, when at any Time they receive ill News from their Armies. In this, their Courage seems to be of the Quality of *Naptha*; which, by pouring on of Water, takes Fire; although, thou knowest these Two *Elements* be Contrary to each other. So, this Warlike People, instead of being dejected, or made timorous by any Defeat given to their Armies, are rather inflamed with more active and valiant Resolutions; it will appear, by the Repulse given them by the *Duke of Bavaria*, not many Months ago.

As soon as that News arrived in this City, one would have expected to have seen some Tokens of Fear in the People; but, it wrought a contrary Effect. No Tears of Women and Children, no compassionate Sighs for the slain Husbands, Fathers or other Relations; no down-cast Looks, or ominous shaking of Heads; no melancholy Whispers or portentous Stories, were murmur'd in the Ears of the Multitude: But, all Things appeared lively and prosperous; the very Women exciting the Young Men to list themselves Soldiers, and the Boys in the Streets making

all their Pastime consist, in imitating the *Men of Arms*, and learning the *Discipline of War*. There was no need, to force Men to the Field. No sooner was the King's Intention to raise New Forces divulg'd in the *Provinces*, but Thousands came voluntarily and took up Arms; chusing rather to seek Honourable Deaths in the Toils and Hazards of War, than to lead Inglorious Lives at Home, in the soft Enjoyments of Peace.

These Things appear'd to me, as certain Presages of the Rising Greatness of this *Monarchy*, and an Evident Sign, that the *French Nation* in this Age, shall out-do their *Antecessors* in *Warlike Deeds*.

The Stage of that Bloody Combat, between the Forces of the *Duke of Bavaria*, and those under the Command of *Mareschal Turenne*, was *Mergentheim*. Since which there has been a more fierce Encounter between the *French* and *Imperialists* at *Allersheim*. Wherein the former, have recover'd the Honour they seem'd to have lost in the *Spring*, owing much to the Bravery of the *Landgrave of Hess-Cassel*; who, with his Regiments, had a considerable Share in the Actions of this Day; and therefore, has been presented with Magnificent Gifts by the *Queen-Regent*. The *Bavarians* lost in this Battel, above Two Thousand Common Soldiers, besides many Officers of Note. On the *French Side*, the *Duke of Enguien* (who had newly join'd his Forces to those of *Turenne*) was wounded in the Arm, with Two

other Commanders. *Monsieur Grammond* was taken Prisoner; but, honourably treated and sent away with Presents by the *Duke of Bavaria*, together with Instructions about a Neutrality; who is exchange'd for a *German* of equal Quality. The *French* have also lost in this Battel, above a Thousand of the Common Soldiers; so that their Victory cost them dear.

The *Duke of Enguien*, notwithstanding his Wounds, marches on the next Day with his Army to *Norlinghen*, offering to that Town a Neutrality, and Liberty for the Garrison to march out, which consisted of Three Hundred *Bavarians*. But, receiving a fierce Answer from the *Governor*, he caused the Approaches to be made in Order to an Assault, which was begun that very Night, and a Breach made in the Walls; upon which, the Inhabitants were forc'd to intercede with the *Duke*, that there might be a Cessation of Violence till the next Morning, promising, that then the Soldiers should surrender at Discretion; which was done accordingly.

There he tarried Eight Days, to refresh his Army. Then he marched to *Dunkenspink*, which was defended by a Garrison of Five Hundred *Bavarians*. He took this Place by Storm, yet gave Quarter to the Soldiers, who laid down their Arms, and yielded themselves Prisoners. Leaving a Garrison of Three Hundred *French* in the Town, he remov'd his Forces toward *Heilbrun*. But, in regard this Place was defended by Fifteen Hundred

Hundred Men, he forbore to assault it, and only Quarter'd his Army in the Neighbouring Villages.

Since that Time, which was about the Middle of the last *Moon*, there has been no considerable Action between the *French* and the *Germans*. Yet, those who pretend to be vers'd in *Military* Affairs, laugh at the ill Conduct of the Arch-Duke *Leopold*; who, when he had the *French* shut up in a Narrow *Streight*, through which it was impossible for them to pass, but by single Files, neglected that Opportunity to cut them off; deferring the Victory (whereof he was too secure) till the next Day, by Reason of the present Weariness of his Soldiers. In the mean Time *Turenne*, with his whole Army, pass'd the *Streight* in the Dead of the Night, and came to *Philipsburgh*.

This Oversight of the *General*, is much talk'd of; because, had he pursu'd his Advantage, he had not only entirely defeated the *French*, but, in all Probability, falling with the whole Force of the *Empire* on the *Suedes*, he had likewise vanquish'd them, and so put an End to the War. But, it seems, as if the *Inscrutable Providence* had determin'd to infatuate the Minds of the *Germans*, and reserve those Two Potent Nations, their Enemies, to be a farther Scourge to the *Empire*.

Adieu, *Great Guardian* of the *Eternal Monarchy*, and believe *Mahmut*, when he solemnly swears by *Mount Sinai*, and by the

*Tenth Night of the Moon*, that he adores thy consummate Virtue and Wisdom, which never fail thee in Extremities.

Paris, 8th. of the 9th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

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## LETTER VIII.

To Cara Hali, a Physician at Constantinople.

I AM weary of writing News of Battels and Sieges to the *Grandeess*; and, I know thou seldom troublest thy self with the Care of Foreign Transactions. Besides, I have no certain Intelligence of Moment to communicate. But, I can acquaint thee with something more agreeable to thy Studies and *Genius*.

Here is a Man in this City, who was not born Blind, but by some ill Hap lost the Use of his Eyes. Yet, *Nature* seems to have recompens'd that Misfortune, in the Exquisite-ness of his *Feeling*. Thou wouldst say he carried Eyes in his Fingers Ends; since he distinguishes those Things by his *Touch*, which are the only proper Objects of *Sight*. Believe me I think there can be no Deceit or Confederacy, whereby he might blind o-  
thers.

thers, instead of being so himself. I saw him muffled up with a Napkin which cover'd all his Face, when divers Pieces of *Eastern Silks* of various Colours, were laid on a Table before him. He felt them attentively, and told us the Colour of each Piece exactly. I, who was never over-credulous of extraordinary Pretences, suspecting that either the Fineness of the Linen which veil'd his Face, might give him some Glimpse of the different Colours; or, that some By-stander, with appointed Signs, might inform him; caus'd all the Company to withdraw, except a Learned *Dervise*, who was intimate with me. We threw a thick Velvet-Mantle over his Face, which reached down to his Navel, girding it about his Waste, so as to leave his Arms at Liberty. Then I procur'd small Shreds of Silks, such as I could conceal in the Palm of my Hand: These I caus'd him to touch with his Fingers, brought up as high as his Chin, so that 'twas impossible for him to see them, had he had the Use of his Eyes: Yet, he made not the least Mistake in Five several Colours. We chang'd the Order of the Silks, and sometimes gave him the same Piece Four or Five Times together; yet, as soon as he had felt it, he readily told us, 'Twas the same Colour.

I tell thee, O learned *Hali*, such an uncommon Experiment, afforded me Matter both of Delight and Wonder. I concluded from hence, That *Nature* is no Niggard in her Gifts, but supplies the Defects of one Sense,



Sense, by the superabundant Accuracy of another. We ask'd this blind Person, by what Distinction he thus knew one Colour from another, without the Help of his Eyes. He was not able to express the particular Manner of this discriminating Sensation; but, only told us in General, That he felt as much Difference between the *Red Silk* and *Black*, as he had formerly done, during the Enjoyment of his Eye-Sight, between the *Silks* of *Persia*, and the *fine Linen* of *Europe*: Which, thou knowest, are as different to the Touch, as fine Paper and Vellum.

Thou that daily pryest into the Faculties of Humane Bodies, art best able to judge Whether this Man's Excellency, lay in the Tenuity and Fineness of his Skin, the Subtlety of his Spirits, or some unusual powerful yet delicate Energy of his Soul; or, whether it consisted in all these together.

The *Dervise* who was with me, seem'd not much to admire at this rare Quality of the Blind Man: Telling me moreover, That about Ten Years ago, in his Travels, he had seen a Blind *Statuary* at *Florence*, who undertook to make the Resemblance of an *Image* in the Chief *Temple* of that City; which he finish'd so much to the Life, that his Work could no otherwise be distinguish'd from the Original, than by the difference of the Materials, *that* being *Alabaster*, *his* white *Clay*, which he so temper'd and moulded with his Fingers, as he continually felt of the other, that no Lineament was left unexpress'd.

Indeed

Indeed, when I reflected on our *Mutes* in the *Seraglio*, and the unaccountable Sagacity with which they apprehend those Words which they never heard, I ceas'd to be surpriz'd at what I had seen the Blind Man perform, or what the *Dervise* had said of the *Statuary*. I remember in *Sultan Amurath's* Time, there was a *Mute*, in whom the *Grand Signior* took infinite Delight. For, Besides a Thousand pretty Gestures and Tricks, with which she us'd to divert that *Prince*, he often made her his *Secretary*, employing her in Writing Letters to his *Bassas* and others, whilst he dictated to her by Signs. Although she could never receive the Sound of Words, nor utter any that were articulate; Yet, I have seen her transcribe a whole *Chapter* in the *Alcoran*, containing a Hundred and Seventy *Versicles*, in as fine a Character, as the most celebrated *Scribes* of the *Empire*; and, when she had done, would explain what she had thus written, by Signs, which made it evident, that she perfectly understood the *Alcoran*.

These are rare Gifts, my Friend; yet, were all the *Mutes* educated, with as much Diligence and Care as was *Saqueda* (so was she call'd) 'tis possible, they would attain to greater Perfection. I have been told, That her *Tutor*, one of the Learned'st Men in *Arabia*, bestowed Twenty Years in teaching her this Method of Reading, Understanding and Writing.

This

This puts me in mind of a Man, who was bred a *Mahometan*, but being taken Captive by the *French*, embrac'd their Religion; not in his Heart, but only in outward Profession. When I first came to *Paris*, I fell into his Company by Accident, and understanding that he was an *African*, I desired to ask him some Questions; but, he was Dumb, so that I had almost laid aside my Hopes of conversing with him; till perceiving that he mov'd his Lips, and open'd his Mouth as one that was Talking, I offer'd him Pen, Ink and Paper; making Signs to him, that I would gladly know his Mind in Writing. He accordingly writ in *Moreſco*, That he was struck Deaf and Dumb about Eighteen Years since; telling me also, the Place of his Nativity, and how he came hither. I took the Pen; and in the same Language, express'd my Compassion of his Misfortune. When he saw that I understood *Moreſco*, he writ again, signifying to me, That if I open'd my Mouth wide at the Pronouncing of every Syllable, he could understand my Meaning by the Posture of my Lips and Tongue. I found his Words true, to my no small Admiration; for, he would write down what I had said. We convers'd together often; and, at Length I procur'd his Escape, in the Retinue of a *Chiaus*, that was returning from hence to *Constantinople*.

I beseech the *Wise Architect* of Nature, and *Repairer* of *Humane Defects*, either to continue

continue to us the Use of our Sences, or to supply that Want, by some Superlative Endowments of the Mind.

Paris, 20th. of the 9th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

## LETTER IX.

To Useph Bassa.

**T**HOU wilt say, I am unmindful of my Duty, in not Congratulating thy *New Honour* before this; and, that I forget the good Offices which formerly pass'd between us in the *Seraglio*. I tell thee, my Obligations are infinite, not only to thee, but to many others of my Friends at the *Port*: It is impossible for me, to acquit my self of so many Engagements. As for the *Dignity* to which the *Sultan* has rais'd thee, I receiv'd the first News of it within these Fourteen Days. And, I dare affirm, That none of thy Friends, or of those whose Dependance is on thee, could with greater Complacency, behold thee Vested by our Most *August Emperor*, than I read the Letter which conveyed to me this welcome Intelligence.

Long mayst thou Live to enjoy the Blessings which thy Good Fortune has heap'd on thee. Yet, I counsel thee to enjoy them

them so, as not to forget thou must die. Let not the *Grandeur* of thy *Station*, render thee proud and wilful: But remember, when thou art surrounded with a Crown of adoring Suppliants, That *Death* shall level thee with the *Meanest* of thy *Slaves*. Thus, the Ancient *Philosophers*, spar'd not to perform the Office of Monitors, to their *Kings* and *Princes*: and, I hope, thou wilt not take in ill Part, the wholesome Advice of *Mahmut*, who discovers a Temper void of Hypocrisie, in the Freedom he assumes. If thou givest Ear to Flatterers, they will complement thee to thy Ruine; and, when thou art on the Brink of a Precipice, they will persuade thee there is no Danger, though, if thou goest on, they know thy Fall is inevitable. They will pride themselves in the Dexterity of their Malice, and insult over thee with scornful *Sarcasms*, whom not long ago they idoliz'd.

The Eminent Command thou hast, requires thy frequent Presence in the *Sovereign Divan*: And, that thou mayst not sit there, only as an Auditor of other Mens Counsels, and incapable of making one in the Number of those, who become Remarkable by their Oration, or Reports of Foreign Events; I will now entertain thee with some Passages, which have happen'd in *Europe* since the Beginning of this Year, whereof the other *Bassas* may possibly be ignorant.

The *Diet* of *Francfort*, which had continued for Three Years, was dissolv'd on the

12th

12th. of the 4th. Moon. This may be known at the Port, while they remain Strangers to the Reason of it. There are a Sort of *Christians* in Germany, whom they call *Evangelicks*. These are opposite to the *Roman Church*, both in *Religion* and *Interest*; and, their Cause is chiefly espous'd, by the *Dukes* of *Saxony* and *Brandenburgh*. It was to comply with these, that an *Assembly* was appointed at *Osnaburgh*; but the *Emperour* and the *Catholicks*, were either for continuing that at *Francfort*, or translating it to *Munster*. While the contending Parties, were bickering and striving to gain their several Ends, the *Deputy* of the *Duke* of *Bavaria*, tired out with such intolerable Delays, departed from *Francfort*; whom, the Rest of the *Deputies* follow'd. And, this thou may'st report, for the true Occasion of the *Dissolution* of that *Diet*.

Thus, at the Beginning of the Year, the Disputes which these *Infidels* rais'd about Safe Conduct, Exactness of Titles, Priority of Address, and many other vain *Punctilio's*, hindred them from coming to any Conclusion, about a *Peace*, which was the Principal Cause of their Assembling. And this is a Folly peculiar to the *Nazarenes*, That in all *Publick Assemblies*, the very Strength and Vitals of their Counsels, are spent in a vain adjusting of empty Ceremonies.

It is credibly reported here, That the King of *Poland*, earnestly sollicit's a Match with *Queen Christina* of *Suedeland*. It seems, he had

had formerly sent an *Ambassador* on that Subject, to the *Suedish Court*; but, he return'd without any positive Answer, or effecting any Thing in it. In the Second *Moon* of the Year, that Queen sent an *Ambassador*, to give the King of *Poland* an Account, that she had taken the *Government* upon Her. While he tarried in the *Polish Court*, there were not wanting such; as by the King's Order, sifted his Inclination, in Reference to this Affair. It was propos'd to him, That this *Match* would be a happy Occasion, to Unite the Two *Kingdoms* in a firm and durable *League*; That the *Evangelicks* in *Poland*, would be much eas'd thereby; That *Uladislaus*, was not much decay'd in his Natural Vigour; That *Suedeland* might in the mean while, be govern'd by the *Council*. With many other Proposals and Encouragements to this Purpose: Among which, I must not omit, that it was suggested, How easie 'twould be for Two such Potent *Crowns* in *Conjunction*, not only to humble the *Germans*, but also to put a stop to the Victorious Arms of the *Ottoman Empire*. But, all this came to Nothing; that wary Queen suspecting that there was a deeper Design in the Courtship of this Old Fox: And, that by such a *Match*, the Kingdom of *Suedeland*, in Default of the *Issue-Royal*, might be subjected to a *Foreign Crown*.

However, it is easie to apprehend from this, That if the *Poles* maintain at Present their Accord with the *Sublime Port*, 'tis for want



want of Strength to break it; and, that they only wait an Opportunity, to make some Potent and Firm *Alliance*, which may second the Designs formed by that *Court*, against the *First Throne on Earth*, whereof thou art One of the *Principal Pillars*.

Remain firm in thy *Station*; and, let neither the Tempests of War, nor the Convulsions of State, which are the too frequent Products of Peace, shake thy Constancy. But, above all, suffer not thy *Integrity*, which is the *Basis* of all *Vertues*, to be undermin'd by *Bribes*.

If thou followest this Counsel, *God* and his *Prophet* shall Establish thee, all Men will Honour thee, thy *Sovereign* shall Exalt thee; and, *Mahmut* will rejoice, to see thee in Time become the *Atlas* of the *Eternal Empire*.

Paris, 9th. of the 10th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

## LETTER X.

To Ichingi Cap' Oglani, Præceptor  
to the Royal Pages of the Se-  
raglio.

THERE is a vast Difference between thy Letter, and that of *Shashim Isthani*. He, is Eloquent in the Acknowledgment of his Crime; thou, Rhetorical in thy own Justification. Thou hast plunder'd *Demosthenes* and *Cicero*, and robb'd 'em of all the *Flowers* and *Tropes* of Oratory, to dress up a faint, liveless Excuse. Such an artificial Apology, instead of cancelling, heightens thy Offence. It might have procur'd thee the Applause of the *Academy*; but, it comes short of giving me Satisfaction, for the Injuries I have receiv'd at thy Hands. I have Reason to esteem them such, because so design'd, although they took no Effect. For Wrongs of this Kind, ought to be measur'd by the Intention of the Author, not by their Success. The *Ministers* of the *Divan*, will hardly be prevail'd on to suspect *Mahmut*, who has given Substantial Proofs of his Fidelity.

Tell me, in the Name of *God* and *Mahomet*, what was the Motive that induc'd thee to slander me? Wherein have I merited this Persecution at thy Hands? It could not be

be Revenge, because I never gave thee Occasion: unless thou still retainest a Grudge, on the Score of my studying in the *Academies*; and that at my Return from *Palermo*, thou wert not able to expose me, in the Presence of the *Mufti*, in any Point of Language or Learning. But I had rather charitably believe, 'twas thy Ambition, not thy Malice, which gave Birth to those Calumnies thou hast vented against me. Thou enviest me the Honour of serving the *Grand Signior* in this Station, thinking thy self capable of discharging this Office more successfully than *Mahmut*. I censure not thy Abilities; but I think 'tis best for every Man to be content with his own Condition, since *Destiny* distributes the Employments of the World among Men, by Rules into which we cannot penetrate.

Thou art Master of the *French* Tongue; but, dost thou think that a complete Qualification for a Man in my Post? Art thou fit to converse in the Court of a *Foreign Prince*, who canst not govern thy Tongue in that of thy *Native Sovereign*? Thou art yet to learn a *Courtier's* Master-piece, which is, To dissemble even the necessary Art of Disimulation. That is, as the *Arabians* say, *To have a Veil upon a Veil*; or, as the *Italians*, *To have a Mask with a Natural face on the Out-side*. Thou art so far from this, that thou canst not yet draw perfectly the first rough Strokes of a Counterfeit.

To

To speak plain, hadst thou by an Artificial feigning of Friendship to me, made Way to insinuate thy Story into the Belief of the *Grandeess*, thou might'st have prais'd me to my Ruine. But to go bluntly to Work, without preventive *Encomiums*, discover'd at once the Weakness of thy Judgment, and the Strength of thy Passion; giving the *Ministers* Occasion to think, There was less of Truth, than of Design in thy Accusations.

For the Future I advise thee, to mind thy Books and Scholars, and meddle not with *Mahmut*, whose Business is, to study Men. Adieu.

Paris, 5th. of the 10th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

## LETTER XI.

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of State.

WITH extream Joy I have received the certain News of the taking of *Canea*, by the Invincible *Ottoman* Arms.

I must confess, when I first apprehended the Intentions of *Sultan Ibrahim*, to make War with the *Republick of Venice*, I was apt  
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to hearken to some thinking Men in this Court; who, making their Observations, of the *Sultan's* indulging himself in Female Pleasures, conjectured from thence (as by a Common Rule) that he would not have discovered such a Martial and Active Spirit, in asserting the Honour of the *Ottoman Empire*. His dextrous concealing his Designs, even to the very Execution of them, has struck a Damp into all the Courts in *Europe*; inso-much, as *Cardinal Mazarini*, this Day told the *Queen-Regent*, That he doubted, lest *Sultan Ibrahim* would prove another *Junius Brutus*, who, being the Nephew of *Tarquin*, One of the *Primitive Kings* of *Rome*, for some Years, counterfeited an extraordinary Simplicity and Weakness of Spirit: but, having privately secured a Faction to his own Interests, by Popular Arts; he, to gain the *Sovereignty*, chang'd the *Form* of *Government*; procur'd himself to be made *Consul*, and discovered a *Genius*, surpassing in Policy and mature Judgment, all his Predecessors.

Though the *Cardinal's* Comparison, be disproportionate to the *Grandeur* of the *Sovereign Emperor* of the *World*; who cannot, without a vast Injury, be post-pon'd in Virtue, Wisdom or Power, as a *Second* or *Imitator* of any *Prince* upon *Earth*: Yet, the Character holds good in the Main, That he has timely and maturely dissembled, the most Sublime Abilities and Endowments a *Sovereign Prince* is capable of, rend'ring there-  
by

by his Enemies secure and careless; till at length, all those Illustrious Attributes exert themselves on a suddain, breaking forth like the *Sun* from an *Eclipse*; at once dazzling the astonish'd World, and surprizing the Enemies of the *Ottoman Empire*, in the Slumber which proceeded from the Contempt of his *Sacred Majesty*.

I thought indeed once, that the *Venetians* would have been in a Condition to have faced the *Ottoman Navy*, and disputed their farther Progress on the Seas. I expected no less than that they would have made some husbanding Attempts on the *Isles* of the *Archipelago*, that they would have enter'd the *Hellestus*, brav'd the *Dardanel*s, and sailing forward would have block'd up the *Ottoman Navy* in the *Propontis*, or driven them into the *Euxine Sea* for shelter. And, who could have thought otherwise, had they been provided for War? But, our Sage *Emperor*, by Secrecy which is the very Soul of all great Undertakings, has anticipated their very Fear and leap'd upon the Prey, while the Keepers were asleep.

Had the *Christian Princes* and *States*, laid aside their Private *Punctilio's* and Animosities, when the *Venetians* first made the Application to them for Assistance, might have prov'd a doubtful War. But, instead of generously Uniting their Forces for the Common Defence of *Christendom*, they began to divide their Interests and Hopes, one from another; and that, upon the vain

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Motives in the World; One *State* disputing with another, about Precedency of Posts in the Army; which proceeded to that Height as to frustrate the Main Design: For, the *Pope* himself at last, is forc'd to raise the greatest Aids the *State of Venice* are like to have; joining his Galleys with theirs, and sending a Thousand Foot on Board, at his own Cost.

Thus does *Divine Providence*, out of the Discords of *Christian* Princes, draw Occasions to enlarge the *Sacred Empire* of the *Mussulmans*; and to spread the *Ottoman* Conquests o'er the *Western World*.

Paris, 20th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1645.

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## LETTER XII.

To the Magnificent and Redoubtable  
Vizir Azem.

IT appears, that the *Queen of France* is very Indulgent to her *Generals*, having call'd home the *Duke of Enguien* from the Toils of War. This *Prince* neglecting the Wounds he receiv'd in the Battle of *Allerheim*, not many Days after, fell into a violent Fever: So that he was carried in a Horse-Litter to *Philipsburg*, with no small  
D Danger



Danger of his Life. As soon as he recover'd his Health, he was commanded to return to *France*, and the Charge of the whole Army committed to *Mareschal Turenne*.

Such Tenderneſs is never ſhew'd to the Invincible *Ottoman Generals*, neither would they eſteem it a Favour, but a Diſgrace. When they go to the Wars, they make no underhand Leagues with the Elements to ſpare their Bodies; but, are reſolv'd to combat with Cold, Heat, Hunger, Thirſt, and all the Hardſhips to which Soldiers are liable, as well as with the Swords of their Enemies. They take no other Armour againſt the rigorous Froſts of a *Ruſſian* Winter, or the ſcorching Sands of a *Persian* Summer, but an Unſhaken Reſolution, an Invincible Patience, and a Mind incapable of bowing under the Worſt Miſfortunes. They are not afraid with the Weapons of their Adverſaries, while they carve in their Limbs the Marks of Honour, which will far outlaſt the Pain of their Wounds; and, in their Fleſh bear deep Characters, of an Immortal Fame, and a Renown which ſhall know no Period. They are not pariſimonious of their Blood, but court their Enemies to ſpill it on the Ground, from whence it will ſpring up Lawrels and Wreaths, to crown 'em with Triumphs and Glory whiſt they live, and ſweeten their Memory with the Praise of future Generations.

Thus, Magnanimous *Vizir*, do the *Muſulman Hero's*, the Props of the *Fiſt Empire* ſay,  
manifeſt

manifest their Courage, in defying of Dangers and Wounds, and scorning to capitulate with Fortune, for Ease and Exemption from Death. They know, that when they march against the *Infidels*, 'tis in Vindication of the *Eternal Unity*: And therefore, instead of endeavouring to shun, they court a Death so glorious, as that which will immediately transport them to the *Bosom* of our *Holy Prophet*, and to the *Inexpressible Delights* of the *Gardens of Eden*. Where this Truth is firmly rooted, there is no Room for Fear to plant it self. But, the Case is otherwise with *Infidels*, who blaspheme that purest *Undivided Essence*. They assert and believe a *Plurality of Gods*, and therefore, in Time of Danger, amongst so many *Deities*, they know not whom to address, or whom to confide in. The Apprehension of Death, is terrible to them, whose Hope is only in this Life; whose Consciences are stained with a Thousand Pollutions, and yet renounce the very Method of being Clean. Who not only err themselves, but by their Evil Example and Influence, (for I speak of the *Princes* and *Great Ones*) draw Innumerable after them, to taste of the *Tree Zacon*, which grows in the *Middle of Hell*.

People speak variously of the *Duke of Enguien's* Conduct in the Battel of *Allersheim*. His Creatures, extoll his Valour and Experience with *Hyperboles*: Whilst his Enemies, endeavour to lessen his Reputation. Some say, he owes his Revocation to the *Queen's* Dislike,

Dislike; Others attribute it, to the extraordinary Concern she has for his Health. But such as would be esteem'd the Wiser sort say, his Return is voluntary and sought by himself, scorning to hold his *Commission* any longer at the Pleasure of *Cardinal Mazarin* who, 'tis thought, first procured him the Employment, only to have him out of the Way, and take off his Application from the *Domestick* Affairs of *France*. These are the Discourses of the People at present, who perhaps may change their Opinions before the Sun goes down. They will always be censuring and discanting on the Actions of the *Superiors*; few being willing to think that Tongues were given 'em to lie Idle. It is but a Little Member, but often does Great Mischief by its Activity. One of the *Ancients* gave no good Character of it, when he call'd it a *Demon*. Yet, we are not bound to believe all that the *Philosophers* said. *Seneca* gave the most impartial Account of this Member, when he said, 'twas the Best of the Worst. Sometimes I sit silent many Hours together; not for want of Company (for, here's a Glut of that in this *Populous* City) nor, because I know not what to say (for, I could speak a great Deal more, than will fit for others to hear) but, that I may speak with less Interruption, how to serve my *Great Master*. For, much talking enervates the Judgment, and evaporates the Mind in Air. Besides, by thus practising Silence in Private, I learn the Art of restraining

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Words in Publick, when it is requisite to promote the Ends at which I aim. 'Tis not for a Man in my Station, to be open and talkative; but, to distinguish Persons and Seasons; to understand the due Stops and Advances of my Tongue; sometimes to say Much in a little, at other Times to say Little or Nothing at all; but, ever so to speak, as not to lay my self naked to the Hearers; yet, to seem a very frank, open-hearted Man, in what I discourse of.

I would not have thee conclude from what I have said, That *Mahmut* uses any Reserve to the *Ministers* of the *Divan*, who are *Mnes* of Science and *Wisdom*, and can easily discern the Heart through the most artificial Veil of Words. But, it is absolutely necessary for me, to use Dissimulation in this Court; seeming many Times Ignorant of what I really know, that I may not be thought to know more than they would have me. I was never yet so indiscreet, as to publish any Secret that was committed to my Charge; whereby I have gained great Confidence, with Men who delight to unbosom their Intelligence. They esteem me a Man of Integrity, and fit to be trusted. Thus am I made privy to many Intrigues of the *Grande*, and a Repository of the Court-News: Whilst they whisper in *Mahmut's* Ear, what is transacted in the Royal Bed-Chambers, and private Apartments.

By this means, I came acquainted with an Amour of *Cardinal Mazarini*, which is

known but to a few. This *Minister* had none of the Worst Faces, and a proportionate Elegance in his Shape: Much addicted also to the Love of Women; yet, he manages his Intrigues with that Caution and Privacy, as not to expose the Honour of his *Function*. Among the Rest, he had frequent Access to the Chamber of a certain *Countess-Dowager*, her Husband being lately deceas'd. This was not carried so privately, but 'twas whisper'd about, That a Man was seen often to come out of this Ladies Chamber, a little before Day; but, no Body knew who it was (for the *Cardinal* went disguiz'd.) At last, it came to the *Queen's* Ear, who was resolv'd to unravel this Intrigue. She caus'd *Spies* to be placed at a convenient Distance from the Lady's Chamber-Door, which opened in a Gallery of the *Royal Palace*, with Orders to trace him Home. That Night the design'd *Watch* was first set, it fortun'd, that the *Cardinal* being in the *Countess's* Chamber, his Maid (who was privy to this Amour) overheard these *Spies*, talking to each other concerning her Lady; which made her more attentive (being in a Place where she could not be seen) till at length she plainly discovered, That they lay in wait to find out who it was, that had been seen coming out of the Chamber. She quickly acquaints the *Countess* with this News. She consults the *Cardinal* what was best to be done to avoid Discovery. In fine, it was agreed between 'em, That the *Countess* should put on the

*Cardinal's*

*Cardinal's* Disguise, and he a Suit of her Clothes; That she should go out at the usual Hour of his Retreat, and walk in the Gardens; That, if examin'd, she should pretend, This Disguise was to guard her from the rude Attempts of Men, who if they found a Lady alone in the Night-Time, would not fail to offer some Incivilities; That soon after her Departure, the *Cardinal* should go forth in her Dress, and shift for himself. This was perform'd accordingly. The *Countess* walk'd into the Gardens in the *Cardinal's* Disguise, followed by the *Spies*, whilst he goes to an Intimate Friend's House, (an *Italian*, whose Fortune depended on this *Minister*) and changes his Female Accountrements, for the proper Apparel of his Sex. The *Countess* having walk'd about half an Hour in the Garden, was seiz'd on by some of the *Guards*, under Suspicion of some ill Design. She was carried before the *Queen*, and examin'd. She then discover'd her self, begging the *Queen's* Pardon, and telling her, That a particular Devotion, had oblig'd her to take that Course for several Mornings; but, if it offend-  
ed Her *Majesty*, she would hold her self dispensed with, and would forbear. The *Queen* seeming satisfied with this Answer, dismissed her. Thus, the Amours of the *Cardinal* and the *Countess*, remain'd a Secret; and, there are but Three Persons (besides themselves) that know any thing of it; among which, *Mahmut* is one.

Thou seest, *Illustrious Minister*, that the Reputation of my Secrecy, has gain'd me the Confidence of One of the *Cardinal's Privado's*; for, I had this Relation from the *Italian* whom I mentioned, at whose House the *Cardinal* chang'd his Disguise. I am not without Hopes, by the prudent Management of this Discovery, to penetrate farther into the *Court* Intrigues. For, he that told me this Story, consider'd not that he made me thereby, Master of his Fortune; and that it is no longer safe for him, to deny me any Intelligence I require of him. He has put a Key into my Hand, which will open his Breast at my Pleasure.

Yet, I need not magisterially claim Discoveries from him, as the only Conditions, on which he is to expect my Concealing what he has already disclos'd. There is a more detestable and serviceable Way to become a *Confessor*, without such an ungrateful Insult whilst with a well acted Candour, I feign a Relation of such Things, as I suspect, you cannot be certain are true, till attested by himself; professing at the same Time, not to believe those pretended Reports I heard. I shall be so happy, as to do any effectual Service to the *Grand Signior* by this Engagement; it will answer my Ends, and I shall not repent of my Craft.

*Makmut* Salutes thee, *Sovereign Bassa*, in the humblest Posture of Adoration, lying prostrate on the Ground, in Contemplation of thy Grandeur. Beseeching God, That he would



would grant this Favour to thee; To live happily, and to die in thy Bed.

Paris, 20th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

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## LETTER XIII.

To Egri Boinou, *a White Eunuch.*

**T**HOU givest me abundant Proofs of thy Affection and Friendship, in frankly telling me, what they say of *Mahmut* in the *Seraglio*. I do not expect to be free from Censure; and, am so far from being discouraged at the Obloquies some Men fasten on me, that it adds to my Comfort; it being an assur'd Mark of Innocence, To be traduc'd. I am not desirous, that the *Arabian Proverb* should be verified in me, which says, *That he deserves no Man's Good Word, of whom all Men speak well.* I dread to be Popular at such a Price, and will rather court the Slanders of the Envious, by a stedfast Perseverance in my Duty, than lay a Train for the Compliments of Flatterers, by favouring Sedition. Thou knowest what Reason I have to say this. There needs no Interpreter between us. Though the *Black Eunuch* has recanted his Aspersions, yet there are others who persist in their Malice; and, it will be

difficult for the *Master* of the *Pages*, with his best *Rhetorick*, to exempt himself from the Number.

I have received both their Apologies, and have answered them. I wish they would reform this Vice; not so much for my Sake who am Proof against their Accusations, as for their own: For, the Injury they intended to do me, will redound most to themselves. Misery is on him, that persecuteth his Neighbour.

He that is Merciful and Gracious, who hath separated the Brightness of the Day from the Obscurity of the Night, deliver both thee and me from the Malice of Whisperers, from the Enchantments of Wizards, and such as breathe Thrice upon the Knot of the Triple Cord.

Paris, 20th. of the 11th. Moon;  
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

## LETTER XIV.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

**T**HOU wilt laugh at the Hypocrisy and Folly of the *Nazarenes*, when thou shalt know the *Articles* agreed upon between the *Electör of Saxony*, and *Koningmark*, one of the *Suedish Generals*, on the 27th. of the 8th. Moon.

The *Suedes* had prevail'd on the Son of the *Electör*, to intercede with his Father for a *Truce*; but, the Old Duke would not hearken to any Thing of that Nature, till *Torsten-son* gave Orders to the *Suedish Army* in those Parts, That they should oppress the *Electör's* Subjects, by exacting from them unreasonable Taxes and Contributions; and, that they should lay desolate all the Countries about *Dresden*, if they refused to pay what was demanded of them. Accordingly they took a Castle, which commanded a large Valley of Meadows and Corn-fields. The *Suedes* burnt the Corn on the Ground, led away the Peasants Captives, and demolish'd many Towns and Villages; yet, not without some Loss on their Side: For, the *Saxons* one Night stole upon them while they were securely sleeping, and slew an Hundred and Twenty, taking above Three Hundred Prisoners. Those who were left in Possession of the Castle, met with no better Fortune; being

being compell'd in a few Days, to surrender this their new Conquest, with Five Ensigns, and a Hundred and Fifty Prisoners, which were all carried in Triumph to *Dresden*.

One would have thought, That these Successes should have confirm'd the *Electors* in the Aversion he had already conceiv'd for a *Treaty*, that he would rather have pursu'd his good Fortune with Arms: Especially, when by entring into a Private Separate *Treaty* with the *Suedes*, he must needs give a great Suspicion to the *Assembly* of the *Deputies*. But, the Old Duke doated; and, what neither the repeated Solicitations of his Son, nor the continual Ravages which *Königsmark* made in his Territories, could procure from him, that he granted to the charming Addresses of a Beautiful Lady.

The *Electors*' Son adhering much to the *Swedish* Interest, and finding all other Means ineffectual to oblige his new Friends; It was agreed upon between him and *Königsmark* That he should at least perswade his Father to a *Truce* of a few Days: That during this Cessation of Arms, the Son should invite his Father to a Banquet, where *Königsmark* should be present, with some of the Principal *Suedes* in his Army. All this succeeded according to their Wishes. The good Old Man consented to a Cessation of Arms, and to give *Königsmark* a Meeting at his Son's Banquet. The *German* Gallantry, and indeed that of all *North-Europe*, consists much in their Excessive Drinking: He is esteem'd the most polite

polite Man, who can bear most Wine, with least Alteration of his Temper. This they call *Carousing*. The Son had provided Plenty of those Wines, which grow on the Banks of the *Rhine*, esteem'd the wholesomest and most delicious of all these Parts. It is not necessary to repeat particularly, their first Salutes and Addresses: Both Parties seem'd emulous to exceed in Civilities. They fell to their Wine with Freedom and Mirth, after the Manner of the Country. When in the midst of their Glasses, whilst the Heart of the Old Duke was elevated with the Juice of the Grape, came into the Room a tall Personage all in Armour, and making his Obeisance to the Company, deliver'd a Letter to *General Koningsmark*. The General having receiv'd it, the Stranger was invited by the *Electors* Son to sit down with them. He was Master of the Feast, and only *Koningsmark* and the Stranger, besides himself, were privy to the Intrigue.

The Stranger unbuckling his Helmet, and pulling it off (for, all the Rest of the Company were uncover'd, it being the Hottest Day in all the *Summer*) discover'd a Face and Hair, much like one of those *Nymphs*, describ'd by Poets and Painters.

The Duke could not withdraw his Eyes from this surprizing Beauty, nor fix his roving Thoughts: Sometimes it put him in Mind of *Ganymede*, the discarded Minion of *Jupiter*; but *Ganymede* was never seen in Armour. Then he thought of *Adonis*, then of

of the *Babylonian Pyramus*, the *Indian Ari*. In fine, he run over all the Celebrated Youths of the *East*, to match the Beauty of this Illustrious Stranger. He drank and gaz'd whilst his Son and *Koningsmark*, were pleas'd to see the Bait take. From ruminating on our Sex, he pass'd to that of Women: And remembring that in some former Battles between the *Suedes* and *Germans*, several Ladies had disguised themselves in Armour, and followed *General Torstenson* to the Field, he concluded presently, That this was some beautiful Female of *Suedeland*.

This Thought, put the Old *Duke* into a pleasant Fit of Raillery, yet not without some Mixture of Passion for this lovely *Hermione*. There was something so peculiarly graceful in all her Carriage and Address, as charm'd the *Elector's* Heart. The Women in those Parts of *Europe*, are not so precise in their Conversation with Men, as in the *East*. And 'tis a great Point of Education, so to adjust the *Punctilio's* of their Deportment, as neither to appear too open, nor too reserv'd. This was her Master-piece; for, she so equally divided the Parts she was to act, both of a Maid and a Soldier, that neither entrenched on the other, but she acquitted her self with exquisite Honour and Gallantry.

The next Day after the Banquet, the Son renewed his Mediation for a *Treaty*; but the *Elector* seem'd cold. All his Thoughts were busied in ruminating on his fair Enemy.

Not to detain thee longer, in expectation  
of

of the Issue; The Love of this young *Amazon* had taken so deep Root in his Heart, that he would grant nothing but for her Sake, neither could he deny any Thing which she desired. Thus by this Stratagem, they accomplish'd their Aims, and he condescended to a *Treaty*, after Fourteen Days Debate on the *Articles*: Of which I here send thee a True and Particular Copy, that thou maist find some Divertisement in the Folly of the *Infidels*. The *Articles* are as follows:

“ **T**HAT it should be lawful for the *Duke*  
 “ to keep *due Faith* to the *Emperor*;  
 “ nor should he be obliged, to admit any  
 “ Thing contrary to the *Interest* of the *Em-*  
 “ *pire*.

“ That the *Elector* should not lend the  
 “ *Emperor* above Three Regiments of Horse,  
 “ nor should permit him to raise Soldiers in  
 “ his *Principality*.

“ That the *Suedes* should have free and safe  
 “ Passage through *Saxony*, provided they came  
 “ not within Three Miles of *Dresden*.

“ That there should be free Traffick, be-  
 “ tween the *Elector's* Subjects and the *Suedes*  
 “ by Land and Water.

“ That at the End of Three Months, each  
 “ Party should be obliged to declare, Whe-  
 “ ther they would prolong the *Truce*, or  
 “ break it off.

“ That the *Elector* should again enjoy his  
 “ Revenues, except those which were drawn  
 “ from *Leipsick*. That he should pay the  
 “ *Suedes*



"*Suedes* Eleven Thousand Rix-Dollars a Month, and a certain Quantity of Corn.

"That the *Electör* should do Nothing, which might hinder the Siege of *Magdeburgh*.

These *Articles*, at first Sight appeared to be equally favourable to the *Saxons*, as to the *Suedes*. But, in Reality, they serv'd only as an Umbrage to deeper Designs, which the *Suedes* had in Agitation. For, this was the First Step to draw the *Saxon* off from the *Emperor's* Party; and *Torstenſon* was now secure, that whilst the *Suedes* rushed farther into *Germany*, the *Saxons* would not molest them behind.

For my Part, I neither understand the *Policy* nor the *Integrity* of the *Electör*, in signing these *Articles*; nor, how he can reconcile the *First* of them, with any of the *Rest*. To give safe Conduct, and kind Entertainment to the Enemies of his *Sovereign*: To be obliged not to lend him any more Assistance than his Enemies shall allow, nor suffer him to raise Forces at his own Charges: To be cheated of his own Revenues, and tamely yield to pay a Monthly Tribute besides: To be tyed up from succouring one of the Principal Towns in his *Principality*, at that Time besieged by the *Suedes*; this is a new Method of keeping due Faith to *Sovereigns*, or of observing common Prudence for ones self. But, *Women and Wine* cause a *Wise Man* to stumble, as the *Arabians* say. And this Old Prince,

is blessed in a hopeful Son, who is not ashamed to turn *Pimp*, that so he may betray his Father to his Mortal Enemies. But, let the *Christians* proceed in their Falshood and Treachery, one against another, while every good *Mussulman*, prostrates himself *Five Times a-Day*; and prays in his Integrity, for the Consummation of that Time, wherein God has determin'd to put a Period to the *Monarchies* of these *Infidels*, and to reduce them to the Faith and Obedience of his *Holy Law*.

I wish some of my Friends, would send me some Relation of what passes in the *East*: I have heard Nothing of Moment out of *Asia*, these many *Moons*. I could almost think myself banish'd from the *Eternal Providence*, while I reside among these *Uncircumcised*.

Think sometimes on *Mahmut*; and, if thou canst not relieve his Melancholy, at least pity him, whom all the Honours and Pleasures of these *Western Parts*, would not be able to exhilarate, so long as he apprehends himself forgotten by his Friends at *Constantinople*.

Paris, 20th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

LETTER

## LETTER XV.

To Mahummed Hogia, Dervise,  
remit, *Inhabitant of the Sacred*  
*Cave, at the foot of Mount Un*  
*in Arabia the Happy.*

THY Remembrance is as the Dew of  
Evening, or the Midnight Breeze  
*'Africk*, after the scorching Fervors of a Sum-  
mers Day, when neither Trees, nor Hills  
nor highest Mountains afford any Shade.  
Such are the Employments of State, keep  
the Mind in as restless an Activity, as  
which the *Philosophers* say, is the Occasion  
Heat. Such also is the Refreshment I find  
thinking on thee, whose Soul is a Manifest  
Tranquility, an *Umbrella* of Temperance  
and all Vertue. Thither I retreat for Re-  
creation, from the Fatigues of Worldly Bu-  
siness. Pardon the bold Access of an humble  
Slave, who cannot be so happy as to visit  
any otherwise than by Letters, yet would  
be miserable in the Want of this Privilege.

Ever since I had the Honour to kiss  
Dust of thy Feet in that *Sacred Retirement*  
I was fill'd with Love and Admiration of  
Sanctity. Thrice happy are the Neigh-  
bouring Shepherds, whose Flocks feed under  
auspicious Protection. No fierce Lions,  
nor ravenous Tygers, dare violate that Sanctu-

or, hunt for Prey within those Meadows, consecrated by thy Presence. That Rich and Flow'ry Vale, was first secured, with an Eternal Immunity from Spoil and Rapine, by the Blessing of our *Holy Prophet*. Now that Blessing seems to be redoubled by thy Prayers and Abstinences, who inheritest his Spirit as well as his Abode. 'Twas in that *Holy Cave*, the *Messenger of God* tasted for the Space of Three *Moons*: Thy whole life there, is one continued Abstinence. When thou liftest up thy Venerable Hands to Heaven in Prayer, the Enemies of our *Holy Law* are seiz'd with Fear and Trembling: Thou art the *Guardian Angel* of the *Ottoman Empire*. Thy Body attenuated with Twenty Years Fasting, is purified almost to *Immortality*: Thou art become a *Denizon* among the *Spirits*. Neither the Beasts of the Earth, nor the Fowls of the Air, nor the Fish of the Sea, will charge thee with their Blood: Thy Table never smoak'd with slaughter'd Dainties. Every Tree affords thee a Feast, and the Meadows regale thee with a Thousand harmless Delicacies. Thy Thirst is allay'd with the Crystal Streams; and, when thou art disposed to Banquet, the *Arabian* Sheep supply thee with *Nectar*. Thus, like a prudent Traveller thou accustomest thy self before-hand, to the Diet of the Country whither thou art going: Thou livest the Life of *Paradise*, here on *Earth*.

Thou art not privy to the Wickedness of the Age: That Cell guards thee from other  
Mens

Mens Vices: while thy incomparable Humility, defends thee from thy own Vices. Thou art not puffed up with thy sublime Perfections. Pride is a Serpent, which commonly poisons the Root of the fairest Endowments. But thou hast crush'd this Serpent in the Egg.

In that Solitude, the *Angel* open'd the Heart of the *Sent of God*, and took out from thence the *Devil's Seed-Plot*. When *Mohomet* awaked (for, this was done while he lay in a *Trance*) he said, *I am a Worm*. When *Gabriel* saw his Humility, he pronounced Blessing on the Place, That whosoever should dwell in that Cave, *should be Meek as Abraham, Chast as Joseph, and Temperate as Ismael*. Thou hast experienc'd the Effect of his Benediction.

There is another Happiness also attends Retirement: Thou livest free from Cares and Anxieties: Thou committest the Publick Good to the Conduct of thy Sovereign, and thy Private Welfare, to the Protection of Providence; neither disquieted by the one, nor solicitous for the other. Who rises, and who falls, in the Favour of the *Sultan*; who purchase the Governments of the *Empire* by their Merits, or who by the Money; whether it be better to remain in the *Seraglio*, or to be made *Bassa* of *Egypt*, are Cares that never molest thee. Thou canst in that *Sanctuary* of Peace, and pity those whose Ambition, and the Love of Glory, have driven into the *Toils* of War. Thou canst behold

behold with Compassion, the burdensom Attendants of the Great; their Labours by Day, and their Watchings by Night; their restless Thoughts, and busy Actions; macerated Bodies, and uneasie Souls: While with indefatigable Pains they pursue mere Shadows, endeavour to grasp the Wind, or secure to themselves a Bubble, which is no sooner touched, than it vanishes. Thou in the meantime, art filling thy Mind with solid Knowledge, and laying up Possessions which shall never be taken from thee: For, the Soul carries her Goods along with her, to that *Other* World.

I often wish my self with thee; and, the Remembrance of what I once enjoy'd in thy Conversation, cannot be effac'd by Distance of Time and Place. The farther I am from thee, the more ardently do I long to see thee. But, even in these Innocent Desires, there is necessary a Mortification; since, we are not born for our selves, but to comply with the *Mysterious Ends of Fate*. I am appointed to serve the *Grand Signior* in this Place: Where I endeavour to acquit my self a *Faithful Slave*, and a *Good Mussulman*. If I fail in the *First*, my *Great Master* will punish me; if in the *Last*, God and his *Prophet* will revenge it. Yet I hope every Frailty, will not be esteem'd a Transgression; since the Heart and the Hands, go not always together. I often strive to imitate thy Abstinence, but my Appetites are too Strong for me; I return to my *Old Course* again, like a Bow that is forcibly

cibly bent. Yet I sin not in this, since it is not required at my Hands.

Pray for me, *Holy Man* of God, that while I aim at the *Best* Things, I may not fall into the *Worst*; and, by striving to arrive at *Perfection*, I may not crack those Powers which are requisite to keep me stedfast in the *High* way of *Moral Vertue*. I leave thee to thy *Contemplations*, and the Society of thy *Compassionate Angels*, who ever wait at the Door of thy *Cell*.

Paris, 20th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

## LETTER XVI.

To Useph Bassa.

I Formerly acquainted thee, That *Uladislaus* King of *Poland*, sought *Christina* Queen of *Sweden* in Marriage; but, that his Proposal was rejected. Now thou mayst know that this *Monarch* has made a more successful Amour, being married to *Lonise Maria* *Gonzague*, Princess of *Mantua*. The *Nuptial* Solemnities were performed in this City by the *Ambassador* of *Poland*, who was his Master's Proxy. The greatest Part of the 11th Moon, was spent in Masks, Banquets, and Court-Revels, to Honour the *Esponsals*.



this New Queen; who is since gone towards *Poland*, being attended to the Frontiers by a numerous Train of the *Nobility*, with all the Ceremonies and Regard due to a Person of her Rank.

The *French*, who are never sparing in Words, are too liberal in the Praises they bestow on this Princess. For if all were true they say of her, she might be listed in the Number of *Angels*: Whereas, some more impartial Eyes, have discover'd such Imperfections, as speak her yet on this Side a *Saint*. But, ordinary Vertues in *Princes*, dazzle the Multitude; borrowing a greater Lustre from the Nobility of their Blood, and the Eminence of their Quality: Whilst their Vices are either shrowded from the Vulgar, or made to pass for Vertues, in the Artificial Dress, which Flatterers put on them. 'Tis under this Advantage, the New Queen of *Poland* is cry'd up for a *Diana*; though a late *Satyrift*, vindicates her from being half so Cruel as that *Goddeß*: It being no Secret, That a Young *Italian Marquis*, had something kinder Usage, than had *Atleon*, when he accidentally encountred this Princess, as she was walking alone one Evening in a Grove belonging to her Palace.

I am no Patron of Libels: nor would I speak irreverently of those, whose Royal Birth claims Respect from all Mortals. But, the Stupidity of the *Nazarenes* provokes my Pen, who allow their Women all the uncontrollable Freedom and Opportunities, that

that commonly give Birth to the most irregular Amours, and yet believe 'em Innocent. They are perfect Idolaters of that Sex; not having learned, with the illuminated *Musfians*, That Women are of a Creation inferior to that of Men, have Souls of a lower Stamp, and consequently more prone to Vice; and, that they shall never have the Honour to be admitted into our *Paradise*.

But thou, who believest the Doctrine Clear and Intelligible, and hast kiss'd the Garment of the *Sent of God*, wilt not suffer thy Reason to be blinded by the Enchantments of these deluding Fair Ones; but love Women, as still to remember thou art a Man, which is something more Sublime.

Paris, 1st. of the 12th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1645.

LETTER

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## LETTER XVII.

## To the Kaimacham.

IT is hard to guess, where the *French* Victories will terminate. Either Fear, or the Desire of Novelties, opens the Gates of most Cities to them; and, when that will not do, the Force of their Cannon makes a Passage into the strongest Holds of their Enemies, and puts whole *Provinces* under their Subjection.

Their Enemies say, That the *French* never besiege a Town, but their first Assaults are made with Bullets of Gold; and, when that will neither prevail on the Governor, nor win a Party, then they only try the Force of the courser Metal. Yet, this will appear but a Slander, if thou considerest a late Action of the *Duke of Orleans*, when he lay down before *Bourburgh*.

He had scarce finish'd his Trenches, when the next Morning an Arrow was found with a Letter fastned to it, not far from his Tent. The Letter was directed to the *Duke*, and subscribed by the Governor, of the Town. The Contents of it were, to signify to him, That if he would give him Fifty Thousand Pieces of Gold, and continue him in his Office, he would the next Night open the Gates, and let in his Army; and, that before Mid-day, he would send a Messenger to know his Pleasure.

The

The *Duke* waited the Arrival of the Messenger, who seconded what his Master had said. But, the Magnanimous *Prince*, in stead of accepting his Offer, sent him back to his Master with this Message, *That he came not before the Town as a Merchant, to purchase it at the Price of a needless Treason; but as a Soldier, at the Head of an Army flush'd with continual Victories: Summoning him forthwith to Surrender at Discretion, That being the only Way to experience his Generosity.*

This Year has been signaliz'd with much Action in *Flanders, Catalonia, and Italy.* The Field was shared among many brave Generals.

The *Duke of Orleans* had the Command of the Army in *Flanders*, where he took the Forts of *Vandreval, Bourghurgh, Link, Driughen, Bethune, St. Venant, Guisca, Lem Mardyke, Lillers, Mening, and Armentiers.*

These Places were won by several Parties under the Commands of the *Mareschals de Gastion, de Rantzau, and the Duke of Guise*, who all acted in separate Bodies, under the *Duke of Orleans.*

Nor was the *Count d' Harcourt* idle in *Catalonia*, where he succeeded in the Charge of the *Mareschal de la Mothe.* The first Effort of his Arms, was the retaking of *Agram*, which the *Spaniards* had seiz'd; a strong City, and which kept a large Part of *Catalonia* in Subjection.

From hence he marched toward *Roses*, one of the most Important Places for Strength under the *Spanish King's* Dominions, and go  
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vern'd by an experienced Soldier, who fail'd not to defend the Place to the last Extremes ; but, after a Siege of Two *Moons*, was compell'd to yield for Want of Provisions.

After this, the *French General* cut off Seven Hundred *Spaniards*, who were posted to hinder his Passage over a River. The next Day, the whole Armies meeting in the Plains of *Llorens*, there was a furious Encounter ; in which, the *Spaniards* lost Ten Regiments of Horse on the Spot ; the Rest threw down their Arms and yielded. The *Marquess of Mortare*, one of the *Spanish Generals*, was taken Captive ; with other Persons of Note ; among which, was the *Standard-Bearer of Spain*.

Yet, this was but the Engagement of One *Wing* : For, when the Other enter'd the Combat, the Slaughter was dreadful. Of the *Spaniards* were slain Six Thousand Horse, and Sixteen Hundred Foot. And Three and Twenty Hundred of them were made Prisoners. The *French* lost not above Three Hundred in all, and had but a few wounded.

This Battel has brought infinite Glory to the *Count d' Harcourt*. After which, there happen'd Nothing remarkable in *Catalonia*, save the taking of *Balaguier*, which is like to end this Years Campaigne on that Side.

*Prince Thomas of Savoy* commanded in *Italy*, but had no great Number of *French* in his Army, the *Main Body* being drawn off to serve in *Catalonia*. Yet, vexed to see the Success of the *Spaniards*, who had possess'd themselves of a Strong Castle, and

kept the Field in a *Bravado*, as if he were not able to face them; he raised some Recruits, and enter'd the *Milaneze*, where he took the City and Castle of *Vigevano*. After this, designing to return into *Piemont*, he found all the Passages block'd up by the *Spaniards*, who had a far greater Army than his. Yet, assuming Courage, he attempted to pass the River *Moura*; and, the Enemy presenting themselves to oppose his Design, he gave them Battel, and killed Five Hundred and Threescore of them; among which were Nine Officers of Principal Command and Quality: On his Side, were lost Two Hundred Com mon Soldiers, and Twelve Officers, among which, was his Brother, *Prince Maurice of Savoy*. These are the Chief Actions on that Side. As for *Portugal*, there has happened nothing in that Kingdom, worthy of Remark.

I have in this Letter, Sage Governour of the *Imperial City*, observ'd the Method thou enjoined'st me. I have acquainted thee, with whatsoever has Occurred in the present War of *France* and *Spain* during this Year.

'Tis discoursed here, That the *Venetians* will lay Siege to *Canea* next Spring, in Hopes to recover that Important Place, from the Arms of the Victorious *Ottomans*.

The *Duke of Orleans* will be on his March to *Flanders*, toward the latter End of the next *Mon*, resolving to make an early Campaign, being alarm'd with the late Loss of *Mardyke*, which the *Spaniards* took by Surprise without

without much Bloodshed; having not the fourth Part of a hundred men kill'd on their Side. Whereas, when the *French* took it from them, it cost five Thousand Lives of the best Souldiers the King of *France* had in his Army.

The Hour of the Post will not permit me to say more, than that I am the humblest of thy *Slaves*.

Paris, 14th. of the 12th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

## LETTER XVIII.

To Dgaet Oglou.

I Will not make Tryal of the Virtue of Friendship at this Time, in the Way that *Philosophers* propose to be used between such as own that Title. I will not complain of the Dolors I undergo, that so by making thy Compassion share them with me, I may ease myself of a Part. It appears to me a pusillanimous, if not an unjust Action, for a Man to transfer his Sufferings, by discovering 'em to his Friend, and designedly throw that upon another, which is scarce tolerable to himself.

I am sick; and, Custom has rendred this almost as Natural to me as Health. My Constitution, is not Proof against the envenom'd Arrows, that are shot from the *Stars*. Nor am I Constellated, to resist the Secret Contagions.



gions that lurk in the *Elements*. The Herbage of the Field languishes, when poyson'd with Invisible *Atomes* from above; and, all the Leaves of the Forest wither, when touch'd with the baneful Emissions of certain *Meteors*, or scorch'd with the winged Exhalations of the Night. So our Bodies receive a Thousand Impressions from Things without us, and not a few Maladies from our selves. The very Channel of Life, proves many Times the Vehicle of Death; while our Lungs suck in unwholesome Airs, and our very Breath becomes our Bane. We have Radical Poysons in our Complexions, which though they do us no hurt, while we let them lie dormant; yet, once excited by our Passions and Vices, they become noxious and Fatal, hurrying us into the Chambers of Death, by unaccountable Diseases, and Pains which are under no *Predicament*.

This makes me bear my present Distemper with an equal Mind, because I know its Original, and 'tis not in the List of those Maladies which have no Name: Whereby I can easily calculate its Duration, and almost point to a Day, when I shall be well again. For, 'tis in the Number of those, *Physicians* call *Acute*; and, the Anguish it inflicts, confirms that *Title*.

Take not this for a Complaint; nor, what I am about to say, for a *Paradox*, when I tell thee, That I know not which is greater, my Pleasure or Pain during this excruciating *Fever*. These Affections border so near one up-  
on

on another, that I find it difficult to distinguish 'em. They seem to be Inn-mates to each other, and blended together in their Roots. Sure I am, they are so twisted and interwoven in my Constitution, that I never felt One without the Other. Every Man may experience, that his strongest Desires, are compounded of these Two Passions; and, the very Moment of Fruition it self, cannot separate 'em. The Minute of Enjoyment, is but consecrated to his Loss, while the Height of his Joy is the Rise of his Grief, since the smallest Particle of time, cannot distinguish the Life and Death of his Pleasure.

Do but reverse this Contemplation, and apply it to my Sickness, and thou wilt find no Riddle in my Words, when I assure thee, That as the Torment of my *Fever* advances, so does my Ease. Pleasure and Pain, sit and shake Hands in my Heart, embrace, and equally divide its *Systole* and *Diastole* between 'em.

Yet I must needs own, I am indebted, for this Allay of my Dolors, to the Presence of my Mind; which I suffer not to be torn from it self, or carried away by the violent Motion of my agitated Spirits. Were it not for this, a *Fever* would prove a *Hell* upon *Earth*, and every *Pulse* a Tormenting *Fury*. My very Drink (which is all my Subsistence now) would appear but the loathsome Distillation of that *Tree*, whose *Unpalatable* and *Scalding Gum*, is appointed for a *Beverage* to the *Damned*. The softest Entertainment of my

Bed while awake, would but be a Translation of the Tortures of *Ixion* and *Sisyphus*; and the flattering Intervals of Sleep, would but renew the Sufferings of *Tantalus*. Whereas now, whether asleep or awake, my Mind keeping aloft in her proper Sphere, busied in the Contemplation and Enjoyment; of her self and Superior Objects, partakes not in the Fever of my Body; but as if on the cool Top of some high Mountain, surveys all the Valleys beneath, without being sensible of their raging Heats.

I owe this Tranquility, in the Midst of Bodily Perturbations, to the Examples of Ancient *Philosophers*; which, thou knowest, have far more Influence than Precepts. Ever since I read, That *Plinius* could chase away the racking Tortures of the Gout and Stone, by the sole Force of his Thought, I daily try'd the Experiment, spur'd on by Emulation of his Vertue; as judging it Ignoble in a *Musliman*, to give the Palm to a *Pagan* in any Point of Masculine Bravery.

It is recorded of the same *Philosopher*, That by the mere Strength and Majesty of his Mind, he dissipated the Enchantments of *Apollonian Tyaneus*; and, the Infernal Spirits confess'd They were baffled by that Thinking Man. As if his Soul were of the Nature of *Medusa's* Head, which turn'd all into Unactive Statues who did but look on it.

Surely, great is the Efficacy of Contemplation, hinted at in the *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *He that can see his own Eyes with*

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out a Glass, shall be able to move the Bulls Horns. Which Mysterious Expression, is thus interpreted by the Learned *Avicen*. A Prophet or Spiritual Man, who always converses within, shall have power to shake the Foundations of the Earth. Which, thou knowest, rests on the Horns of a Bull, according to the Doctrine of our Holy Law-giver.

I need say no more to convince thee, That I am in a Fever. My thus expatiating and running from one Thing to another (when I thought to have said all in a few Words) will satisfy thee what Temper I am in. Yet, recollecting my self with Comfort, 'That I know my Distemper, I will crave Leave to tell thee a short Story, of a Man who was sick for many Years, and yet the ablest Physicians in Paris, could not discern his Malady.

This Person, was an Officer of the City; whose Business 'twas to arrest Men that were in Debt. He was observ'd, to be the subtlest of all his Brethren and the most dextrous at plotting another Man's Ruine. This augmented his Estate, and he grew extremely rich. But, in the One and Fortieth Year of his Age, he was seiz'd with an unknown Malady, a Distemper to which the most skilful were Strangers. He languish'd Five Years in a Condition, which mov'd all Men to Pity. 'Twill be tedious to recount the Symptoms of his Illness. At length, he died; and, according to his own Will, was dissected. The Physicians found all Parts of his Body decay'd and wasted; but when they came to his Head,

they were above Measure astonish'd, to see a Nest of *Serpents* instead of Brains. This was concluded by all to be the Source of his Distemper; and; People descant variously on it. Some say, 'twas a Judgment of God inflicted on him, for his cruel Subtlety, in trapping Men out of their Liberties by a Thousand Wiles. Others are of Opinion, That it is a *Natural* Product; it being usual in some Constitutions, for this Sort of Creature to be bred out of their Vitals. A *Merchant* that had been in *Pernu* told me, That in a *Province* of that *Empire*, there were People, who by drinking the Water of a certain River, had *Serpents* often engender'd in their Bowels; That he had seen one presented to the *King of Spain*, which was taken out of a Dead Man's Heart. a Cubit in Length. He said 'twas of a *Crimson* Colour, without Scales or Eyes; neither was it Venomous. This he asserted very solemnly, and with Imprecations.

I tell thee, Dear Friend, if these things be true, who can be sure he harbors not some such loathsome Inn-mate in his Body: Yet I would not have thee grow Melancholy upon it, and disturb thy Repose. The Day will come, when we shall all be metamorphosed into *Worms* and *Serpents* in the Grave.

In the mean while, live thou happily, in the Favour of thy Sovereign, in the Enjoyment of thy Health, the Vigor of thy Senses, and; have sometimes in thy Thoughts, a Man full of Infirmities, without murmuring.

Mahmet

*Mahmut*, that loves his Friend in all Conditions.

Paris, 26th. of the 12th. Moon,  
of the Year 1645.

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LETTER XIX.

To the Selihtar Aga, or Sword-Bearer to his Highness.

I Wish I could time my Letters so, as to gratifie all the *Ministers* of the *Blessed Port*, by making each alternately, the first Relater of some acceptable News, in the Mysterious *Divan*, where all Humane Events are scann'd with Impartial Judgment. But, every *Moon* does not present us with Sieges or Battels; neither can I receive Intelligence of all remarkable Events, so soon as they come to pass. What I shall now transmit to thee, is an Account of what has been omitted in my *Dispatches* to the other *Ministers*.

*Europe* is a Field, fertile in *Rebellions*, *Tumults*, *Disorders*, and *Unnatural Wars*. No Part of *Christendom*, which is not polluted with Treasons, Perfidies, and Massacres; no Corner undefiled with Humane Blood. The Son conspires the Death of him who first gave him his Life. The Brother lays Trains to ensnare the Partner of his Blood, the Off-spring of her

her, that bare himself. No Bond of Affection or Tye of Consanguinity, is of Force to restrain these *Infidels*, from pursuing each other with Malice. Neither has their Religion any more Influence on their Passions, than the *Fables* of the Ancient *Poets*. In Publick and Private, all Things are govern'd by Interest. Thus, while every Man and every *State*, are only byass'd by the narrow Principles of Self-preservation; they abandon the General Good of *Christendom*, and expose it as a Prey to the next daring Invader.

There is no Reason, that we shou'd grieve at this Folly of the *Nazarenes*. 'Tis from their Impiety and Vices, the Vertue and Wisdom of the Victorious *Mussulmans* receives the greater Lustre; who are created to displant these *Uncircumcised*, and instruct the Nations which they possess'd, in the Faith free from Blemish.

Yet, Since the Depredations which the *Suedes* have made in *Germany* and *Denmark*, the neighbouring *Crowns* and *States*, notwithstanding their Insincerity, have seemingly interposed their Endeavours, to prevent the worst Effects of a War, so destructive to the Common Interest of *Christendom*. *Deputies* were sent from all Parts, to *Munster* and *Osnaburgh*, with Instructions from their respective *Sovereigns*. They have squander'd away much Time in vain Overtures of Peace; whilst the *Suedes* daily get Ground on one Side of the *Empire*, and the *French* are not Unsuccessful on the other.

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The Enemies of *France*, sensible that they cannot reduce this *Crown* by open Force, have Recourse to Artifice. They endeavour to corrupt her Allies, and insinuate into the Minds of the *United States* of the *Low Countries*, all those Apprehensions, which may serve to improve the Jealousie they had already conceived of the *French* Neighbourhood. Suggesting, That the *Spanish Netherlands* are the onely Bar, which stops the Armies of *France* from over-running *Holland*, and the rest of the *United Provinces*. In fine, they have prevail'd on them to enter into a Separate Alliance, and not to treat in Conjunction with the other *Ministers* at *Munster*.

On the other Side, The *French* by their Agents in *Holland*, endeavour to unmask the Artifice of the *Spaniards*; representing, That they have no other Design in these Insinuations, but to breed an ill Understanding between this *Crown* and the *United Provinces*; that so, by their ill Offices, in Time Things may come to a Rupture, and the *States* be depriv'd of the Friendship and Protection of *France*, which alone is able to support that *Commonwealth*, against the Pretensions of their old Enemies, the *Spaniards*. All *Europe* is astonish'd to see, that notwithstanding the utmost Condescensions of the *French Court* to conserve Peace, yet the *Spaniards* led by their ill Destiny, should embrace the Proposals of *Spain*. This makes a great Impression on all the *Ministers* assembl'd at *Munster* and *Ostemburg*, who now conclude, That the *Spaniards*.

ards only seek Occasions to perpetuate the War in Europe; that whilst the Princes of the Empire are engag'd in a Defence of their Territories, and the Suedes and French are busied in pursuing their Conquests, they may pick a Quarrel with their New Friends, whom they have depriv'd of a more powerful Protection, and re-establish themselves in the Revolted Provinces.

The Deputies have had several Conferences about this Important Affair; and, the Result of their Counsels, is, to sollicite the French Court, to use its utmost Power, to prevent the ill Consequences which this Separate Treaty will bring along with it.

'Tis discours'd here, That Monsieur de la Tuillerie will be recall'd from the Court of Suedeland; being esteem'd the fittest Man, to dissuade the Hollanders from this New Alliance; He having been already employ'd in several Negotiations with the States, and is well vers'd in the Methods of treating with that Nation.

This some judge to be the Reason of the Sieur Chanat's being sent to Suedeland, that he may reside at Stockholm, and continue to act there in the Absence of la Tuillerie.

So nice and delicate in this Affair, that all France cannot afford another Man duely qualify'd, to manage it with any Probability of Success. If he shew not more Candour in this Negotiation, than he did when he was sent to mediate a Peace between Suedeland.

land and Denmark, he will receive but slender Thanks at his Return. But, if he succeeds, 'tis said, That Cardinal Mazarini has declared, he will merit to be install'd in the Order of the Holy Spirit. I have formerly spoken of this in one of my Letters, as the most Eminent Order of Knighthood in France.

I wish the Christians may ever find Difficulties, to obstruct the Measures they take to establish an Universal Peace; and may continue to amuse and vex one another, till the Day of the Scourge.

Paris, 20th. of the 1st. Moon,  
of the Year, 1646.

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L E T T E R   X X .

To the Reis Effendi, Principal Secretary of the Ottoman Empire.

I T is not yet publickly known, what Designs have mov'd this Court, to order a mighty Fleet to be fitted out to Sea. But, it is privately whisper'd That they will sail to the Levant, to assist the Venetians against the Turks.

People discourse variously, according to the Strength or Weakness of their Reason; and, Five Days ago, an Old Man went to Cardi-  
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nal *Mazarini*, pretending to speak by *Inspiration*: He told him, That 'twas in vain to trust to their Winged Castles, (so he call'd the Ships) the Multitude of their Armies, or in the Treasures of their Money; for a *Decree* was sign'd in *Heaven*, against all the Nations in *Europe*; That the *War* was begun *Above*, between the *Potentates* who have the *Custody* of *Kingdoms* and *Empires*; That they should soon see the *Banner* of the *Eternal*, display'd in the *Firmament*; That the *Stars* should fight in their Courses, against the *Wicked Professors* of *Christianity*; That the *Ismaelites* should come out of their Holes, and should flow down like a *Torrent* from the Mountains of the *East*, over-running all *Christendom*. In fine, That *Germany*, *France*, *Italy* and *Spain*, should be laid *Desolate*, their beautiful Cities sack'd, and the *Inhabitants* led into *Captivity*; That the *Pope*, with all his *Priests*, should be exterminated; and, that all Nations should embrace *One Law*.

They put him in Prison, but he was found walking next Day in the Streets. The *Keeper* chain'd him in Irons; but, in the Morning he was standing at the Gate of the Prison, Preaching to the People. Some say, he is a *Chymist*, and has found out the *Master Secret*: Others say, he is a *Prophet*: But, most judge him to be a *Magician*. He seems now to have lost his Vigor, not being able to release himself from the Chains, which fasten him to the Ground where he lies, Yet he continues to foretel the Ruine of *Christendom*.

'Tis said, he will be sent to Rome, there to receive Sentence of the Holy Father, according to his Demerits. I am no Admirer of Visionaries; yet there appears something extraordinary, in the Constancy of this Man. Time will demonstrate, whether he be a True or a False Prophet.

A Courier came to this City last Night from Suedeland, who brings Letters from Monsieur Chanut, which say, That he has received great Encouragement to hope for the Ships which he was to buy in Suedeland. Thou hast already heard, that Monsieur la Tuillerie, Ambassador from this Crown to Queen Christina, was thought the only proper Instrument, to dissuade the United States of the Low Countries, from entering into a Separate Treaty with Spain; and that therefore Monsieur Chanut, was sent to reside in his Absence at Stockholm, to observe what passes, and to continue the Alliance between the Two Crowns.

This Minister arrived in Suedeland, the 15th. Day of the Moon of December, in the last Year; where Monsieur la Tuillerie, had prepared all Things ready for a speedy Dispatch of his Negotiation; having the Day before his Arrival, made known to that Court, the Pleasure of the King of France, and the Queen-Regent; whose Letters were received by Queen Christina, with all the Marks of Royal Affection; she telling the Ambassador, That she infinitely honoured the Persons of the King and the Queen-Regent; and, that she

she would give them such Proofs of the Integrity of her Friendship, as would demonstrate, That she was sensible of her Obligations to them, for what they had contributed to the good Success of her Affairs: And, That there was nothing more dear to her, nor more fixed in her Resolution, than to conserve inviolably, the *League* that was between them. She farther told the *Ambassadors*, That it was with no ordinary Complacency she now beheld Two *Ministers* of *France* in her Court, after she had been without any for a long time. In fine, she assured them, That whatsoever could be spar'd from the necessary Defence and Service of the Kingdom, whether Ships, Arms, or Men, should not be wanting to the Aid of the King of *France*.

By this thou mayest perceive, that though the King of *France* has powerful Armies by Land, yet he is defective in Naval Forces. Or, if he has Ships enough to defend his own Realms by Sea, and to serve as Convoys to his Merchants, it must be concluded, that some Foreign Expedition is design'd, which has put him upon this extraordinary Method to encrease his Fleet.

I thought it highly necessary to acquaint thee with this Passage, that the *Minister* of the Port, August and ever Happy, may consult what Measures to take with this Prince, if it be true, that he designs to break the *League*, which he made with *Sultan Ibrahim* Four Years ago. There is but little Confidence to be reposed, in the most Solemn Oath

of *Christian Monarchs*, who hold not themselves obliged, to keep *Faith* with those whom they esteem *Infidels*; and, thou knowest, that is the best *Tule* they can afford the *Observers*, of the most perfect *Law* in the *World*. Yet, the *French*, among all the Nations of the *Messias*, seem to bear the greatest Respect to the *Ottoman Empire*. But they are inconstant, and changeable, which is an Argument of *Insincerity*. They are very prompt and warm in contracting *Friendships*, and as ready to infringe those *Sacred Bonds*, on the least *Occasion*, especially where *Interest* and *Ambition* have the *Ascendant*.

The *Venetian Resident* at this *Court*, makes daily *Visits* to the *Queen-Regent*, and has frequent *Conferences* with *Cardinal Maxarini*. Many *Couriers* pass between *Munster*, *Stockholm*, and this *City*. Yesterday one arrived from the *Venetian Ambassador* at *Munster*, giving an *Account*, That the *Secretary* of that *Embassy*, whom he had sent to *Queen Christina*, was return'd with the *Promise* of Eight *Ships of War*, lent by that *Queen* to the *Republick*, to assist them against the *All-conquering Mussulmans*.

It seems, as if *Sueden* were become the *Common Arsenal* of *Europe*, from which the other *Kingdoms* are supply'd with all the *Instruments of War*. But, what is most observable, is, That the *Venetians* obtain'd not this *Favour*, without the *Mediation* of the *French Minister* at *Stockholm*. By which it seems evident, That this *Court* has newly entered  
into



into a Private *League* with the *Republick*;  
And, that they Design to surprize the *Ottomans*, with some sudden Enterprize by  
Sea.

I shall not let a Moment escape, which  
may present me with the least Opportunity,  
to discover what is in the Hearts of these  
*Insidels*.

If thou wilt favour me with thy Instru-  
ctions, I shall make the safer Steps. *God*, whose  
Eye penetrates into all Obscurities, enlighten  
us with a Ray of that Wisdom, which once  
revealed to his *Messenger*, the secret Conspi-  
racy of the *Corei's*, when they plotted to de-  
stroy the *Temple* built without *Hands*.

Paris, 17th. of the 2d. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

**LETTER**

LETTER XXI.

To William Vospel, *a Recluse, at*  
*Halmerstadt in Austria.*

I Received thy Letter with Abundance of Complacency, in that it argues the Continuance of thy Friendship; and, that I trace therein no Footsteps of an Angry Pen, notwithstanding the Liberty I took to descant on thy Manner of Life. On the Contrary, thou sendest me an Apology full of Meekness. Thy Reasons have a marvellous Force in them; they seem to spring from a Soul vegete and living, yet dead to Passion. Thou almost perswadest me to affect a *Monastick* Life, which may not unfitly be term'd, *a Sociable Solitude.*

I much admire, what thou say'st concerning *Silence*; and wish I could practise that *Passive Vertue*. It is the first Step to Wisdom, the Nurse of Peace, and the Guardian of Virtue. Words do but ruffle and discompose the Mind, betraying the Soul to a Thousand Vanities. Therefore, *Pythagoras* join'd his Disciples Five Years Silence, before he admitted them to his *Mysterious Philosophy*.

But tell me, why thou didst not rather chuse to live in a *Desart*, remote from Men, where thou wouldst have no Temptation to speak, unless thou wert disposed to hold a  
Con-

Conference with the Trees, or Beasts, or hadst a Mind to sport thy self and have thy Words retorted by mocking *Eccho's*? If a *Recluse* Life be thy Choice, for the sake of Contemplation, I would advise thee to turn *Hermit*. But perhaps, thou darest not venture thy self among the *Satyrs* of the *Wilderness*; or, thou art afraid of the Wild Beasts. As for the First, they are either the Dreams of *Poets*; or, if there be any such Beings in Reality, they will not hurt thee, since thou voluntarily forsakest the Company of Men, to become a *Sylvan*, as they are. As for the Latter, I must confess, I cannot discommend thy Fear, there being no Friendship or Intelligence common between us and the Lions, Tygers, Bears, &c. of the Forest. Yet, I can tell thee for thy Comfort, That by long and assiduous Practice, the fiercest of these Creatures have been taught to converse with Men, to obey their Commands, and to perform the Parts of Diligent Servants, and faithful Friends.

The *Wilderness* will afford thee a fair Opportunity, of studying the Natures of Plants and Animals, the various Alterations in the Elements, the Influence of the Winds and Rains, Meteors and Exhalations; with many other Secrets, which are hid from the greatest Part of Men, who are buried alive in populous Towns and Cities, banish'd from the Familiarity of their Mother-Earth, and most of her genuine Products.

In the *Desert*, the unforc'd Harmony of Birds, shall lull thy Soul in innocent and grateful Slumbers; the gentle Winds shall waft Immortal Whispers to thy Ravish'd Ears, breathing unutterable Sounds from *Paradise*. The murmuring Streams shall warble forth their soft and sweet Eternal *Stories*. All shall conspire to serve thy Contemplation, and to transport thy Mind with *Sacred Ecstasies*.

If after all this, thou shalt prefer the *Monastick* Enclosure; Follow thy Resolution, and be Happy. Only remember, That tho' thy Body be shut up within those Walls; yet, if thy Mind straggle in Vain and Worldly Thoughts, thou art no longer a *Recluse*. Adieu.

Paris, 25th. of the 2d. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

## LETTER XXII.

To the Captain Bassa.

IF all be true, that I have Reason to suspect, thou wilt find a warm Divertisement at Sea this Spring. Though the *Europeans* have seem'd slow in their Preparations to assist the State of *Venice*, suffering their separate Interests to supersede the Care of that *Republick*; yet now they turn their Eyes thither. Their backwardness hitherto, is owing to the Secrecy, with which our Sage *Emperor* meditated the present War. His Counsels were never whisper'd out of the *Seraglio*, till the same Winds transported the News, which wafted our *Invincible Fleet* to the Shore of *Candy*. Now they behold the Ocean, cover'd with the Ships of the *Eastern Empire*, Fear surprizes them; the *Princes* of the *Nazarenes* tremble. They look no longer on the *Republick* of *Venice* with the Eyes of Envy, because of her Preheminence in Traffique, but with another Regard: They consider her, as the *Bulwark* of *Christendom*; The onely Bank, which has hitherto stemm'd the Tide of the *Ottoman* Puissance, and stopp'd our Victorious Armies from overflowing all *Europe*.

I have informed the *Reis Effendi*, of what I knew concerning the *Naval Forces* which are fitting out, in several Parts of the North and

and *West*, to aid the *Venetians* ; but I have not told him what the *Christians* say of thee ; neither am I willing to believe it. They speak of thee, as of a Man not more difficult to be corrupted, than was thy Predecessor, who was strangled by the Order of the *Sultaneſs-Mother*. This Censure, I hope, is an Effect of their Impotence ; while they flatter themselves with the Imagination of bribing him, from whose Courage and Fortune they can expect Nothing but Defeats.

They trust much in the Force of thy Birth and Education, and discourse of a certain *Magical* Character, imprinted in thy Soul, when thou wast baptiz'd, which, they say, is indelible ; And, they promise themselves, that thy Native *Christianity*, has more Influence on thy Heart, than Forced *Circumcision* ; and, that thou wilt not Fight with any Zeal, against Men of the same Principles, as those who gave thee thy Breath. But, they confide more in the Charms of their Gold, with which they design to bribe thee. In fine, they drink Healths to the *Honest Renegado*. So they term him, who commands the whole Fleet of the *Ottoman Empire*.

I do not give Credit to these Calumnies, having good Grounds to boast of thy Integrity. However, I counsel thee, by some extraordinary Service to thy Master, to give the Lye to these *Infidels* : And, suffer not that, which at present may be but a bare Suspicion, to be improved by thy Neglect or Cowardise, into a palpable Evidence, That  
F thou

thou art false and perfidious to the *Supreme Lord of the Globe.*

Paris, 6d. of the 3d. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

## LETTER XXIV.

*To Adonai, a Jew at Venice.*

**N**OW thou art fixed, 'tis Time to write to thee: Thou hast been a Rambling these Three or Four Years, and no Body knew where to find thee. I have received Eleven *Dispatches* from thee, since thy Departure from *Genoua*: Wherein thou hast informed me, of many Passages of thy Journey. Now I desire thee to send me some Remembrance of the different Nature of the People thou hast seen, their various Customs and Laws, whatsoever was worthy Observation in thy Travels.

*Italy* is a fair Field, yet produces *Dainties* as well as *wholesome Corn*. It is a *Beautiful Garden*, yet bears *Aconite* intermix'd with her *Roses*: Great Verrues, and no Less Vices. This Region is famous for the Wisdom of its Inhabitants, and for their Proverbs: *Wiser* than the *Arabia of Europe*, in many Sences. *Worth* much lessened in its Renown, since the Decline of the *Roman Empire*. The *Goths* have



*Vandals*, turned all into *Desarts*, where they came; and, have left such Impressions of their *Northern Barbarism* behind them, as made the People they conquer'd, half-Savages. Hence came the general Decay of Learning and Knowledge in these *Western* Parts: Hence the Corruption of Ancient Manners. The Great, the Noble, and the Wise, bowed under the Yoke of their *New Masters*, learned their Fashions, and gloried in their Shame. Their Examples influenc'd the Vulgar; Debauchery became Modish and Authentick: Thus, a General Depravation of pristine Integrity took Place, and Men became Vicious by a Law.

Neither has Wickedness planted it self only in *Europe*: The Sea could not stop this Boundless Evil. *Asia* is infected also, and the Vice of *Italy* is transported to the *Empire* of the *True Believers*. Thou hast seen all the Chief Cities between the *Alps* and *Rhegium*, which is the utmost Angle of *Italy*, to the South: tell me whether *Sodom* could exceed any of them, in Licentiousness: We will not except, even *Rome*, the Seat of the *Christians Musti*. These *Uncircumcised*, have learned of thy Nation, to call the *Ancient Philosophers*, *Infidels*: but, had any of those *Sages* liv'd to see the Abominations of the *Modern Nazarenes*, they would have despised the *Faith* which produced no better Works.

*Adonai*, put in Practice the Import of thy Name; be *Lord* of thy self; and, if thou stumblest

stumblest at the *Light* of the *Mussulmans* walk in that of *Moses*, but shun the Path of the *Christians* ; for, they are enveloped in *Darkness*, and grope at *Mid-day*. Live according to *Reason*, and thou shalt be happy. Adieu.

Paris, 18th. of the 3d. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

## LETTER XXV.

To Mustapha, Berber Aga.

THE present War of *Candy*, is like to render that *Island* as much the Subject of the *World's Discourse*, as it was formerly famous, for being the *Cradle* of *Jupiter*. In those Days, it was called *Crete*, much celebrated in the Writings of the *Greek Poets*. Afterwards, it became a *Province* of the *Roman Empire* ; then of the *Grecians* ; next it submitted to the *Saracens*. But, in the time of the *Christian Expeditions* in *Palestine*, when *Baldwin*, Earl of *Flanders*, was *Crown'd* Emperour of *Constantinople*, this *Island* came into his Possession : Which he gave to a certain valiant Commander in his Army, a Man of a Noble Descent ; of whom, the *Venetians* purchased it ; and in their Hands, it continued ever since. But now, in all Probability

bability, it will be the Prize of those Arms which nothing Sublunary can resist.

The Posts from *Italy* and the Sea Coasts of this Kingdom, confirm each other's News; all agreeing, That notwithstanding the Utmost Efforts of the *Venetians* and *Candiots*, to hinder the Relief of *Canca*; yet, our *General* is got into that Haven, with vast Quantities of Provisions, and a sufficient Reinforcement of Men. They add, That Forty Thousand of our Soldiers have made a Descent in another part of the *Island*, have gain'd the Forts of *Cisternes*, *Colmi*, and *Bicorno*, and were on their March towards *Suda*, with a Design to Besiege that Place. They accuse our *General* of barbarous Cruelty, in that he caused Five of the Principal Noblemen of that Kingdom, to be put to Death; because they refused to betray their Country; or enter into the Interests of the *Grand Signior*.

I must confess, Magnificent *Aga*, That whatever may be said in Commendation of this *General's* Policy, and Fidelity to his Master; it is no Argument of the Goodness of his Disposition. I rather admire the Temper of the *Duke of Orleans*, who when *Gravling* was surrendred to him, just as he entred the Town, was heard to say these Words: *Let us endeavour by Generous Actions, to win the Hearts of all Men; so may we hope for a daily Victory. Let the French learn from me, this new Way of conquest, to subdue Men by Mercy and Clemency.*

These are Heroick Sentiments, and agree well with the Character of this Prince, who is said, never to have been the Author of a Man's Death, nor to have revenged himself of any Injury: Yet, a valiant Soldier, an expert Commander, and no bad Politician.

It is not hid from the Court, with what Matchless Vertue he dismiss'd a Gentleman who was hired to Murder him. This *Assassin* suffered to pass into the Duke's Bed-chamber one Morning early, pretending Business of great Moment from the Queen. As soon as the Duke cast his Eyes on him, he spoke thus: *I know thy Business, Friend; thou art sent to take away my Life: What hurt have I done thee? It is now in my Power with a Word, to have thee cut in Pieces before my Face: But pardon thee; go thy Way, and see my Face no more.*

The Gentleman stung with his own Guilt, and astonish'd at the excellent Nature of this Prince, fell on his Knees, confess'd his Design, and who employ'd him: And, having promis'd eternal Gratitude for this Royal Favour, departed without any other Service taken of him; and fearing to tarry in France, entred himself into the Service of the Spanish King. It was his Fortune afterwards to encounter the Duke of Orleans in a Battel in Flanders. The Duke, at that instant, was oppress'd with a Crowd of *Enemies* who surrounded him; and, in the Conflict, he lost his Sword. Which this Gentleman perceiving, nimbly stepp'd to him

and deliver'd one into the Duke's Hands, saying withal, *Now reap the Fruit of thy former Clemency. Thou gavest me my Life, now I put thee into a Capacity to defend thy own.* The Prince, by this Means, at length escaped the Danger he was in; and, that Day the Fortune of War was on his Side. The French had a considerable Victory.

Thou seest by this, that Heroick Actions have something Divine in them, and attract the Favours of Heaven. No Man ever was a Loser by good Works; For, though he be not presently rewarded; yet, in Tract of Time, some happy Emergency or other arises to convince him, *That Vertuous Men are the Darlings of Providence.*

Thou that art near the Person of the Grand Signior, mayst find an Opportunity to relate this Story to him, which may make no unprofitable Impression on his Mind. Princes ever stand in need of faithful Monitors.

Adieu, Great Minister, and favour *Mahmud* with the Continuance of thy Protection and Friendship.

Paris, 25th. of the 3d. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

## LETTER XXVI.

To Nassuf, Bassa of Natolia.

I Received thy Letter, as an Argument of Continuance of that Friendship which was between us, when we lived together in the *raglio*. Since that Time, thou and I have been employed Abroad, in different Services of our *August* Emperour, who has now rewarded thy Fidelity with a Command ; which, if it be adequate to thy Merit, is nevertheless agreeable to thy Wishes.

I congratulate thy Honour, and wish thee a gradual Encrease of it ; for, sudden and violent Leaps are dangerous. But, our Glorious *Sultan*, discovers his Abilities in nothing more eminently, than in adapting Places of Trust to the Deserts and Capacities of his Faithful *Slaves*. So that, if he should in Time think fit, to exalt thee to the Highest Dignity in the *State*, we might from the Choice of so wise a Prince, presage thee a better Fortune, than befell one of thy Names in the Reign of *Sultan Achmet III.* who from a *Slave* sold in the Market for Thirty Sequins, was advanced to an Honour so weighty for his vertue ; being made *Vizier*, and Lord of the most delicious Provinces in *Asia*. But, being Ambitious of absolute Sovereignty, he plotted Treason against

his *Master*; which being discovered, the Fatal *Firm* was sign'd, and all his *Designs* were stifled with a *Bow-string*.

By this thou mayst comprehend, how necessary it is for *Princes*, not to overload any Man with *Dignities*, beyond the Proportion of his *Humility* and *Faithfulness*. Yet, *Rewards* well placed, give new *Vigor* to the *Endeavours* of a *Slave*; whereas, when good *Services* are slighted, it does but quench the *Ardour*, with which they were perform'd. Few Men are so *Spiritual*, as to do Great and *Heroick Things*, purely for the *Sake* of *internal Complacency*. And, I doubt not, but the *Decii* themselves, in so freely sacrificing their *Lives* for their *Country*, had regard to *Humane Glory*. Even *Seneca*, whom one would take for the most morify'd *Stoick* of that *Age*, by his *Writings*; yet, is conceived to have found more *Encouragement*, in the *Treasures* of *Gold*, with which *Nero's Bounty* had fill'd his *Coffers*, than in all his *Morals*, of which he had such refin'd *Sentiments*, and *Elegant Expressions*.

What I have said, thou hast *Wisdom* enough to apply to thy *Self*, without being *vain-glorious*: Let those whom thou employest in any *meritorious Services*, and who discharge their *Trust* well, be encourag'd with the same *Proportions* of *Bounty*. *Munificence* will not only add to thy *Glory*, but also advance thy *Interest*; since, thou wilt ever have *Occasion* for thy *Slaves*: And, he who has once tasted thy *Liberality*, as a *Reward* for any *Eminent*



Performance; had he no other Motive, but the Pleasure of renewing so profitable an Experiment, will freely hazard his Life, to serve in an Extremity.

This Method thou wilt find of no small Use to thee, in the Wars to which thou art going; where it will be necessary for thee, to recompence the least singular Bravery of the meanest Soldier; not only with Applause, but with some Preferment in the Army. This will not only prove a Spur to others, but even to the Person so rewarded; and put him upon new Efforts of Courage, to attract the Eyes of his Munificent General. This will be the Way for thee, in Time, to have an Army composed all of Captains, or Men qualified for such.

Yet let not this diminish the Severity of that Discipline, which is requisite to retain a prosperous Army in their Obedience. I counsel thee, to be strict in requiring the least Military Duty; and, Industrious in performing thy own Part, which will be an Example to the Rest: Yet, rather be forward to lead in Labours, than in Dangers; in Respect thou wilt be more serviceable in a Battle, by thy Counsels and Orders, than by personally entering the Combat. In all Things, prefer the Welfare of the *Ottoman Empire*, to whatsoever else is most dear to thee; even to thy own Honour, which yet ought to be dearer to thee than thy Life.

If thou thinkest I have taken too much Liberty to advise thee, accuse thy self.

having honour'd me with thy Friendship, which admits of no Reserves in Conversation.

Paris, 7th. of the 4th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

## LETTER XXVII.

To the Kaimacham.

IT is a vast Disappointment to the *Venetians*, that our General in *Candy* has so opportunely revictuall'd *Canea*, and encreas'd the Garrison there. *Morosini* is blam'd for this, by those that wish him no Good, What will not Envy suggest, when it beholds a Man on the Top of Honour? This General, to give an Enemy his Due, is a Man of Spirit and true Fortitude; neither courting, nor shunning Dangers in the Service of his Country; but when once engag'd in Perils for that Cause, he is fearless as a Lion. If he has not hitherto had Occasion to give the State so desperate a Proof of his Loyalty, as once did the *Roman Curtius* (who bravely gallop'd into the Bottomless Chasm, to pacify their Angry Gods) yet he has often demonstrated, That his Courage and Fidelity come not short of the Ancient Heroes. In a Word, he has done too much for the Republick of *Venice*, to escape the Spleen of other Grandees. All must be

Generals,

*Generals*, or the War will not prosper. But Man's Ambition Dictates this to the State. That a Man of Conduct, would soon expect the *Turks* out of that Island: Thus, in his Conceit, laying a Train for his own Promotion.

Wouldst thou know *Morofini's* Crime that excites all this Passion? To speak the Truth, it was an Oversight advantageous to the *Ottomans*. He put out with his whole Fleet to Sea, and left the Port of *Canea* open. By which Means, Three of our Ships got in with Plenty of Provisions. So that the Town is now in a Condition to sustain a long Siege, and the *Venetians* despair of ever recovering it. Yet *Morofini* has made so plausible an Apology, that the *Senate* have acquitted him; not judging it consistent either with Justice or their Interest, to suffer one Miscarriage the Effect of a fair Intention, to outweigh his numerous Merits and Services. For, on the Occasion of his thus suddenly abandoning the Avenue of that Haven, was, to chase some of our Vessels, then under Sail not many Leagues off; and the Taking of those Vessels on Board of which were abundance of *Slaves*, justified to the *Senate*, the Truth of his Pretensions. However, there are some wanting such as say, he held a private Correspondence with our *General*: Others, That the present *Governour* of *Canea*, had formerly taken Captive at Sea a Son of *Morofini's*, whom he now offer'd to restore, in case he would withdraw his Ships from before the Haven.

for a few Days. I know not how far this may be credited. But, 'tis a certain Truth, That *Moresini* has his Son again, and he defended himself by pleading, That he redeem'd him by exchanging a *Mahometan* Captive of Equal *Quality*, whom he had aboard his Ship.

And, thou knowest, That this Manner of Barter, is lawful in War. *Adonai* the Jew, sends me this Intelligence; and, I dare believe him: For, since the Instructions I sent him to *Genoua*, he has taken Care to ascertain his Reports. I wish it were as true, That *Moresini* cou'd be prevailed on, to accept the Friendships of the *Sublime Port*. But, the Character of that *General*, gives me no Encouragement to hope, for so fortunate a Treachery, from his severe Vertue.

However, I will hope and believe, That the *Eternal Patron* of True Believers, will give such a happy Issue to the *Ottoman Arms* in *Candy*, and all other Parts, as shall dispose the *Nazarenes*, that remain unconquer'd, to honour Him whom they have hitherto despised and blasphem'd; even the *Prophet*, who cou'd neither Write nor Read.

Paris, 7th. of the 4th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.



LETTER

## LETTER XXVIII.

To Cara Hali, a Physician at Constantinople.

THE time of Year is now come, when in the Earth turns her Inside out; and Nature calls forth the hidden Vertues of that Element, to grace the World with an infinite Variety of pleasant Forms and Colours. The Eye is lost in such a Crowd of different Beauties; and every Sense is ravish'd with delightful Objects. The Young Men and Virgins throng the Fields, to behold the Resurrection of Flowers and Herbs; and the Old feel new Vigours springing in their Bodies, as though they had been in *Medea's* Cauldron. Even *Mahmut* himself, who has droop'd all the Winter, now begins to lift up his Head, and partake in the Common Restauration of all things.

If I am capable of guessing at the occasion of my frequent Sicknes, I believe it may in part be attributed to the Want of fresh Air, in the Place where I Lodge. There is a vast Difference between the Streets of *Paris* and those of *Constantinople*. I seem to myself to be buried alive in this close City, where my Chamber-Window, affords me no farther Prospect than I can spit: Whereas, in *Constantinople*, the Gardens are so intermix'd with

with Houses, That it looks like a City in the Midst of a Forest ; and, by the Advantage of its Situation, is always refreshed with Breezes from the Sea.

Besides the Impurity of these *Infidels*, who empty all their Filth in the Streets, so that the Dirt of *Paris* may be smelt some Miles off ; the Uncleanliness of their Diet, contributes in no small Measure to my Distemper ; being forced either to feed on Flesh with the Blood in it, or live on Herbs. They laugh at the Niceness of the *Mussulmans*, who will eat no Meat, that was knock'd down or strangled. They seem to be greedy of Blood, saving it in Vessels ; and, mixing it with Flower of Wheat, make a certain Bread thereof, which they devour without the least Squeamishness. A *True Believer*, would tremble at the Sight of such Impiety. I tell thee, it is impossible to live among them, and not be polluted : They have no Methods of Purification. They wallow, and hug themselves in their Uncleanliness : they are worse than the Beasts.

Now the *Spring* has provided a new Banquet wherein there is no Impurity, I am resolved to live like a *Mussulman*, and conform to the Precepts of our *Holy Lawgiver* ; Who, when he beholds my Zeal and Abstinence, will send the *Angel of Health* from his *Paradise*, to repair my decay'd Constitution.

The *French Philosophers*, are busied in an Inquisition after certain Kinds of Birds, which from the Second Day of this Moon, they say are

are not to be found in the whole Kingdom though the Woods and Fields were full of them during the *Winter*. Some are of Opinion, That they fly to the *Moon*; asserting That if their Wings will but carry 'em beyond the *Magnetick* Force of the *Earth*, it will be no Pain to glide through the Upper *Aiery* Region, till they arrive within the Attractive Energy of that *Planet*, where they will Naturally seek Rest. Others, with more Probability, say, That these Birds take their Flight to some other Region on *Earth*, whose Climate is more agreeable to their Natures, at this Time of Year.

I wish I could as easily once a Year take my Flight to *Constantinople*, where my Heart is in *Winter* and *Summer*, Adieu, dear *Hali*, and pity *Mahmut*, who counts himself unhappy in Nothing so much, as in being absent from his Friends.

Paris, 7th. of the 4th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646,

LETTER



LETTER XXIX.

*To the Tefterdar, or Lord-Treasurer.*

IT appears, That *France* has some extraordinary Design by Sea : When and where 'twill be put in Execution, is not yet known ; but the vast Preparations that are making, seem to threaten some Foreign Invasion, rather than a Naval Combat : It looks, as if they had an Expedition in Hand greater than that of *Xerxes* ; to make a Bridge over the Ocean, and joyn the separated Parts of the World together. New *Arsenals* are built, in several Maritime Towns ; and, all the Forests are cut down to fill them with Timber for *Ships of War* : The Mountains are left naked of Trees, and the stately Woods are transplanted into the Havens. An Infinite Number of Men are employ'd in making Cordage, Chains, Bullets, Anchors, Ordnance, and all other Necessaries belonging to a Navy.

This is *Cardinal Mazarini's* Project, under Pretence of setting the Poor of the Kingdom at Work, and disburthening the *Commonwealth* of Vagabonds and Idle Persons. But, *Mahmut* is not placed here, to be amus'd with State-Umbrages. It is evident, that this Minister designs to render his Master formidable on both Elements. Agents are sent

to buy Ships in all Parts; and, the very Peasants are forced from the Vineyards and Fields to Man the Greatest Fleet that ever this Kingdom fitted out to Sea.

Last Moon the *Sieur de Quesne* was sent to assist *Monsieur Chanut*, in purchasing Vessels in *Suedeland*. It seems, there had been some Murmurs in his Negotiation; to remove which this latter was sent with fresh Instructions. But *Monsieur Chanut* rejected him; and Ten Days ago, came an Express from that Minister, offering, that a more Intelligent Colleague might be sent him; in regard, he found it difficult to treat successfully with a People too much devoted with continual Victories.

Upon this, the Court have sent a *Carre* to *Stockholm*, with new Orders; whereby it is forbid to make any farther Overtures or Order to the Continuance of the League between these Two Crowns: That *France* must not always appear in a Suppliant Posture whilst the *Suedes* seem careless to conserve Friendship, which they themselves first offered.

These Misunderstandings may in a short time proceed to a greater Alienation; and, in the End, to an open Rupture. Which has the more Probability, in that General *Koningsmark* lately stopp'd some *French* Troops in their March under pretence of seeing their Passports; but really, as 'tis thought, to corrupt the Soldiers and withdraw them from the Fidelity they owe their Sovereign.

This is highly resented here; and, they begin to discourse, of making *Peace* with *Germany*.

What the Issue of these Things will be, is yet in the Dark; but *God*, from whose *Throne* hangs the *Chain of Destiny*, which reaches to the Center of the Earth, will, I hope, so dispose of all Humane Events, That the Quarrels of the *Nazarenes* shall minister occasion to the *Osmons* to encrease the Territories of our Puissant Emperor.

Paris, 1st. of the 5th. Moon.  
of the Year 1646.

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LETTER

## LETTER XXX.

To Nathan Ben Saddi, a Jew of  
Vienna.

I Cannot but highly applaud the Resolution thou hast taken, as thy Letter intimeth, to enquire into the *Grounds* of the Religion thou art of. This shews, that thou settest a Value on thy Reason, and thinkest thyself beyond the *Pupillage* of a Child; that thou esteemest thyself of Years, to make a Choice of thy Religion, and not to take it up on the bare Credit of thy Forefathers. 'Tis certain, that Error may be Traditional as well as Truth: And the Pagan Idolaters, pleaded a Greater Antiquity for the Altars of their Gods, than could the Followers of Moses, for the Temple of Jerusalem, the Tabernacle in the Desert, or for the Promulgation of the Law it self on Mount Sinai: Since, there was scarce a Region on the Continent, which had not Established Rites and Ceremonies of Worship, long before Moses, or even Jacob, the Great Father of the Israelites were born.

Among the Rest of the Nations, *Arabia* my Native Country, was peculiarly blessed with the Footsteps of the Illustrious Ibrahim, Grandfather to Israel, from whom the Jews descend. In this Happy Country, that Renowned Prophet sojourned, conversed with Angels:

*Angels:* And, with the Majesty which cannot be uttered, he Preached the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*, Converted the People from their *Idolatry*, built an *Oratory* at *Meccha*, and was taken up into *Paradise*.

*Ismael* his eldest Son, and Heir of his Father's Spirit, as of his Territories, trod in the Footsteps of the *Assumpt* of God. He brake down the *Idols*, asserted *One God*, the *Resurrection*, the *Day of Judgment*, the *Joy*s of *Paradise*, and the *Torments* of *Hell*. His *Offspring* Multiplied, and Peopled all the *East*: The *Princes* of this *Holy Line*, subdued the *Infidel Nations*, and rooted themselves in the most fertile *Regions* of *Asia*, professing themselves *Mussulmans* or *True Believers*. Thus passed the *Light* of God from the *Face* of *Ibrahim*, to his *Posterity* by *Successive Generations*; till at Length, it rested on the *Face* of *Mahomet*, Our *Holy Lawgiver*, and was encreas'd with admirable *Splendors*, by the frequent *Visits* of the *Angel Gabreil*. He took the *Root* of *Evil*, out of the *Prophet's Heart*; brought him down the *Alcoran* from *Heaven*, and gave him *Victory* and *Honour*; call'd him by a *New Name*, **THE SEAL OF THE PROPHETS**; carried him to the *Throne* of God, through *Legions* of *Devils*, that waited below the *Moon* to destroy him. And finally, made his *Sepulcher* *Glorious* and resorted to, by the *Believers* of all *Nations* on the *Earth*.

I send thee this *Abstract* of the *Mussulman History*, to the *End*, thou maist see what *Pre-tensions*

tenfions the *Children of Ifmael* have to the *True Law*; which you, of the *Posterity of Isaac* would monopolize to your felves: if, *God* had not fent *Prophets* to all Nations to lead them into the *Right Way*, and into the *Way of Infidels*. Nevertheless, call not thefe Things on my Credit, but examine the *Records* of thy own Nation, and the *Story of paff Times*. Weigh all Things in the *Balance*: Consult thy *Reason*, which is an *indeficient Light*, to thofe who follow. Your *Law*, was once *Pure and Uncorrupted*; but, in Time, the *Devil* inserted many *Evils*: He feduced your *Fathers*; they turn'd upon their Steps, and fell back into *Idolatry*. Then *God* raifed up the *Messiah* to reform all Things; but, Him ye rejected. And when he was taken up into *Paradife*, he reported, That he was hang'd on a Tree. And this, the *Nazarenes* are your *Fools*, and fight againft themfelves; Whilft they affert, as you do, That he who is *Immortal* and *Triumphant*, among the *Hundred and Twenty Four Thousand Prophets*, Was crucified between *Two Thieves*; Thus bringing a reproach on the *Apostle of God*, and on the *Own Faith*; in believing Things inconsistent with the *Goodnefs and Power of the Divine Majefty*. Without Doubt, *Jesus* the *Son of Mary*, is *Ascended Body and Soul* into *Paradife*; Who, whilft he was on Earth, faid, *Worship One God, your Lord and Mine*.

Let me not seem importunate, or troublesome. I seek not to circumvent thy Reason, but to direct it. Think Seven Times, before thou Change Once. I will procure the Books of our *Law*; Peruse them with Judgment; and tell me then, Whether thou hast ever seen any *Writing* comparable to the *Alcoran*? The *Majesty* of the *Style*, speaks it above *Humane Original*: It is exempt from Contradiction, from the Beginning to the End: it confirms the *Old Testament*, which thou believest: it is all over cloath'd with Light. Doubtless, it is no other, than a Transcript of the *Book* written in *Heaven*.

If after all thy Search, thou shalt determine otherwise, follow thou *Thy Law*, and I will follow *Mine*. We both Worship *One God*, *Lord* of the *Universe*.

Paris, 10th. of the 5th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER



## LETTER XXXI.

To the same.

LET not the Fear of displeasing thine  
thy Nation, hinder thee from embracing  
the *Truth*. God shall protect thee from the  
Malice of *Unbelievers*. Thy Interest is al-  
dy great among the *Mussulmans*; our  
*Emperour* will augment both that, and  
Honour. Take hold of the strongest Knot,  
adhere not to *Togot*. The Cleanliness and  
licacy of the *Mussulmans*; may invite thee  
which far exceeds that of the *Jews*, and is  
void of *Superstition*: We only obey the sincere  
dictates of *Nature*, which teach us, That  
as the Soul dwells in this Mansion of *Flesh*,  
partakes of Bodily Pollutions. 'Tis to avoid these  
we abstain from certain Meats and Drinks  
which cannot be touch'd without Contamina-  
on. To this End, do we observe that super-  
stitious Niceness, in our Washings and Purifi-  
cations, which discriminates us from all the World  
beside. Doubtless, Our *Law* is but the *Law*  
*Moses*, refin'd and sublimated from the Drap-  
adventitious Error.

Write often<sup>r</sup> to me, and whatever Reason  
may prevail on thee not to change thy Re-  
gion, let no Arguments tempt thee to swerve  
from thy *Fidelity* to the Sovereign of Sovereigns  
on Earth, the *Grand Signior*, in whose Veins  
runs the most Exalted Blood of Humane Race.

Here is a Report in this City, That the E-lector of Brandenburg, will demand the Queen of Sweden in Marriage: let me know if it be true, that I may inform the Ministers of the Lofly Port, from whom Nothing ought to be concealed, that occurs of Moment betwixt the Two Poles;

Inform me also, what passes remarkable in the Assembly of the Deputies at Munster, and whether it be true, That the Danube has lately overflow'd its Banks, and carried away Four Hundred Houses in its rapid Course.

Such Stories are told here, by those who know not how to pass away their Time, but in harkning after Foreign News, to furnish themselves with Matter to amuse the Credulous, and beget Admiration of their Intelligence.

I have sent thee a Watch of my making; If thou acceptest it with good Will, 'tis a sufficient Acknowledgment.

May God, whose Presence fills the Universe, disclose himself to thee, in the way of Salvation, and continue to breathe good Motions into thy Soul.

Paris, 10th. of the 5th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646,

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LETTER

## LETTER XXXII.

## To the Kaimacham.

**A** Donai the Jew, has much improv'd himself, in his late Progress through *Italy*: he is grown a perfect *Statesman*; having found out the Way to penetrate into Secrets, and dispatch Business without any Noise. He has prove very serviceable at *Venice*, during the present War of *Candy*. His Acquaintance with that City, gives him Access to the Cabals of the *Senators*; who spare not, over their Walls, to whisper the Counsels of the *State*, and to be present to the Measures that are taken to defend that *Republick*, against the Invincible Power of the *Ottoman Armies*.

It is publickly known, That they have sent *Embassadors* to the *Crown of Moscovy*, that of *Poland*, and to the *Cossacks*; inviting them to enter into a *League*, against the *Grand Signior*. But, few are acquainted with the private Treaty they are making, with the *Bassa of Algiers*. We owe this Discovery, to the Diligence and Wit of this *Son of Israel*. He has drawn this Secret from the Mouths of several *Embassadors* and *Counsellors of State*; and assures me, That the *Senate* have made such Proposals to the *Governour*, as cannot fail of inducing him to Revolt.

This may prove of ill Consequence, if not timely prevented: The pernicious Example of this *Bassa*, may incite others to tread in his

Steps, especially his Neighbours of *Sidon* and *Damascus*, who have for a long Time meditated a Sovereignty, Independent of the Throne which first establish'd 'em in those Charges. Besides, the single Forces of this *Bassa*, will be able to give a powerful Diversion to the Arms of the *Empire*, already engag'd in *Candy*, *Dalmatia*, and other Parts, by Sea and Land. He says, the *Venetians* speak much in Praise of this *Bassa's* Justice, whereof they relate many Examples: Among the Rest, A certain *Cook* among the *Franks* of that City, was accus'd of dressing and selling putrify'd Flesh, whereby many that eat thereof were infected with the *Plague*. Complaint being made of this to the *Bassa*, he sends for the *Cook*, and examines him about it: He reply'd, That he sold none but good and wholesome Meat; for, if it happen'd, that at any Time he was forc'd to keep any Flesh in his House above Three Days, he so season'd it with Spices and Herbs, as made it very savoury, and without any ill Scent.

The *Bassa*, not having Patience to hear any more of this foetid Apology, commanded his Arms and Legs to be cut off, and the Veins to be seared up: Ordering, that during the short Time he had to live, he should have no other Food, but what was made of his own Limbs.

They relate one more Passage, of a Complaint that was made by a Peasant, whose daughter this *Bassa's* only Son had ravish'd. The *Bassa* compell'd him to marry her with

this Charge, Let me hear no more Complaints of thee, unless thou art resolved to leave me without a Son.

It is reported here, That the King of Persia has made a Peace with the Great Mogul; and that they will both turn their Forces, against our August Emperour.

Here is also a Courtier arriv'd from Moscow, who brings News of the Revolt of the Cavarra; the Inhabitants of that Place, having shaken off the Obedience they owe to the Sultan, and put themselves under the Protection of the Venetians: And, that General Gimani, has taken Four Ships of Ragusa, laden with Ammunition for our Army. He also, That Morosini has Thirty small Vessels besides Gallies, under the very Walls of the Dardanells. I long ago suggested to the Vizier Azem, That the Weakness of those Gallies would one Time or other encourage the Christians, to perform some notable Exploit in the Hellespont. But, Mahmut's Counsel was not regarded: Now the Event justifies my Advice. The Port will consult the Security of that venue. I wish they do not practise the Turkish Wisdom. The Venetians have a powerful Fleet: If they block up the Hellespont, and hinder our Ships from sailing into the Archipelago, and the Cossacks, in the mean while, cover the Black Sea with their Barks, committing Thousand Piracies and Ravages, What will become of the Imperial City? Whence will they provide Sustenance for so many Millions of People, as inhabit that City and the Parts adjacent.

These Things are worthy of Consideration: And thou, who hast the Care of that *Capital Seat* of the *Ottoman Empire*, wilt not blame *Mahmut*, for putting thee in Mind of the Danger which threatens even the *Seraglio* it self at this Juncture. However, I have done my Duty, *Sage Minister*, and referr the Rest to thy Wisdom. My Letters are all register'd; and if Affairs should succeed ill, it will be manifested, That *Mahmut*, who watches Night and Day, to serve the *Great Master* of the *World*, has not been wanting to give timely Notice of what might be advantageous to the *Monarchy* of the *True Faithful*,

Thou, who art celebrated for thy Justice and Probity, pardon the Liberty which my Zeal for Thy *Master* and Mine, renders worthy of Excuse.

Paris, 19th. of the 5th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

*The End of the First Book.*

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# LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at *PARIS*.

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VOL. III.

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BOOK II.

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LETTER I.

*To the Most Magnificent and Illustrious  
Vizier Azem, at the Port.*

**O** *Smin the Dwarf*, whom I formerly mentioned, remains still in the Court; and continues his good Offices, in communicating to me such Passages as come to his Knowledge. He has a subtle Wit, and bears no hearty Love to the *Christians*, though he be One himself in Pro-  
G 4 *fession*

fession. He frequently visits me, and trusts  
 with his Secrets. One day he convinc'd me  
 evident Circumstances, That Cardinal  
 zarini, was projecting to give some secret  
 sudden Blow to the Ottoman Empire,  
 which Osmin seems to be concern'd by a  
 rural Inclination; being, as I told thee,  
 of Mahometan Parents, he was uneasy,  
 he had acquainted me with his Appre-  
 hensions; and, I gave him such Instructions.  
 I thought most proper on this Occasion  
 set my Thoughts on the Rack, to pre-  
 vent so dire a Mischiefe. And, having pre-  
 rated well on this Affair, I pitch'd on a Course  
 which would at once clear me from the Car-  
 dinal's Suspicion; and, by seeming to follow  
 his Designs, would absolutely overthrow them.  
 I went to him boldly one Day; and being ad-  
 mitted to his Closet, I thus address'd that Po-  
 litician;

"THERE are now Nine Years  
 "laps'd, Great Minister, since  
 "first breath'd the Air of France, during  
 "all which Time, I have not only liv'd  
 "in Common with the Natives, the People  
 "fits which have accru'd to this Noble  
 "Kingdom, under the Auspicious Man-  
 "agement of Cardinal Richlieu, and his no-  
 "ble Eminent Successor; but have also re-  
 "ceiv'd many particular Honours from  
 "that Illustrious Prince of the Church,

“ which Your *Eminence* has been pleased  
 “ to make some undeserv’d Additions.  
 “ ’Tis to you both, I owe the Character  
 “ which has introduc’d me into the Ac-  
 “ quaintance and Favour of the *Nobility* ;  
 “ who, on that Score, have thought me  
 “ Worthy to Instruct their Children, in  
 “ the *Greek* and *Arabick* Tongues ; have  
 “ vouchsafed to admit me to their *Salut* ;  
 “ and to encourage me with the Hopes,  
 “ of finding a Comfortable Repose in the  
 “ Bosom of the *Gallican Church*, after a  
 “ tedious Peregrination from my own  
 “ Country.

“ When I reflect on all the accumula-  
 “ ted Blessings I enjoy, under the Pro-  
 “ tection of Your *Eminence* ; Blessings  
 “ equally transcending my Ambition, as  
 “ they do my Merits ; I apply all my  
 “ Studies, to find out some acceptable  
 “ Way of Acknowledgment to my Gra-  
 “ cious *Benefactor*. And, because nothing  
 “ can be more Welcom to the *Guardian*  
 “ of *France*, than the Means of advan-  
 “ cing the Publick Good of the Kingdom  
 “ committed to his Care ; I now presume,  
 “ as a Testimony of my Gratitude, to  
 “ propose to Your *Eminence*, some Spe-  
 “ culations, which if put in Execution,  
 “ will in my Judgment, not only render

" *France* the most Formidable and  
 " *lute Monarchy* on *Earth*, but also  
 " the whole *Catholick World* in  
 " *Obligations* to her; and give just  
 " *son* to change the *Style* of his  
 " *Christian Majesty*, from *Eldest Son*  
 " *the Church*, to that of *Father* of all  
 " *stendom*.

" Your *Eminence* will not wonder  
 " *Zeal* of a *Stranger*, or the *Care*  
 " *Titus* of *Moldavia* takes for *France*  
 " being *Sollicitous* for this *Kingdom*  
 " *consult* the *Welfare* of my own  
 " *try*, and of all the *Nations* which  
 " *feels* the *Faith* of *Jesus*; since it is  
 " *see*, That in the *Fate* of *France*,  
 " all *Europe* is involv'd.

" It is a long *Time* since the *Din*  
 " *ber'd* *Reliques* of the *Roman Empire*  
 " *dering* on *Asia*, found themselves  
 " *weak* to resist the *Puissance* of the  
 " *man Arms*. All *Greece* was soon  
 " *run*, by the *Warlike Turks*. *Tr*  
 " *varia*, *Walachia*, *Moldavia*, with  
 " *greatest Part* of the *Upper Hang*  
 " *quickly* became *Tributaries* to the  
 " *terate Enemies* of the *Christian Na*  
 " And, *Germany* it self is so enfeebl  
 " *their repeated Incursions*, that all  
 " *Emperour* can do, is, to make d *thor*

rable and costly Compositions, buying a  
 Precarious Peace with little less Charges,  
 than would serve some more fortunate  
 Prince, to carry on a Glorious and Suc-  
 cessful War. Neither is the *State of*  
*Venice* in any better Condition of De-  
 fence, the *Turks* having pai'd away  
 whole *Provinces*, from that once flou-  
 rishing *Common-wealth*; and, by their  
 continual Invasions and Hostilities, re-  
 duc'd her to a Necessity of Merchan-  
 dizing with the *Ottoman Port* for Peace.  
 Which is no sooner concluded, but, on  
 the least Pretence, is broke again, by  
 those, who hold themselves not oblig'd,  
 to keep *Faith* with *Christians*. Behold,  
 at this Time without Provocation on  
 the Part of *Venice*, or a Declaration of  
 War by the *Grand Signior*, the late  
*League* broken on a sudden, and in a  
 most Clandestine Manner. Behold *Can-*  
*dy* environ'd with their *Fleets* by *Sea*, and  
 her fertile Plains, cover'd with *Armies*  
 of *Mahometans* by *Land*. Behold her  
 Cities in the Hands of her Enemies, and  
 her Villages laid Desolate; her *Nobles*  
 put to the Sword, and her *Merchants*  
 led into Captivity. In fine, behold this  
 afflicted *Common-wealth*, yet struggling  
 with her Fate, and sending her *Ambas-*  
*sadors*

"fadors to all the Princes and States of  
 "Christendom, Demanding, or rather,  
 "in a suppliant Manner, Imploring their  
 "Assistance. Yet, she finds little or no  
 "Help from any but the Pope, and the  
 "Knights of Malta. And, his Holiness has  
 "enough to do, to preserve the Patrimony  
 "of the Church from Violence. The State  
 "of Genoua, is too intent upon her Traf-  
 "fick, to regard the Calamities of her  
 "Neighbours. And, all the Princes of Italy  
 "have such Diversions at Home, as ren-  
 "der their Application to Things abroad  
 "very Cold and Indifferent. In the mean  
 "while, the *Turks* gain Ground, double  
 "their Strength, and encrease their Vi-  
 "ctories! O Deplorable State of *Chri-*  
 "stendom! Is there no Redress for these  
 "Miseries? Yes surely, there is! and  
 "such a Redress, as only lies in Your  
 "Power, Great Minister, to apply  
 "which, in the Experiment, I dare assure  
 "will prove Effectual.

"I do not pretend to the *Visions* and  
 "Inspirations of Peter the Hermit, who  
 "garbl'd Secular and Divine Offices; and  
 "arming himself in Habiliments of Steel,  
 "went Dragooning up and down *Chri-*  
 "stendom, at the Head of a Confused  
 "Rabble, to render himself Popular, and  
 "acquire

"acquire the Triple Character, of Pil-  
 "grim, Priest and Captain. The ill Suc-  
 "cess of his rash *Expeditions*, shew'd, That  
 "he was only stung with a *Religious Ca-*  
 "price, and that God approv'd not his  
 "Folly. I do not go about to propose  
 "another *Crusade*, or contrive a Way to  
 "shed whole *Deluges* of *Humane Blood*,  
 "with no other Consequence, than to stain  
 "History with the Sanguine *Memoirs* of  
 "*Christendom's* Vanity and Misfortune.  
 "Besides, that would be found Imprac-  
 "ticable in this Age, which was easie to  
 "put in Execution, Five or Six Hundred  
 "Years ago : The World is not so De-  
 "vout now, as it was in those Days; nei-  
 "ther are Men so prompt to run the  
 "Risque of their Lives, on *Religious Er-*  
 "rands, for the Honour of being esteem'd  
 "Martyrs. 'Twill be difficult to find out  
 "a new *List* of *Godfrey's*, *Baldwin's*, *Guy's*,  
 "and other *Hero's*, to lead the *Cham-*  
 "pions of the *Cross*, through all the Hard-  
 "ships of Sea and Land, so many Hun-  
 "dred Miles, into Remote and Desolate  
 "Regions; to combat not only with  
 "Flesh and Blood, but with Famine, Pe-  
 "stilence, and all the Miseries of Human  
 "Life; And, as if this were not enough,  
 "to sheath their Swords also in each  
 "other's



“ others Bowels, for *Punctilio*’s, meer  
“ Trifles of mistaken Honour, and ill-  
“ tim’d Emulation. And, all this only,  
“ to purchase the Empty *Title*, of King  
“ of *Jerusalem*; or the Precarious Autho-  
“ rity of a *Grecian Emperor*: Both short  
“ liv’d Honours; the One to be lost in a  
“ little Time, with all *Palestine*, to the  
“ *Saracens*; the Other, depending only  
“ on the Pleasure of the Multitude! Such  
“ were the Glorious Fruits of the *Chri-*  
“ *stian* Arms in those Days! Such the  
“ Triumphs, attending Our Victories!  
“ these the Trophies, which our *Fa-*  
“ *thers* erected to their own Disgrace,  
“ when after a War of so many Years,  
“ they left the *Holy Land* in a worse Con-  
“ dition than they found it; and, of so  
“ many Hundred Thousand Men as  
“ marched thither, threatning the utter  
“ Subversion of the *Saracen Empire*, there  
“ scarce return’d enough, to disperse the  
“ News of their own Overthrow.  
“ Waving therefore these *Visionary* and  
“ *Expeditions*, I now propose to Your *E-*  
“ *minence*, an Undertaking, which tho’  
“ it may make less Noise in the World,  
“ yet carries more Probability of Success;  
“ and, will not only promote the Interest  
“ of *France*, but redound to the Advantage  
“ of all *Europe*. “ No

"No Man who is acquainted with *His*  
 "story, can be ignorant, what Claims the  
 "Kings of France have made to the Em-  
 "pire of the *West*, since the Days of *Char-*  
 "lemaine, the Royal Predecessor of his  
 "Present Majesty, who was dignified  
 "with the *Imperial Title*, by the *Sovereign*  
 "Bishop. Neither is it unknown by what  
 "Artifices, the *House of Austria* have pro-  
 "cured the *Translation* of this *Sacred Au-*  
 "thority to their own *Family*.

"Your *Eminence* is sensible, by what  
 "Tyrannous and Unjust Methods, they  
 "have maintain'd themselves in this high-  
 "est Pitch of *Humane Glory*; and, not  
 "content with this, how they have  
 "aspir'd after the *Monarchy* of the *Whole*  
 "*World!* All the *North* have groan'd un-  
 "der the Burden of their Insupportable  
 "Tyranny. And, their Encroachments  
 "on the *South*, have render'd that *Line*,  
 "little less Infamous. They spare nei-  
 "ther *Civil* nor *Ecclesiastical Rights*, in  
 "the Pursuit of their Ambition; not even  
 "the *Patrimony* of *St. Peter*, which has  
 "ever been esteemed *Sacred* and *Inviolable*  
 "by *Christian Princes*: They have sack'd  
 "*Rome* it self, and led the *Supreme Pastor*  
 "of the *Church* into *Captivity*. What  
 "should I speak of the *Hollanders*, *Suitzers*,  
 "Grisons

"Grisons and other Nations, which, im-  
"patient of the *Austrian Yoke*, revolted  
"from their *Cruel Masters*; and, have  
"ever since asserted their Liberty, by the  
"Force of their Arms? What should I  
"mention, the frequent Troubles in *B-*  
"hemia, *Transylvania* and *Hungary*, where  
"the Inhabitants of those Countries,  
"grown desperate with their daily Op-  
"pressions, have bravely endeavour'd to  
"redeem themselves and their Posterity,  
"from perpetual Servitude; but, for  
"want of a Powerful Protector, have  
"been forc'd to yield to their *Old Ma-*  
"sters? That *Incestuous Race*, are grown  
"Odious to the whole World: Even the  
"Princes of the *Empire*, are forced to  
"smother their Resentments, when they  
"Elect one to possess the *Imperial Diadem*,  
"whom they cannot but hate! •

"That therefore which I aim at in this  
"Address, is, to represent to Your Em-  
"nence, how easie it will be in this Juncture,  
"for his most *Christian Majesty* to recover  
"the *Imperial Crown*, which of Right be-  
"longs to None but the Successors of the  
"renown'd *Charlemaine*; and, which even  
"the greatest part of the *Germans* them-  
"selves, wish to see placed on the Head  
"of *Lewis XIV.* Most of the *Electors*,  
"are

are already inclining to the Interests of France: It will not be difficult to win the Rest. The Hungarians, &c. long for a Deliverer; And, the other Provinces beyond the Danube, will freely open the Gates of their Cities, to let in his Armies, whom they look on as the Hope of all Christendom. The Helvetians, who are Allies of this Crown, will not fail to perform their Part. The Suedes have already pluck'd many Feathers, from that Ravenous Eagle. And, the Forces of this Crown, have blunted her Talons. Another Campagne will quite deplume her, enervate her last Vigour, and end the tedious Controversie.

Let not therefore an Untimely Peace with the Emperour, so much talk'd of, stop the Current of the French Triumphs! Let not the Sinister Practices of German Pensioners in the Suedish Court, occasion a Rupture between Two the most Potent and Victorious Crowns in Europe! Or rather, let not Queen Christina, reap the sole Glory of so fortunate and profitable a War! His Majesty has a Formidable Army by Land; and, in a short Time, will have an Invincible Fleet by Sea. Continual Victories

"ries, court the Perseverance of the  
"French Valour: whilst the Justice of  
"your Cause, invites to the Battel.

"All Things conspire, to put a Period  
"to the *Austrian* Grandeur. Only snatch  
"the present Opportunity; which once  
"lost, may never be recover'd again.  
"'Twas only the sudden and unexpected  
"Fate of *Henry IV.* this King's Grand-  
"father, of Eternal Memory, that hin-  
"der'd him from putting in Execution  
"the same Design I now propose. And  
"if *Lewis XIII.* did not prosecute it,  
"'twas because he wanted a favourable  
"Juncture. Now, behold, it offers  
"self: 'Tis in your Power *Supreme Di-*  
"rector of the State, under his Majesty,  
"to build the Fortune of France so high,  
"that all the Nations of Christendom, may  
"repose under its Shadow. Pursue the  
"Success which Heaven has already grant-  
"ed. And, when all Europe is thus settled  
"in a Durable Peace, either making Ho-  
"nourable Friendships with, or entirely  
"submitting to this new *Gallick Empire*,  
"then will be the Time to call the *Osmans*  
"to an Account, for the Ravages  
"and Spoils they have committed in  
"*Christian* Countries, and to carry On  
"Arms to the Walls of *Constantinople*, and

"drive

"drive these *Barbarians*, back to their  
 "Primitive Rocks and Desarts; from  
 "whence they have thus long straggled,  
 "to ruin the most desirable *Provinces* of  
 "*Asia* and *Europe*; nay, and of the *Whole*  
 "*World*.

"There is no other Way but this, in  
 "my Judgment, to stop the Progress of  
 "the *Turkish* Victories. Since it is im-  
 "possible, to make a Durable *Peace* a-  
 "mong *Christian* Princes, but by Con-  
 "quest; I mean, such a *Peace*, as will in-  
 "spire them with the Resolution, and  
 "put them into a Capacity, to unite  
 "all their Forces, in a War against the  
 "*Mahometans*. As for the present Con-  
 "dition of the *Republick*, if their Losses  
 "were greater, than they are like to be,  
 "yet they will be inconsiderable, in Com-  
 "parison of the mighty Gain which will  
 "afterwards accrue, not only to them,  
 "but to all the *Christian* Nations, by  
 "advancing the *French Crown* to that  
 "Height of Grandeur, design'd for  
 "it by *Fate*. Hitherto the *Christian*  
 "Princes, have only endeavour'd to ap-  
 "ply a Remedy to the Part particular-  
 "ly affected; from whence, if by For-  
 "tune they chas'd the Distemper, it  
 "soon brake out in some other Mem-  
 "ber;

"ber ; Whence it came to pass, that  
 "we lost Province after Province, and  
 "the *Turks* are almost gotten into the  
 "Heart of Europe. If therefore, We de-  
 "sign to drive them thence, it is necessa-  
 "ry to follow this Method, which will  
 "be found the only Way, to pluck this  
 "Evil up by the Roots.

"Go on then, Most Prudent and Illu-  
 "strious *Guardian* of the *Crown*, de-  
 "stin'd to Command the *Earth* ; Go  
 "on, and lift up our Great *Master*, to  
 "the Wreath with which the *Turks*  
 "Angel of Europe, is ready to environ  
 "his Sacred Temples. Let not the *Ge-*  
 "man Deputies at *Munster*, any longer  
 "amuse You with feigned Overtures of  
 "Peace. But, pursue the Propitious  
 "Fate of *France*, which waits to see  
 "Our Armies to Victories, Triumphs  
 "and Glories ; and to establish a New  
 "Empire in the World, to which all Na-  
 "tions shall pay Homage, and fly for  
 "Protection.

Thou seest, Illustrious and Serene *Viceroy*  
 that I have us'd much Flattery in this Ad-  
 dress. It is a necessary Vice in the Court of  
*France*, where no *Diogenes* can have Access  
 ence. It cannot be expected, That I should  
 discover by the *Cardinals* Answer, what



Sentiments were of my Project. He is of a debonair Humour, and will rather feign *Verities* to commend in another Man, than put him to the blush by mentioning his Real *Vices*. This is an Effect of his *Natural Disposition*; which he is wise enough to improve to the *Ends of Policy*. There being no subtiler Artifice to gain a Popular Esteem, than by the Reputation of a Generous Temper.

However, I think I said Nothing that could justly offend Him, unless he were endued with the Incommunicable Gift of discerning Hearts. For otherwise, at the Worst, he could but tax me with a Loyal Presumption and Mistake, in proposing Things altogether Impracticable.

These were such, as thou wilt easily discern, when thou considerest, That though they appear fair and easie in the Attempt as, the Circumstances of *Europe* are at present; yet, the Revolution of a few *Moons*, may quite change the Face of Affairs; new and unthought of Difficulties may arise; the *Emperour* may make a *Peace* with *Sweden*; the *Pope* might interpose his Mediation and Authority, the *Assembly at Munster* might have a Conclusion according to their *Wishes*; the *Electoral Princes*, might be more firmly fastned to the Interest of the *Empire*. Besides, another Campaign may prove as fatal to the *French*, as the former have been propitious. After all, if they should find Encouragement

ment to begin this Enterprize, and should meet with answerable Succels in the Prosecution of it; yet, a Thousand Occurrences would emerge, to hinder them from enjoying their new-gotten *Empire* long; or, from being able to maintain a War against the *Empire*, whose Subjects are Infinite, and Treasures Inexhaustible.

If thou, who art the Light of the *Osm* Monarchy, shalt approve of what I have done, my Happiness will be great; nevertheless thy Reproofs will not make me Miserable, since they are Arguments of thy Condescension and Favour.

Paris, 10th. of the 6th. Moon.  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER II.

To Ismael Mouta Faraca, *a White Eunuch.*

**T**HY Letter is come safe to my Hands, accompanied with a Munificent Present from *Egry Boinou*, who, thou tellest me is deprived of his Eyes by the *Grand Signior's* Order. I condole the Calamity of my Friend, yet accuse not the Justice of Him who is *Master* of us all. We are *Mussulmans*, and must not dispute the *Pleasure* of *Heaven*, or the *Commands* of our *Sovereigns*. It is an Argument of their Clemency, when they retrench their Anger, and spare the *Lives* of their *Slaves*. The *Sultan* is merciful in a higher Degree, in not extending his Hands to the *Wealth* of our Friend; but, has left that, and his *Liberty* untouch'd: Whereby he is still in a *Capacity*, of enjoying many *Pleasures*, which are denied to *Thousands* who have their *Sight*.

I do not write this, as if I were void of Compassion toward my Friend. I owe him still the same Affection, as when he was able to read the Sincerity of it in my Face. But, I would not have the Loss of his Eyes, abate the Sight of his Soul, which is his Reason. Let him remember, That a Famous *Philosopher* has done that voluntarily to himself, for the Sake of a less interrupted Contemplation, which

which is imposed on our Friend as a Punishment. There is no outward Disaster, can hurt the Opticks of a Mind guarded with Patience, and shut up within the Circles of its own Light. Such a Soul, is impregnable against all the Assaults of *Fortune*, and triumphs over *Destiny* it self.

Besides, our beloved *Eunuch*, can still converse with his Friends; which is a Priviledge the *Deaf* would almost give their *Eyes* to enjoy. It is hard to determine, which of the Two *Sences* would be miss'd with least Regret; especially, to a Man, who by his excellent Voice, and Skill in *Singing*, seems to be the very *Soul* of *Musick*.

What is it in all this infinite Variety of Visible Objects, that affects the Eye with so fin'd a Pleasure, but the harmonious Disposition and Symmetry of the Parts, which compose the whole Scene of the Universe? And may not that Pleasure be translated to the Ear, when it receives the proportionate Measures, and exquisite Cadencies of Sounds? Certainly, *Musick* is no other, than Beauty to the Ear, as Beauty is Musick to the Eye.

But our Friend *Bery*, needs not these Encouragements: He understands the Way to make himself Happy, and has wisdom enough to put it in Practice.

The *Grand Signior's* Fury is pacified. *Er* Lives. He has Houses and Gardens; Gardens replenished with all Manner of Fruits and Flowers, to gratify his *Taste* and *Smell*. He is Master of much Treasure in Silver and Gold, and

of many *Slaves*. If all these cannot contribute to his Felicity, he is *Master of Himself*, which is *Essential Happiness*.

Thou who succeedest him in that honourable Post, and guardest the Avenue of the *Majestic Chamber*, where the *Addressees* and *Applications* of all the *Princes* of the Earth are made at the Feet of our *August Emperour*; with thy *Sences*, and obey thy Reason. Remember thy *Predecessor's Fate*, and forget not *thyself*; but, above all Things forget not *thyself*. Adieu.

Paris, 20th. of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

## LETTER III.

To Dgnet Oglour.

I AM extremely surprized, and equally troubled at the severe Punishment which *Israhim* has inflicted on *Egry Boinon*. His Successor, *Ismael Moussa Faraca*, sent me the News of it, but said nothing of the Crime. Neither would I request the satisfaction of a Man, who derives a Lustre, from the Tragical Eclipse of my Love; lest my Love should have betray'd my Honour; and tempted me to utter that, which is not proper for a *Slave* of the *Sultan's*

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to

to express. Our Thoughts are our own while we keep them chain'd up in our Breasts; but if once we suffer 'em to take Air in words, they become another Man's, who may make use of them to our Ruin. I never had Familiarity enough with *Ismael*, to trust him with Reflections of this Nature. Besides, his own Letter to me, discover'd too much Freedom to be void of Design, it being the first that ever pass'd between us; which, for that Reason, ought to have been dictated in a Style more reserv'd. I set him a Pattern in my answer; not letting a Word escape my Pen, which might speak less Resignation to the Will of our *Master*, than Tendernefs for my Friends Suffering.

But, with thee I dare use greater Freedom: My long experience of thy Integrity, will justify this Boldness. Tell me, my *Dugnet*, was it not the Blindness of *Satan* *Ibrahim's* Passion, which has robb'd *Egypt* of his Sight? Answer me without Disguise. Was it not some Caprice of Jealousie? Was it not because the *Master* thought he saw too much, that the *Slave* sees not now at all? that Sence was not judg'd Criminal in *Egypt*, why was it in particular punished? But, 'tis vain to measure the Cruel Frolicks of a *Sovereign Monarch* by a Rule, who makes his Will a Law.

The *Christians* say, the *Ottoman Prince* is a Butcher, and the whole *Empire* a *Shambles*, where Persons of all Degrees, are sacrific'd to the Lust or Passion of a *Tyrant*. I tell thee,

though I approve not the Licentious Tongues of these *Infidels*; yet, it appears too true, That so uncontrollable a Power as the *Eastern Monarchs* are invested with, prompts them to commit many Violences, for which Justice can make no Plea. It were to be wish'd, That the Practices of the *Sublime Seraglio*, did not too often verifie it. Suffer me to be exasperated a little, for the Cruel Sentence executed on my Friend, the most accomplish'd Person within the Walls of that *Magnificent Palace*. Doubtless, he owes the Loss of his Eyes, to the Grudge of some Envious Minion, who would not brook so dangerous a Rival in the *Sultan's* Favour. For, this Unfortunate *Eunuch*, who charm'd all Hearts, had made some Impression also on the Cruel *Ibrahim's*. He often lov'd to hear him sing the lively *Dorick* Strains, to chase away his Melancholy: For, *Egry* is a *Second Orpheus*, whose Voice thou knowest, inspir'd the Trees and Rocks with Passion. Besides, he has many other Gifts, which render'd his Person and Conversation delectable to all; and taught the whole *Seraglio*, new Lessons of *Platonick Love*.

When thou hast received this, I desire thee, to give him a Visit: Thou knowest his House at *Galata*. Embrace him in my Name, and give him a Kiss of Faithful Friendship. Forget not also to return him my Acknowledgements, for the *Diamonds* he sent me. And, charge him with this Thought, That one Day, his Eyes shall be renew'd in *Paradise*, far brighter



brighter than those Glittering Jewels. Adieu.

Paris, 20th. of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

## LETTER IV.

To Dichen Hussein Bassa.

**T**IS not easie to guess at the Motive which induc'd the *Duke of Orleans*, to begin this Years Campagne in so Rigorous Season. It was the First Moon, and the Ground was covered with deep Snows. An ill Time to march in an Enemies Country. And, when these Snows were dissolv'd, Floods follow'd. It seems as if he were thirsty of Fame, and would acquire the Character of a *Heroic Warriour*: Resolving to shun no Fatigue, which might advance the Reputation of his Arms.

The *Duke of Enguien*, spurr'd on with glorious Emulation, soon followed with another Army, but by a different Road. There are Four *Mareschals of France*, gone with them. These early Marches, make a great Noise. But, little of Action could be expected, while the wary *Flemmings*, knowing the Passes of the Country, and the Force of the Floods, have kept their *Winter-Quarters* spending

spending that Time at Ease, in preparing all Things necessary for a more seasonable Campaign, which they have now begun.

In this, the *Spanish* Policy deserves Commendation; who would not expose the Health and Lives of their Soldiers to unnecessary Rigors, but waited till the Sun had well dry'd up the unwholesome Damps of the Earth, and shedding his benigner Influence through the Air, invited them forth into the Field. But, when I thus approve the Wisdom of the *Spaniard*, think not, that I condemn the sprightly Genius of the French, who seem to approach nearest the Bravery of the *Mussulman* Armies.

The Action of a French Officer, was worthy of Remark; who being sent from the Camp, with Letters to the King and Queen, arrived at the Court the 24th. Day of the Second Moon, whilst the Ground was yet frozen hard. After he had deliver'd his Message to the Chamberlain of the Royal Household, appointed him a Lodging for that Night in the King's Palace, he being to return to Flanders the next Day. But, he generously refused, saying, *It became not him to lie in a Bed of Down, when his General, with the whole Army, were forc'd to sleep on the frozen Earth.* Therefore, causing some Straw to be brought out of the Stables, he took his Repose there in the open Air. The Young King, extremely pleas'd with his Gallantry, order'd him a Hundred Pieces of Gold, and recommended him to the Duke of Orleans, as one

of the bravest Men in his Army.

I swear by the Whistling of the Winds, and the Ruffling of the Leaves, that I honour his Vertue even in an Infidel.

Paris, 20th of the 6th. Moon.

of the Year 1646.

## LETTER V.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

**T**HY Letter is come to my Hands, with the Present of *Kopha*; which is so much the more acceptable, because thou bringest it thy self from the *Valley of Admoim*, the Place of my Nativity. It is an evident Sign, that thou hast not forgot thy Countrymen, in that thou condescendest to oblige him in so peculiar a Manner. The Place where we drew our first Breath, is always dear to Mortals; and, the Remembrance of that delicious Vale, affects *Mabmur* with singular Delight. 'Tis true indeed, I was brought from thence before I could distinguish one Place from another; but, I have visited that Region since, and have Reason to pronounce it the most Delectable Part of *Arabia*. Had the *Grecian Poets* seen that *Paradise*, they would not have so extoll'd the celebrated Fields.

Tam

*Tempe in Theffaly.* This happy vale, is the *Elysium* of the *World*, blest'd with an *Eternal Spring*.

Thou art highly oblig'd to the *Sultan*, for the Liberty he has given thee to visit the Place of thy Cradle, and to sojourn so long among thy Kindred. Thy Father was famous in that Country, for hunting of *Lions*, and other Beasts of Prey. I have heard some of our Tribe, praise his Valour and Dexterity, in the Chase of those Fierce Animals. They told me, That in the Space of Two Years, he had presented the *Beglerbeg* with Twenty *Lions* Heads, kill'd by his own Hand: That he had Three Tame ones in his House, which he had taken when Whelps from a *Lioness* of prodigious Bulk: That the Walls of his House were hung with the Skins of *Tigers*, *Leopards* and *Lions*, the Trophies of his Indomitable Diligence, Skill and Courage, in Pursuit of Wild Beasts. In a Word, they said he was the most successful Hunter in all *Asia*. If thou inheritest his *Inclinations* as well as his *Blood*, (for, they commonly go together) thou hast had a fair Time, to range the Forests, and purge the *Desart* of those Ravenous Creatures. Were it not for the Enmity of the *Gnats*, the *East* would be over-run with these Savages. They say, this detestable *Insect*, destroys more *Lions*, than all the *Huntsmen* in *Asia*. For, swarming about them in the Heat of *Summer*, they quickly fasten on their Eye-lids; which they sting so vehemently, that the *Lions* think-

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ing

ing to ease themselves by scratching, or  
tear their own Eyes out, and so are  
mist'd.

To understand well the different Natures  
of Beasts, is a Study fit for Kings. 'Twas the  
Glory of *Solomon*, to be accurate in this Know-  
ledge: And, *Alexander the Great*, had in  
an Esteem for it, that he bestowed on *Aristo-  
tle* the *Philosopher*, Eight Hundred Talents  
only for writing a *Treatise of Animals*. Our  
*Holy Prophet* was eminent above all other  
Mortals, for his Familiarity with the Beasts  
of all Generations; understanding their Qualities  
and Language, and often discoursing with  
them. When he lived in the *Desert* a *Leopard*  
continually waited at the Door of his  
Cave, and did all the Offices of a kind  
faithful Servant. Such Grace is given but  
a few.

But, I forget my own Opportunity  
of venting my Affections to my Country and  
Friends. I forget, that I am writing to  
one who is newly come from *Arabia*. Were  
it but for God I could see thee, were it but for  
an Hour: I have a Thousand Questions to  
ask about my *Relations*; and what Changes  
have happened, since I was there.

But, I must sacrifice these Natural Fer-  
vours to the Will of *Destiny*. I am  
a double Exile: And, since it is for the Service  
of the *Grand Signior*, I am resign'd.

Adieu, Happy Minister; and, if *Me-  
mour* may be admitted sometimes to mix  
with the Train of thy better Thoughts,

all count himself happy, where-ever he

Ans. 2d. of the 7th. Moon.

of the Year 1646.

## LETTER VI.

*To Hussein Basha.*

THE taking of *Retimo* in *Candy*, has fill'd the *Nazarenes*, with Apprehensions of greater Calamities.

The first fortunate Strokes in a War, make deep Impressions on the Enemy ; the Vulgar taking on them, as the *Index* of their future *Destiny* : But, repeated Successes chill the *Vitals*, bereave 'em of Courage and Spirit, leaving 'em Nothing but Ominous Omens, and Superstitious Prefages of their approaching Ruin. So hard a Thing it is, to judge of Humane Events, without being carried into Extreems. They already give us the whole *Island* for lost. I wish and believe it may prove true. Yet, at the same Time, I know the Fortune of War is uncertain ; and, another Campaign, may repair or revenge the Damage they have sustained in this and the former.

The *Venetians* lost Five Thousand Men be-  
the Walls of that Town ; among whom,  
General *Cornaro*, the *Viceroy* of the *Island*,  
H 5 slain

slain in the first Onset; besides what were killed by our Soldiers, when they entred w<sup>th</sup> the retreating *Candiots*, and sacrific'd all to the Heat of Martial Passion.

But, that which appear'd most Ominous to their Cause, though the present Damages were less, was the falling out of the *Sopraditer* and the *Proveditor* of the *Isle*: Who in agreeing about the Extent of their different *Commissions*, formed Two Parties; between whom there happened a furious Encounter, in which Four Hundred were slain on both Sides.

These sinister Events, occasion'd the publick to make fresh Applications to the Court of France; and, an *Ambassador* is sent from this Crown, to *Constantinople*, in Order to mediate a Peace. They call him *Messieur de Varennes*; a Man of a presumptuous Disposition, and who delights to attempt difficult Things. When there could not be found a Person, willing to undertake a Negotiation which carries to little Probability of Successing; this Gentleman, in a *Bravado* offered himself; telling the *Queen*, That he was no Doubt, of so representing Matters to the *Grand Signior*, as would infallibly produce Peace.

It had been easie for *Cardinal Mazarin* (whose Counsel the *Queen* follows in all Things) to have hindred this Man's Voyage. But, those who are acquainted with the Power that is between them, conclude, That the *Cardinal* consented to his *Commission*, on pur-



by a Train for his future Disgrace ; as knowing, the Boldness of his Temper, was far from being seconded with equal Wisdom and Conduct ; and, that though he was prone to undertake Great and Hazardous Actions, yet he never had the good Fortune to accomplish any thing of Moment.

They that know this Gentleman's Character, say, That any Example will encourage him to rush into Labyrinths and Perils. And, where Examples are wanting, he is Ambitious to be made one himself. He fears not to tread in the Footsteps of such, as have miscarried in the most Desperate Enterprizes ; he promises himself Success, where a Thousand have fail'd. In fine, he is esteemed the wisest Man living.

I send thee this Description of the *French Ambassador*, that thou mayest communicate it to the *Sovereign Divan*. It will be no small Advantage, to know the Temper and Qualifications of Foreign Ministers, residing at the *best Port* : Especially at this Juncture, whereon the Fate of *Christendom* depends. Besides, there cannot be too great Caution, to obviate the subtle Trains of *Cardinal Mazarini*, who, I fear, is contriving no kind of Offices to the *Ottoman Empire*.

Kiss the Hem of thy Vest, *Illustrious Basha*, and bid thee Adieu.

*Paris, 2d. of the 7th. Moon;*

*of the Year 1646.*

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## LETTER VII.

To the same.

THE Captain *Bassa*, has the Reputation of a good *Seaman* among the *French*. They highly applaud his expeditious *Raid* of *Canca*, and no less commend the Secrecy, with which he landed his Army, and took the Town of *Retimo*. The *French* are generally great *Criticks* in *Military Affairs*, and are not so partial to the Honour of *Christians*, as to deny the Praises that are due to an expert *Leader* among the *Mussulmans*. Yet, they are inconstant, and seldom retain the same Sentiments long. Every Circulation of their Blood, begets new Friendships, and new Opinions, new Censures. In this, they seem to inherit the Vices of the Ancient *Gauls*, as well as their Country.

A *Roman Emperor*, who made War in this Nation, has left excellent *Memoirs* behind him, wherein among other Things, he describes the Nature of the *Gauls*, their Dispositions, and General Inclinations. He that shall read his Writings, which were penned above Six Hundred Years ago, and shall converse with the present *French*, will easily conclude, That the *Latter* are a living Transcript of the *Former*; and, that their Humours and Actions are exactly copied from his Words. Yet, Nothing does the Character of the Primitive

*Gauls*, suit more truly to the present Inhabitants, than in their furious Onsets in a Battel, and their equal Readiness to Flight. Their First Assault seems to speak 'em More than Men, their Second, Less than Women; and, they seldom venture on a Third.

Wilt thou know then, how they obtain so many Signal Victories? It is by Stratagems and Money. Where they cannot circumvent their Enemies, they corrupt a Party of 'em with bribes and Pensions. Thus they purchase their Conquests, with a more powerful Metal than Steel. The Force of Gold, to which all Things yield, lays Cities and Provinces, at the Feet of this Invincible Monarch.

But, I pray Heaven, so to prosper the Arms of the Empire founded on *Vertue*, that this Infidel Prince, and all the Nazarenes, may experience their Gold to be as ineffectual as their Swords, against the Valour and Just Revenge of the True Believers.

Paris, 2d. of the 7th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

## LETTER VIII.

*To the Venerable Musti, Sovereign  
Guide of the True Believers.*

**T**Hou, who art all Goodness, the Arch-Type of Clemency and Vertue, wilt not number me among the Importunate, for I often troubling thee with Disputes of our *Law*. I ask thee no Common Questions; neither am I captious, seeking Occasions to damage what is Apparent, or invalidate the Testimony of Him who touch'd the Hand of God. I reverence the *Holy Oracles*, and the Book not dictated on *Earth*. Every Chapter I read in the *Alcoran*, makes me bless the Angel, who took so many Flights, to bring down the Sacred Pages from *Heaven*. And, my Reverence increas'd towards that Volume of Glory, when I consider, it was not hastily compos'd; every *Versicle*, being the Product of Divine Predication. Doubtless, it excells all the *Writings* in the World. No *Scripture*, before or since, has approach'd to the *Mysterious Elegance* of those *Celestial Lines*. Yet methinks I find a great Profundity of Wisdom in the *Treatises* of the *Ancients*.

Thou wilt say, My Station requires me to read Men more than Books, being not sent hither to Contemplate, but to act for the Interest of my Master, and the Ottoman Em-

pre. Tis true, my Business is now to unravel the Designs of the *Infidels*; but, bear with mee, if I tell thee, That in Order to this I took no wrong Course, when in my Younger Years, I apply'd my self to Books, which are but Men turn'd inside out, or Metamorphos'd into Letters; against whom, thus surviving themselves, the Stroak of Death cannot prevail.

Those who have erected Statues of Gold, Silver, Brass or Marble, to the Memory of departed *Heroes*, can but transmit the *Effigies* of their Bodies to Posterity; which, thou knowest, is the Ignobler Part of Man: And here, they come short of the *Egyptians*, who have the Art of preserving the Bodies themselves Incorruptible, for a Thousand Generations. But they who left their *Writings* to Posterity, have oblig'd the World with an immortal and Lively Image of their Mind: This is properly the Man, and lives for ever; when the Body is consum'd in the Grave, and the Statue perhaps is eat up by Time, or demolish'd by Envy.

Pardon this Digression, *Oraculous* and *Unerring* Mouth of God, I have a great deal to say, and cannot comprehend it in a few Words. It has been enjoy'd by our *Holy Doctors*, That a *Mussulman* should not read the *Books of Prophane Infidels*. But tell me, thou who art the *Resolver* of *Doubts*, Whether this *Precept* is extended to all, without Exception; or, Whether a *Dispensation* may not be allow'd, to such as read those *Books* with One Eye,

Eye, whilst the Other is fix'd on the Law, which balances the Mind with Truth? The *Alcoran* tells us, That the Devil has insert some *Falsities* in the *Best Writings*: But, is not possible for a Man, to separate the Good from the Bad? I read in the *Book of Glory*, many remarkable Things concerning *Alexander the Great*: But, is it unlawful also to peruse what has been writ by others, of the Life of that *Famous Warrior*, and *Holy Prophet*? Both *Grecian* and *Roman Historians*, have related his Adventures in *Asia*, his Battels with *Darius the Persian Monarch*, and *Porus the Indian*. They praise his Continnence and modest Regard to *Syngambis* and her Daughters, when they were his Captives; his Inviolable Friendship to *Ephesion*, whilst living, and the affectionate Tears he shed for him, after his Death. Yet, they condemn him of cruel ingratitude, for sacrificing *Clitus* to his Choler, and the Fumes of Wine, who was a Faithful Friend, a Valiant Soldier, and once had saved his Life in a Battle. They cannot pass over the Burning of *Persepolis*, without some Reflections on the unmanly Softness of this Warrior, who, to please his Concubine, gave Order, that the Fairest and most Magnificent City in *Asia*, should be set on Fire. The *Persians* boast, That that City was built all of Cedar; That *Cyrus* had wholly displant not only *Mount Libanus*, but the choicest Nurseries of that fragrant Wood, through all *Asia*, to build this glorious City, in Emulation of *Solomon*— King of the *Jews*, who was by o-

that Prince thought to value himself too high, for building the *Temple at Jerusalem* of the same Materials. They add, that *Alexander* found in this City, Ninety Millions of Caracks in Gold; that after the Debauch was over, and the Flames had consum'd to Ashes this *Phoenix of Asia*, the *Conqueror* wept, and commanded the Money he had found there, should be expended in raising Another in its Room, more glorious than the Former; But, that *Thais*, who had perswaded him to ruine it, was the only Obstacle to its Re-edification. For, such was her Empire over this *Monarch*, that he could deny her Nothing.

What I have said of *Persepolis*, is recorded by *Persian Historians*; Other Writers make no mention of it, but not so particularly. There are some also, who mention his demolishing of *Tyris*; a City so Ancient, that is said to be first built by one of the *Grand-children of Noah*; of whom, thou knowest, the *Alcoran* speaks often. They tax him also with Cruelty, in causing Two Thousand of the Chief *Tyrians*, to be crucified, as a Sacrifice to *Hercules*. Thou art best able to Judge, Whether this be agreeable to Truth; or, what *Musselman* will believe, That the Victorious *Prophet*, was guilty of so Barbarous an Idolatry?

The Method he took to subdue this Impregnable City, is an Argument of his Invincible Courage; and, that there is Nothing Impracticable, to a Mind arm'd with Resolution and Perseverance.

*Tyris*



*Tyrus* was situated above Half a Mile in the Sea, when the *Macedonian* demanded a Surrender. The Citizens trusting to the Strength and Height of the Rock where they liv'd (for, 'twas a perfect Island) and to their Distance from the Shore of the *Continent*; bid Defiance to him, whom God had ordained to subdue all Nations, between the Extremities of *India* and the *Pillars of Hercules*. The Conquerour, enflam'd at the Refusal of offer'd Peace, prepares for an assault. He attempted, without the Miracle of *Moses*, to make a Path for his Army through the Sea. He follow'd the Steps of the *Babylonian Monarch*, who, not Three Ages before, had joyned this Proud Nest of Merchants to the Firm Land. Twice his industrious Soldiers rais'd a Causey, above the Waves, to the very Walls of *Tyrus*; and often was their Labour defeated, by the Watchful *Tyrians*. When, the Third Time he prov'd successful; and, in Spight of their Resistance by Fire and Sword, after a Siege of Six Moons, he scal'd the Walls of the Queen of Maritime Cities; and convinc'd the World, that no Humane Force could put Stop to his Conquests, whom *Destiny* had appointed to chastise the Nations of the Earth.

That Chapter in the *Alcoran*, which speaks of this Renowned Worthy, tells us, That he march'd so far Eastward, till he came to a Country where the Sun rises. This Passage the *Christians* ridicule, saying, That the Sun rises and sets in all Countries; and, that there

is no Stated Point of *East* and *West*, in the Fabrick of the World ; since the same Place which is *East* of one Country, is *West* of another. Thus, the Despisers of our *Holy Law*, cavil at the *Alcoran*, and say, 'Tis composed of *Old Wives Tales* ; a Rude indigested Collection of *Eastern Romances*, and Superstitious Fables, calculated for the Meridian of Ignorance ; first promulg'd in the Savage and Unpolish'd *Desarts* of *Arabia*, and afterwards propagated by the Sword through those Countries, whose Vices had banish'd their Learning, and renderd them flexible to a *Religion*, whose highest Pretensions consisted, in *Gratifying* the Senses.

These Criticks consider not at the same Time, That they argue against the *Old and New Testament*, (which is esteem'd the *Alcoran* of the *Christians*) wherein there is often Mention made, of the *Rising* and *Going down* of the *Sun* ; of *East* and *West*, as proper Points or Marks, from which to take the Situation of Countries. Assuredly, in this they are captious : For, though there be no stated Point of *East* or *West* in the *Globe* ; yet *India* being the nearest Region of this *Continent*, to that Part of the *Horizon* where the *Sun* daily first appears, It has not without Reason, gain'd the Additional *Epithet* of *East*. And 'twas here the *Macedonian Heroe* swear, because he could conquer no farther, unless he would have begun a War with the *Fish* of the *Sea*.

There are many other Passages related of *Alexander's*

*Alexander's Temperance, Moderation, Fortitude and such like Vertues; and nothing of his Vices. But, I will not trouble thee with all that is said of this invincible Man, nor trace him in all his Marches through his Journey into Egypt, and aspiring call'd the Son of Jupiter Ammon; his poyson'd at Babylon, in the Height of Triumphs; and, the Cantonizing his among his Chief Captains. Whosoever these Histories is agreeable to the Man I acquiesce to; what is repugnant to the Summary of Truth, I reject as a Fable.*

Tell me, thou Sovereign Resolver of whether on these Terms, I may not read *Writings of Infidels*? Books are a Relief to a Mind oppress'd with Melancholy, and especially Histories, which also bring Profit, rightly informing us of the Transactions of Past Ages: So that Things, which were Thousands of Years ago, are made present to us. Where then is the Crime in Reading these Memoirs of the Ancients? Is it not consistent with the Faith of a Mussulman to read these Histories, because they were permitted to Heathens? Must we reject all that the Ancients did or said? Why then are the Works of Plato had in such Veneration by the Princes of the Law? I tell thee, I not only read *Plato, Livy, Tacitus, Xenophon, Polybius*, with many other Histories that were Pagans, but I improve by their Writings. Such rare Examples of Virtue, such Illustrious Patterns

Julius

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such solid Precepts of Morality, as Authors abound with; cannot, in my Opinion, hurt any Man, who desires to square his Life by the best Rules.

I read also the Poets, whose *Fables* and *Pastorals*, seem to me, but to veil many excellent profitable *Maxims* of Human Life.

The Story of the Birth of *Typhon*, his War with *Jupiter*, and his final Overthrow; shows the monstrous Rise of Factions in a State, and their Ruin.

The *Cyclops* being employ'd by *Jupiter* in casting Thunderbolts, and killing *Aesculapius*, for which they themselves were afterwards slain by *Apollo*; intimates the Use, which Sovereign Princes make of Cruel, Covetous and Unjust Officers: Who when they have fulfill'd the Pleasure of their Masters, are abandon'd by them; to the Revenge of the Oppress'd Subjects. This is commonly experienc'd in all *Monarchies*, and especially in the Mighty Empire of the *Osman*s; where the *Bassa*s, though the *Grand Signior*, for the Ends of State, connives a while at their Oppression of the *Mussulmans* under his Government, yet in due Time, to shew his Abhorrence of their Villanies, consigns 'em over to the Executioner. Thou knowest, to whom the Bow-string was sent last; I wish his *Successor* may not equally merit it.

*Alexon*'s being devoured by his Dogs, only for seeing *Diana* in a Bath; might have serv'd as a Warning to *Useph*, the Black Eunuch, who could not restrain his Tongue, from babbling

ling out the private Ampurs of *Sultra* to him. It was Danger enough to know a Secret; but, to divulge it, was a sure way to incur the Revenge of the Prince.

Not much unlike was his Error, who he did not report to others, yet had the presumption to check his Sovereign to his Face, and reproach Him with Luxury. Had he been acquainted with the *Fable of Endymion and the Moon*, it would perhaps have taught him, that it is not the Part of a Favourite, to take Notice of his Master's stol'n Pleasures, but rather to invite him sometimes from the Toils of Business, and unbend his Mind with Recreations.

There are many other profitable Remains hidden under the Fictions of the Poets: Which though they may seem *Mysterious* at first View, yet being examined with a little Attention, prove as easie to be understood, as the *Glyphicks* were of old to the *Egyptians*, who knew no other Letters.

God, the First Intellect, who imprinted his Mind on Tablets of Marble, in Letters of *Alphabick*, and Writ the Decalogue with a Beam of his Glory; having also inspir'd all Nations with the Knowledge of Letters, grant That when I read the Records of the Gentiles, I may not forget the Precepts of the *Alcoran*.

Paris, 23. of the 7th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER IX.

To Murat Bassa.

A Courier came to this City last Night, bringing News of the taking of Courtray by the French Army. This is a considerable Town in Flanders, and commands a great part of the Country. The Duke of Orleans, invested it on the Ninth of the last Moon, and on the Eighteenth, lay down before it with the whole Army. The Spanish Generals, sent to its Relief, and brought Thirty thousand Men of Six Nations, to combat with the French. But they quarrel'd about Precedency of Post. High Words pass'd between the Duke of Lorraine and General Lambois. Thus, while they spent their Time in needless Contests, the French took the Town: and, having left a strong Garison there, Part of the Army, commanded by the Marechal de Grammont, is march'd to joyn the Hollands, with Design to attack Antwerp; and the Rest follow the Duke of Orleans, who they say, intends to besiege Mardyke. This is a Sea-Town, that has nothing in it considerable enough to tempt a Conquerour, save the Haven, which is of great Importance in those Seas.

We have had no Rains here these Three Months, which makes the People fear a Famine. Provision of all Sorts, is very Dear, and

and those who have great Quantities of Corn will not bring it to the Markets. The Fruits are all blasted, and a Distemper rages in the City, which fills all Places with Death and Mourning. The Cattel drop down dead in the Fields, and the Rivers are almost dried up. Men languish and wither, as if parched up by some inward Fire. Fearful Apparitions are seen in the Air; each Night brings forth New Prodigies. The People lament the present, and presage greater Calamities to come. While Mahomet perseveres unmov'd; and neither molests himself nor others, about the Inevitable Decrees of Destiny. I keep in the Path of my Duty, without turning to the Right Hand or to the Left. I serve the Great Signior faithfully: I pray for his Health, and for the Welfare of the Empire. I neither give Alms to the Infidels, nor do them any Injury. In fine, if I cannot reap any Profit from other Mens Vertues, I take care their Vices shall do me no Harm.

Tis said, there will be a Procession here shortly, whereat the King, the Queen-Regent, and the whole Court will assist bare-foot, as an Example of others. The Body of a certain Female Saint, whom they esteem the Patroness of this City, will be taken out of the Church where it lies, and will be carried with other Reliques of Saints, through the Streets of Constantinople to atone the Wrath of Heaven, which seems to be kindled against them.

In the mean Time, I pray Heaven to send down its Blessings on the Ottoman Empire.



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and preserve the *True Faithful*, from the Three  
*Scourges of God.*

Paris, 23d. of the 7th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER X.

To the Aga of the Janizaries.

Perceive thou hast follow'd the Advice I  
formerly gave thee, to read *Histories*, where-  
thy Letter speaks thee very conversant.  
Thou wilt have no Reason to repent of a  
Labour, that affords so agreeable a Diversion,  
especially to a *Soldier* and a *Statesman*.  
They open the Graves, and call forth the  
Dead, without disturbing their Repose; and  
present to us those *Hero's* living, talking  
and acting Great Things, whose Bodies have  
been buried in Silence and Obscurity many  
ages. They introduce us into the Closets  
of *Princes*, revealing their most Secret Coun-  
sils. They make us familiar with the *In-  
trigues* of *Politicians*, and the *Stratagems* of  
*Warriors*. In fine, there is Nothing Pub-  
lic or Private, in the *Courts* or *Camps* of the  
Greatest *Monarchs*, to which an *Historian* is  
a Stranger.

I applaud the Choice thou hast made of  
*Grecian Histories*, and others of the *East*;  
yet,

yet, I counsel thee, not to neglect the *West*. The Ancient Roman Writers, full of rare Examples; and Modern French, which emulates all Great and Glorious Undertakings, takes equal Care to commit to Posterity, the *Lives* of Illustrious Persons. I am not this, in Contempt of other Countries in *Europe*. The *Christians* of these Parts in general, are accurate *Historians*. They are universally Learned; in Regard, there is no Kingdom in *Europe*, where they have not *Schools* and *Academies*, where all *Languages* and *Sciences* are taught. The Ploughmen in the Field, speak *Latin* and *Greek*; what thou knowest, are now grown obsolete, no where to be learn'd but in *Books*. *Mechanicks* are *Philosophers*; and a Man sets up for an *Historian*, or an *Orator*. It was not so in former Times, when the *Ecclesiasticks* had engross'd all the *Learning* to themselves, except some of the *Nobility* and *Gentry*, who had the advantage of *Patrimonial Libraries*, and were able to apply themselves to Study. For, it was difficult to purchase *Books*, there being but few; and for those, they were oblig'd to the Labour of the *Scribe*. Hence it came to pass, that only such as had Power of Money, and a strong Inclination to Knowledge, monopoliz'd the choicest *Manuscripts* into their Hands, and bequeath'd them as a Legacy to their *Off-Spring*. But, since the Invention of *Printing Books* are infinitely multiplied, grown Cheap and Common:

*Histories* and *Sciences*, which before  
 lay hid up in the *Latin*, *Greek*, or some  
 of the *Oriental Languages*, are now transla-  
 ted into the *Vulgar Speech* of every Nation;  
 and by the lowest Sort of People who can  
 read, have the Privilege to become as  
 knowing as their *Superiors*, and the *Slave*  
 to vie for Learning with his *Sovereign*.  
 This makes the *Nazarenes*, upbraid the  
*Faithful* with Ignorance and Barbarism,  
 because *Printing* is not suffered throughout  
 the *Musliman Empire*. They consider not  
 the Consequences of this *Art*, as well as  
 the good: And, that the Liberty of the *Press*  
 will d the World with Errors and Lyes,  
 they are Strangers to the Education  
 of the *Muslimans*, who are generally taught  
 in *Arabic* and *Persian Tongues* from their  
 Childhood. In which Two *Languages*, how  
 many famous *Histories* have been writ? There  
 is no point of useful Wisdom, which is not  
 found in the *Writings*, of the *Eastern Sa-*  
*viours*. And, as for unprofitable Treatises and  
 Fables, with which the *Europeans* a-  
 bund, they are superfluous and burdensome,  
 being a double Loss, both to Writer and  
 Reader; while they rob them of their Time  
 and Money, and commit a Rape on their  
 Understandings. Add to this, the Fatal Ef-  
 fect which this deprav'd Indulgence of *Print-*  
*ing* has produc'd in *Christendom*. What Sa-  
 vages, Massacres, Rebellions and Impieties,  
 have overflow'd most Parts of the *West* in  
 this licentious Age? What Hatred among

*Christians*, What Seditions among Subjects, Diversities in Religion, Contempts of *Law*, both *Divine*, *Natural*, and civil *Nations*? The Vices, at which former Times would have blush'd; nay, at the very name of which, our *Fathers* would have shewn as at a *Prodigy*, are in these Days committ'd openly, without Shame, without Contention; whilst there are Authors, who publicly assert the Cause of Impiety, and patronize all Manner of Profanations.

But thou, who hast the Honour to sit on the *Incorruptible Seat* of Justice and on the *Bright Throne* of the *Osman Empire*, who are the *Shadows* of God on Earth, hast made such a Choice of *Books*, as commends thy Wisdom, and the Sincerity of thy Intentions. Thou wilt not suffer thy Imagination to be tainted, with those enchanting Images of Evil, which are drawn by the Pen of some *Elegant Writers*. All that thou dost in *Books*, is to inform thy Understanding, rectify thy Judgment, and enflame thy Affections with the Love of Virtue. To End, serve the *Divine Precepts* of our *Doctors*, and other Learned Sages; the *sayings* of *Philosophers*, and the Examples of *Renowned Heroes*. From these thou shalt get Strength, to practise the Four *Major Vertues*, and all the Good Qualities, spring from those *Roots*.

Go on, and encrease in the Graces and accomplishments, which shall render thee Worthy to be made the *Subject* of a *Part*.

*in History*; while the *Old* shall recommend,  
and the *Young* shall cover, nothing more  
passionately, than to read the *Life of Cassim*  
*the Janizár-Aga*.

*Mahomet* salutes thee with a Kiss of Affe-  
ction. Reverence thy self and all Men will  
Honour thee: So taught *Pythagoras*.

Paris, 17th. of the 8th. Moon;  
of the Year, 1646.

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## LETTER XI.

*To the same*

Had forgot to perform in my other Let-  
ter, what thou commandedst me. Yet  
knowing the esteem thou hast for *Women of*  
*True and rare Endowments*, and with  
the Pleasure thou readest their *Stories*; I  
could never send any *Dispatch* to thee,  
wherein there is not a Relation of some *He-  
roine*. I will be more diligent hereafter, to  
obey the Disposition of my *Superiours*,  
and will endeavour to procure a Collection  
of the *Lives and Characters* of all the *Fa-  
mous Women*, that have been Recorded in  
*History*. In the mean while hear what the  
*French* say, of *Christina Queen of Suedeland*,  
whom thou requirest a Description.

She is the only Daughter of *Gustavus A-*  
*dolphus*.

*dolphus*, the most Victorious Prince, ever govern'd that Nation; and, one of the most Successful Warriours in the World, his whole Life was led in the Field, to which he received an Honourable Death, being slain in the Battel of *Lutzen*: Some say, by the Treachery of *Duke Albert*; who had in Appearance, deserted the *Emperour*, and offered himself a *Voluntier* to *Gustavus Adolphus*. I formerly mention'd this *Duke*, and that he was kill'd by a *Suedish Lady*. If the Suspicion of the *Suedes* be well grounded, and that *Duke Albert* was really Guilty of the Murder of *Gustavus*, it may be, This was the Motion which brought those *Amazons* into the Field, to revenge the Death of their Prince. But it is impossible to be assur'd of the Truth, among so many different Opinions.

When the *French* speak of *Gustavus Adolphus*, they cannot restrain their Words on this Side a *Panegyrick*. They say, he was a Prince above all Praise. 'Tis certain, his Enemies admired his unimitable Courage, and his matchless Fortune. I have sent thee the *Effigies* of his Face, wherein thou wilt see a most agreeable Mixture of Majesty and Humility, creating Respect and Love at the same Time in the Beholders. He was so familiar with every one, as if he had found himself, as well as he was a Stranger to Fear. He was a great Student in his Youth, and made himself Master of *Latin*, *French*, and *Italian*; being also perfectly skill'd in *Antient* and *Modern Histories*. He had a wonderful Faculty

cully, in discovering Impostures; a dextrous Wit in Time of Danger and Difficulty, being Ready at Counsel, and Swift in Executions; and as Cunning at a Stratagem, as he was Bold at an Onset. He was Liberal to his Officers, and to all Men of Merit; but, a severe Punisher of Disorders in his Army. And, that which Crown'd all the rest of his Virtues, his Piety to God was singular and worthy of Remark. The French relate a Memorable Saying of this King, when he was once in his Camp before *Werben*. He had been solitary in the Cabinet of his Pavilion some Hours together, and none of his Attendants durst interrupt Him; till at Length, a Favourite of his having some Important Matter to tell him, came softly to the Door, and looking in, beheld the King very devoutly on his Knees at Prayers. Fearing to molest him in that Sacred Exercise, he was about to withdraw his Head, when the King spied him, and bid him come in; saying unto him, *You wonderest to see me in this Posture, since I have so many Thousands of Subjects to pray for me. But I tell thee, That no Man has more Need to pray for himself, than He, who has to render an Account of His Actions to None but God, is for that Reason, more closely assaulted by the Devil, than all other Men beside.*

*Gustavus* was born in the Year 1594. At which Time, they say, a Comet was seen in the Form of a Sword, with its Point directed toward Germany; which the *Astrologists*



of those Times, interpreted as a Presage of that King's Warlike *Genius*, and of his future Conquests in the *Empire*. He came to the Government, before he had seen full Seventeen *Winters*, and was cut off in the Eight and Thirtieth Year of his Age.

It is said, That a few Days before his Death, when his Soldiers receiv'd Him with Infinite Acclamations, and all the Marks of an unusual and intemperate Joy, he seem'd to be troubled at it, saying, *That he took that Excessive Demonstration of his Soldiers Love, for an Omen of some approaching Disaster: And that he was assured, God would, by taking him away, teach them, That there is no Confidence to be repos'd in any Mortal.*

After the Death of *Gustavus*, the *States* of the *Kingdom* assembling, proclaimed *Christina* Queen; And, during her Minority, committed her to the *Tutelage* of Five Principal Officers of the *Kingdom*, who also took on them the whole Care of the *Commonwealth*.

She is perfect in Seven *Languages*, Well vers'd in Ancient and Modern *Philosophy*, and, a complete *Historian*. In fine, she has acquir'd the *Title*, of the *Most Learned Princess of her Time*.

She is of a Graceful and Majestick Aspect. Has a piercing Eye: Wears part of her Hair loose about her Temples, and flowing down in Curls to her Shoulders; the Rest braided up behind, in Form of a Wreath. Thus is she represented by her *Picture*, which I have

seen in a Gallery of *Cardinal Mazarin's* Palace, who professes a great Veneration for this Queen. Could I have purchas'd her *Portraiture*, as I did her Father's, I would have sent it thee: But, all the Pencils in *Paris* are hardly sufficient to supply the Closets and Galleries of the *Nobles*, with this Admired *Figure*. She is become the *Idol* of the *French*.

Many great *Matches* have been offered her; but she refuses all, either for Reason of *State*, or Dislike of the Persons, or an Aversion she has for a *Married Life*; or through Opposition of her *Nobles* who seem to covet to be governed by a *Maiden Queen*. Soon after her Father's Death, the King of *Danmark* attempted to make her his Wife; but his Request was abruptly rejected.

No better Encouragement did the King of *Norway* lately meet with, who Twice solicited the same Thing for Himself, and was as often repulsed. But this, 'tis thought, proceeded from some Politick Reasons; he being descended of *Sigismund*, a former *Abdicated* King of *Sweden*; all whose *Posterity* are forever excluded from enjoying the *Swedish Crown*, by a Law.

The *English* also gloried in a *Virgin Queen*, the last Age: Her Name was *Elizabeth*, whom thou canst not but have heard of. She was the Daughter of *Henry VIII.* King of that Nation. She was a *Princess* of an extraordinary *Genius*, remarkable for her Wit and Learning. I was one of her Subjects, who the first

first of all Mortals, sail'd round the Globe. And, by his fortunate Service, the Vanquisher of the reputed *Invincible Armada* of Spain. She governed her Kingdom with such exquisite Conduct, as made the Greatest Potentates revere her Wisdom. 'Tis to her Bounty the *United Provinces* owe the Rise of their present Grandeur and Riches; when they address'd this Potent Queen in Form of Humble Suppliants, entitling themselves, *poor distressed States*. But now, they are Rich and *Mighty*; pushing for an Equality with *Sovereign Princes*.

I cannot comprize in a Letter, all that may be said of this Great Queen. *Historians* vary in her Character. Those that speak most impartially, say, That she had *Extraordinary Vertues*, yet was not without *Great Vices*. We must not expect any Mortal, a Temper exempt from the Common Malediction; much less in the Sex, whose Natural Weakness, claims our Indulgence and Excuse. It is admirable to see or hear of a *Female*, whose Active Soul can disengage it self from the Common Follies of *Women*, and perform Things scarce below the Power of *Masculine Vertue*.

If, thou thinkest my Letter too tedious, accuse thy self, for commanding me to write of Persons, whose Uncommon Gifts, and Transcendent Vertues, the most Accurate *Historians* can but render in *Epitome*; and the most durable *Records of Fame* will injure, in not being capable to transmit them to *Eternity*.

We ought not to condemn the Excellencies of the *Nazarenes*; who, though they are unhappy in not knowing the *Alcoran*, yet they have a *Law* engraven on their Hearts; which if they observe, they shall be in the *Number of the Blessed*.

I am no Stranger to thy Moderation and Justice; being fully satisfied, that thou hast the truest *Virtue*, even in the most prejudiced Enemy of our *Holy Profession*. Let the *Enmities* among the *Mussulmans* or *Christians* be their Pleasure; thou and I shall be conformable to our *Holy Law-giver*, in believing, that the *Innocent and Good of all Religions*, shall have no Reason to tremble at the *Second Sound of the Trumpet*.

Paris, 17th. of the 8th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

**LETTER.**

## LETTER XII.

To the Selictar Aga, or Sword-Bearer to the Grand Signior.

**T**HE Duke of Orleans is newly returned from the Campagne in Flanders. He seems to be either tired with the Fatigue of War, or at least, to be satisfy'd with his Exploits this Summer.

After the Conquest of Courtray, of which thou hast heard in the Divan; this Prince march'd directly to Bergues, which he took after a Siege of Six Days. Then being join'd by the Duke of Enguien's Forces, he lay down before Mardyke. This Town had been in the Spaniards Possession, ever since last Winter. Now it held out to a Miracle; but, after Stout Resistance, was at last forc'd to surrender. There were slain before it, many of the Chief Nobility of France. The French entered it, on the Four and twentieth of the last Moon.

The Churches here are hung with Mourning, and the Escutcheons of the Hero's, who lost their Lives in the Bed of Honour. The Bullets, which know no Difference between the Noble and Vulgar, seem in this Battel, to have been directed by Art or Envy: As if the Flower of the Army, had been cull'd out for Marks.

In a Letter to *Murat Bassa*, I gave an Account of a grievous *Drought* and *Mortality* in these Parts. Now *Heaven* seems to be pacify'd; and the *Angel of Death*, has put up his *Sword*. Yet, the Scarcity of Corn, and other Necessaries, continues still; only, there is Plenty of Wine: Which the Poor, who have most Need of it, abstain from, lest it should enrage their Appetites, already sharpen'd with Hunger, whilst they have Little or Nothing to eat.

Thou wilt wonder at the Dyet of these Miserable Wretches, whom Oppression and Poverty has forc'd to feed on *Frogs* and other *Vermin*. Yet, they extoll it for a dainty Dish. Both Poor and Rich reckon it a Feast, when they can make an Addition of a few *Mushrooms*, which they commonly gather themselves. This is a *Vegetable*, of which the *Italian Proverb* says, *Mushrooms well pick'd with Spices, may do no Harm, but can do no Good*.

God, who has commanded us to separate the Clean from the Impure, and has taught us what we may eat without Pollution, grant, That we may not, either through Necessity, or to indulge our Appetites, taste of any thing, which has in it the least of the *Seven Maledictions*.

Paris, 12th. of the 9th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

## LETTER XIII.

To Abubechir Hali, Merchant  
in Aleppo.

**T**HOU tellest me a Tragical Story of One of thy *Wives*, That she is become a Fugitive, and gone away with thy *Slave Lorenzo*; whom I remember to have seen at thy House at *Constantinople*. Either thou wert too Unkind to them both, or gavest them both too much Liberty: Whichsoever of these Ways thou hast exceeded, thou art the Fault. Too great an Indulgence, either to a Wife or a Servant, makes them Presumptuous: And, too great Severity, hardens them to Despair. However, since it is so, I advise thee to comfort thy self with the Thought, That thou art rid of *Two Evils*. Had they prov'd Faithful, they would not have merited that Title; but now, they are neither worthy of thy Grief, nor of thy Revenge.

But if thou art resolv'd to pursue them, ask not my Counsel or Assistance in the Place; where I should have as much Reason to apprehend Danger, as They. 'Tis true, I know thy *Slave*; but, were I to meet him in the Streets of this City, I should be very unwilling, by discovering him, to be made known my self. Besides, thy Passion has made



made thee forget, That the *Nazarenes* would commend his Wit, and rejoice in his Fortune; who being a *Slave* to one, whom they esteem an *Infidel*, has now by his Wise Conduct, purchas'd both his Liberty and a Beautiful Mate, with no small Treasure.

I rather advise thee, to apply thy self to *Jasour Scire Rugial*, the little *Astrologer* in *Aleppo*, who perhaps may tell thee some News of em. There is not a Star in the Eighth Sphere, can stir without his being privy to it. And, he pretends to behold in their Motions, whatever is done on Earth.

But, to be serious, thy *Slave* was an ungrateful Fellow, thus to abuse all thy Favours. Thou hadst made him in a Manner, Master of all thy Riches, only reserving thy *Wives* to thy self. And, if the Desire of Liberty tempted him to escape, he ought in Justice to have sacrific'd his Lust, to the Regards he ow'd thee. But, every *Slave* is not a *Joseph*. *Lorenzo's* Villainy, puts me in Mind of the Contenance of an *Italian Marquis*.

This Young Lord, fell in Love with a *Dutchess* of singular Beauty, but knew not how to make her sensible of it. At length Fortune favour'd him with an Opportunity; beyond his Expectation. One Evening, as he return'd from Hawking he pass'd through the Fields of that *Dutchess*, bordering on the Palace. The Duke her Husband and she, were walking together, as the Young Lord pass'd by. The Duke seeing his Train, and what Game they had been at, ask'd him  
some

some Questions concerning their Sport; and being of an Hospitable Disposition, invited him into his Palace to take a Collation. Nothing could be more agreeable to the Young Lover. He accepted the Offer, and here commenc'd an Acquaintance, which made Way in Time for an Assignation between the *Dutchess* and Him. He was let into the Gardens one Night; and so conducted privately to her Chamber, where they lay ready in Bed to receive Him. After some Compliments, the *Dutchess* said, *My Lord, You are oblig'd to my Husband for this Favour; who, as soon as you were gone from our House, the first Time we saw you, gave you such Commendations, as made me conceive an immediate Passion for you. Is it true, Madam?* (replied the Young Lover already half undress'd) *Then far be it from me, to be so ungrateful to my Friend.* With that he put on his Garments again, and took his Leave.

But, it cannot be expected, that so much Vertue should be found in a *Slave*. I would not have thee vex thy self, for what cannot be recover'd. *Adieu.*

Paris, 14th. of the 9th. Moon,

of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XIV.

To Solyman, his Cousin.

I Cannot approve thy Singularity, in prescribing to thy self a Rule of Life, different from that wherein thou wert Educated, and from the Laudable Manners of all True Believers. Thou hast not done well, in deserting the Publick Congregations of the Faithful, to follow the Superstitions of New Upstart Sects: Who, whilst they profess greater Purity than Others, do secretly Undermine the Credit of our Holy Law-giver, reproach all the Mussulmans throughout the World, and introduce Libertinism, and a Contempt of the Majesty, which cannot behold Uncleanliness.

Are they Wiser than their Fathers, who for so many Ages have obey'd the Sacred Traditions? Or, will they pretend to correct the Messenger of God? He commanded us, to observe the Purifications taught by the Angel: Whence do these Innovators derive their new-founded Authority, of Dispensing with the Positive Injunctions of Heaven? Will they enter into the Blasphemy of the Infidels? and say, the Prophet was a Seducer, and that the Alcoran is but a Collection of Fables? If they believe the Pages replenish'd with Truth and Reason, why do they seek to retrench the Divine Commandments, and traverse the Law transported from Heaven? Is it an Argument of

of their Piety, that they carve out to themselves such a *Religion*, as suits with their Licentious-Spirits? And, that they pick and chuse such *Precepts*, as indulge them most in a Careless Life? Is this to be *Musfubman*, that is, *Resign'd*, when they will not obey the *Sovereign Law-giver* of Heaven and Earth, but upon their own Conditions? *Consis*, I counsel thee, to beware of these *Schismatics*, who, by breaking the *Union* of the *True Believers*, secretly oppose the *Eternal Unity* self, on which our *Mighty Empire* is founded and rests.

I am obliged to the *Post*, who waits at my Door, till I have finished my *Disputation*. Therefore, I cannot now answer thy Letter at Large: Another Time, expect a more ample *Expostulation*. Mean while, I advise thee to return to the *Practice* from which thou art fall'n: Go to the *Assemblies* of those, who pour out *Devout Oraisens*: Keep a Clean Skin, and a Pure Heart: And, make not thyself a *Companion of Swine*.

Paris, 24th. of the 10th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

To Hafnadar-Baffy, Chief Treasurer  
to the Grand Signior.

THIS Day Paris makes a Figure like Ancient Rome, when that Mistress of the World honour'd her Generals with Publick Triumphs, at their Return from the Conquer'd Nations. The Streets are hung with Tapestries, and strew'd with Lawrels: The Shops are shut up. The Young Men and Virgins are cloathed in their best Array. They walk up and down in Consorts, singing the *Days* of *Enguien's* Praise: Whilst the Old and Decrepid, sit at their Doors, to see the Hero make his Entry, and rehearse the *Memoirs* of their former Years. With Tears of Joy, they heap Blessings on the Victorious Youth, as he rides along: And, throwing their Age and Crutches by for a while, they consecrate the Rest of the Day to the Publick *Jubilee*.

Wouldst thou know the Occasion of all this Joy? 'Tis to welcome this Prince Home from the Successful Toils of War. For, let his Courage and Conduct be what it will, if he had made a fruitless Campaign, his Entertainment had been different. But, Fortune has been propitious to him; and, the happy Event of his Arms, crowns him with Gl

After

After the Departure of the *Duke of Orleans* from the Camp, the Command of the whole Army devolv'd on this *General*. Whole fiery *Genius* would not let him Rest, till he had done something worthy of the Character he aim'd at.

His first Attempt was, on a Place of no great Strength, called *Furnes*, which he took with Ease. Then he march'd to *Dunkirk*, one of the Strongest Towns in *Europe*. There was in it at that Time, a Garrison of Five and Twenty Hundred Foot, and Three Hundred Horse, commanded by a *Nobleman* of great Valour. I think they call him the *Marquis de Leide*. This *Governour* did so many brave Things, in Defence of this Place, as even surpass'd his own Fame, and the Expectations of others; though, both were very Great. Yet, at Length, he was forced to yield to the Courage and Fortune of the Young *Duke*, and that at a Time, when the other *Spanish Generals* were coming to his Relief. The Town was surrendred, on the 7<sup>th</sup>. of this *Month*. And, the *Duke* having left the Necessary Commands to the *Mareschals* his Lieutenants, is come Home to receive the Attentions of the People, the Honour of a Publick Triumph, and the particular Care of the King, and the whole *Court*. Amidst all this Applause and Glory, he must be content to stand the Shock of Envy, which always endeavours to lessen the Reputation of the Brave and Heroick.

As for *Mahmut*, he neither Envy nor admires the fading Honours of Mortality: Knowing, that when a Man is on the Highest Pinnacle of Humane Glory, he stands uneasy; nor can he descend from thence, but by a Precipice.

Paris, 24th. of the 10th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

## LETTER XVI.

To Ibrahim Hali Cheik, *A Man of the Law.*

IF it be a Sign of a Flourishing State, when Vices are suppress'd; one would presage, That *Paris* is in a thriving Condition. The Governour of this City, has newly publish'd an *Edict*, forbidding all *Stews* and *Brothel-Houses* under severe Penalties; banishing all *Harlots*, and such as by the Toleration of the Government, have hitherto made a Profession of *Whoredom*, getting a Livelibood by Debauching the Youth of the City. This appears a great Novelty to the *French*; who, in this Matter, have been permitted all along, to live in an unbridled Licentiousness. The *Jew* Sort, exclaim with open Mouth against this unseasonable Rigour, (as they call it;) and those who are oblig'd to appear publick Advo-



Advocates for Harlots, yet privately murmur against their Superiors, for retrenching Liberty, without which, they say, their Lives would be uncomfortable.

They give a very favourable Character of Whore; calling her, *A certain kind Creature, born to mitigate the Labours, and soften the Cares of Human Life.* They plead, That such Women are Necessary Members of a Commonwealth; whilst, with their Careless, they restrain libidinous Youth from falling into greater Enormities: That the State receives no small Profit from the Tribute, which is levied on these Houses of Pleasure; and, that therefore they have been, and are permitted in all Countries. That the Holy Father himself, tolerates an Infinite Number of them in Rome, which nevertheless has acquired the Title of the Holy City: That all the Princes in Italy, have followed his Example; there being no other way to prevent Adulteries, Incests, and the Vice which ought not to be named: That the State regarded not the Morality or Immorality of Men's Actions, any farther than they tended to the Publick Welfare: And, in fine, that so vast a Number of Priests, and Religious, serv'd for no other End, but to atone by their Sacrifices, Prayers, Alms and Fastings, for the Sins of the People.

These are the Discourses of such as patronize the Corruption of Government; and are unwilling to be wean'd from a Wickedness, establish'd by Innumerable Custom in the City. But, those who cherish an Esteem for Virtue

Vertue, and an incorrupt Life, applaud the Wisdom and Resolution of the *Magistrate*, saying, That he deserves a *Statue* to be erected to his Memory, who first had the Courage to check this Popular Evil, and introduce an Integrity of Manners.

I, who was bred in the *Profession* of Purity, and the *Law* which admits no *Pollution*, cannot but acquiesce to the Sentiments of the latter; our *Holy Law-giver*, having expressly forbidden the Practice of Uncleanness and Fornication with Strangers, and Women that prostitute themselves to all Lovers. It being sufficient, that to gratifie Humane Passion, and to sweeten the Toils of Life, he has indulg'd us the Use of *Four VVives*; and many *Other Females*, as we can purchase either by the Sword or Money.

Adieu, Sage *Cheik*; and, if I have interrupted thy more Important Studies with so Trivial a Subject, believe, that it is for want of a proper Occasion to signifie to thee, how much thou art in my Thoughts; and, that I would not have our Friendship die, through too long Silence.

*Paris, 24th. of the 10th. Moon,*  
*of the Year 1647.*

LETTER

## LETTER XVII.

To Mustapha, Bassa of Silistria.

THE Fortune of War, has ravish'd *Afa* from the *Grand Signior*, but has not robb'd thee of the Glory thou acquirest. Three Years ago in the Conquest of that City, nor sullied thy present Arms, with any Mark of Disgrace, that were of late so vigorously employ'd to relieve it. Had the *Moscovites* performed the same Part, when thou didst encircle that Nest of Pyrates with the *Ottoman* Forces, as they have now done; the *Cossacks* would not then so tamely have abandon'd their Native Seat, and left the Characters of their Despair, imprinted in the Ruines of their Habitations. The Protection of that Potent *Crown*, has given them new Vigor; and, 'tis to the Valour of those *Northern Salvages*, they owe the Liberty they now enjoy, to sit by their own Fires.

The *Moscovites* are a fierce and warlike Nation, inur'd to Hardships from the Work. The Midwives plunge the new-born Infant in Cold Water; and, if they out-live that Tryal, the Mother thinks her Child not worth a Tear. The Women have no partial Tendernesses for their Babes, but cherish all for the Service of their Country. They teach em, when Young, to rowl in Snow, and bathe themselves in Ice dissolv'd in Water.

Water. They make 'em familiar with the Extremities of Heat and Cold, Hunger, Thirst, and Labour, that when they come of Age, and can bear Arms, they may go boldly to the Wars, and bravely throw their Lives away to serve the Publick Good. In this they seem to revive the Wisdom of the Ancient *Spartans*, who gloried in Nothing so much, as in educating their Youth hardily, and free from the Effeminate Softnesses of other Nations. They esteem'd Infancy and Youth, the Spring-time of Good Manners, when Vertue is in the Blossom: If that be cold or blasted, the Fruit must prove abortive, and unprofitable. Therefore they took care to season their Early Years, with wholesome Instructions, and Masculine Exercises.

Who, among the warlike *Osmons*, does not laugh at the unmanly Education of the *Persian Sophists*; who being for so many Years confin'd to the Company and Discipline of Females, seem fitter to be made Overseers of a Nursery, than to ascend a Throne?

But, thou wilt say, I take large Leaps, from the North of Europe, to one of the most Southern Tracts in Asia. I was discoursing of the *Moskovites*, and the Assistance they afforded the *Cossacks* in recovering *Asiac*. I pass'd from thence to the Manner of their Education. Permit me now, to divert thee with Something peculiar and uncommon, in the Character of the *Russian* Women. I am acquainted with a Gentleman in this City, who

has travelled through all that Part of *Europe* and resided some Years at *Mosco*. He is The *Russian* Wives think themselves not loved by their Husbands, unless they be them every Day. They take his Correction as a Mark of his Favour and Esteem. If the silly Females are angry or peevish, he has other way to court 'em into a better Humour but by Stripes. This is the only convincing Argument of his Sovereignty over them, Demonstration of his Manhood, the Cause which fastens both their Love and Obedience.

He highly applauds the absolute Religion, which the People shew to their *Duke*; in that they pretend not to possess Estates and Lives, but through his Favour during his Pleasure. He says, the Succession of the *Czars*, or *Great Dukes* of *Russia*, in former Times determin'd after this Manner. A great Stone was plac'd in a large Field belonging to the City of *Mosco*. When a *Czar* died, his Sons, or the next of Kin, were conducted into this Field, and placed at an equal Distance from the Stone: Then on a certain Signal given, they all ran together toward it; and he that first reach'd it, was to stand on the Top of it, was established on the *Throne*.

The Reverence which these People pay to their *Prince*, may in Part be ascribed to his seldom appearing in Person to them, but when surrounded with his *Boyers* or *Nobles*, in the most Magnificent Equipage, that could be

be supposed proper, to strike a Terror and awe into his Subjects, and cause them to Honour him, as little less than a God. The Eyes of the Vulgar, are dazzl'd with so many Splendors, of Silver, Gold and Jewels; And, when the *Great Duke* makes his solemn Appearance or Cavalcade, they are almost ready to think, That Heaven has descended to Earth, to do them the Honour of a Visit. These are the Arts of *Russian Policy*, by which an Infinite Number of People are charm'd into an Obedience to the *Sovereign*. Senseless, the *Majesty* of a *King*, receives no lustre from External Ornaments; the multitude being captivated with whatsoever is Gay and Glittering. Yet, our Glorious *Monarch*, scorn to borrow Advantage from, or to add their Grandeur to any Thing, but theiralted Blood, and sublime, innate Ver-

But, every Nation have their peculiar Customs, and distinct Reasons of State. The Constitution of all Governments is not alike: The Model of *Lacedemonian Policy*, would not suit with *Athens*.

Thou whose Education was in the *Royal Academy* of the *Osman Emperours*; that hast been instructed to imitate the *Bee*, which sucks Honey, from every *Flower*: Thou knowest how to make a Choice of good Examples, and to reject the Ill; to imitate the Valour of *One Nation*, the Prudence of *Another*, the Frugality of a *third*; so shalt thou be consummate in

Vertue, and acquit thy self a general.

Paris, 15th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

## LETTER XVIII.

To Solyman, Kyzlar Aga,  
of the Black Eunuchs.

I Am just now return'd to my Chamber from the *Palace* of the *King*. As I went along the Streets, I saw in every Face Signatures of a profound Sorrow, which seem'd to have diffused it self over their whole Bodies; for, both the *Court* and *City* lay on Mourning, for the Death of *Henri*, late *Prince of Conde*.

He was not full Sixty Years of Age, when he left this Visible World, to be remov'd into a Region utterly unknown to Men. The *French*, not without Reason, lament the Loss of a Man, who, to speak the Language of him, buoy'd up the Domestick Interests of the Kingdom, which seem'd otherwise ready to totter. He was the Balance which kept the different Passions of the *Court* and *City* by his Prudence and Justice, calming them into a peaceable Mediocrity.



He was born some *Moons* after his Father's Death, whom the most execrable Method of Murdering, would not suffer to Spin out those Years which *Nature* would have indulg'd him; being snatch'd away by Poison.

*Henry IV.* so long as he remain'd without Issue, fix'd his Eyes on this Posthumous Young Prince, and gave him an Education suitable to one, whom *Fate* had designed to be the Heir of the *Crown*. Yet afterwards, Jealousie sold his Affection, when the Prince had married *Charlote*, the Duke of *Montmorency* Daughter, whom *Henry IV.* loved to a Degree of Passion.

It is dangerous to have a Sovereign Prince, his Rival in Love. That Match had well-nigh ruined the Young Prince of *Conde*. He was forced to fly into *Holland* with his Prince, and make that Province the Sanctuary of her Honour. From thence he travell'd through *Germany*, and return'd not to *France*, till after the Murder of *Henry IV.*

During the Minority of *Lewis XIII.* he sided the Factions, affecting to become popular. Were it not for this Ambition, his life had been without Blemish, and he might have blown out *Diogenes* his *Mid-day-Candle*. No Man is free from Fault. All the Difference between the Vertuous and Vicious, consists in this, That one commits fewer Crimes than the other, and those not by Intention or Habit, but through the Insupportable Proclivity of *Nature*. Every Man has

his *Genial Vices*, his *Constitutional* and though he may appear a *Saint* in Things else, yet in these he will still be a *Sinner*.

He suffered Five Years Imprisonment in *Bastile*, which is a Place put to the same Use as the *Castle of the Seven Towers* in *Constantinople*. The *Princess* his Wife, was his Companion all the Time, and shared in his Misfortunes, as well as his Prosperity.

During that tedious Confinement, he became Father of a Daughter, who was afterwards Married to the *Duke of Longueville*. And, when he was set at Liberty, he became the *Duke of Enguien*, now *Prince of Camille* and the *Prince of Conti*.

The *French* speak well of the *Deceased Prince*. He was of a lively Spirit, cheerful and affable in Conversation, mixing his Recreations with his severer Business, regularly observing Order in all his Affairs. Yet, to say, he was Covetous, having heaped up great Treasures by a Parsimony which was of that *Blood* had ever before practised.

On his Death-bed he recommended Three Things to the Practice of his Son, the *Duke of Enguien*; Never to revenge a Private Injury; And, freely to hazard his Life, for the *Publick Good*.

I chose to transmit to thee the News of this *Prince's* Death, with this brief Account of his Life, and Character of his Disposition in Regard thou hast seen him in Germany, and I remember to have heard thee speak of his Praise.

Continue to love *Mahmut*, who is never forgetful to oblige his Friends.

Paris, 15th. of the 11th. Moon,  
of the Year 1646.

L E T T E R XIX.



*To the Kaimacham.*

THE *Posts* from *Catalonia* came in last Night, laden with ill News from the Army, which has been forced to decamp from before *Lerida*, leaving the greatest Part of their Artillery to the *Spaniards*. That Place, was always Fatal to the *French*. Yet, the Passion of the Court, vents it self on the Count & Harcourt, because he could not reverse the Decrees of *Destiny*. All his former Meritorious Actions, seem now to be cancell'd, by this one Disgrace, though it was unavoidable: So peevish are *Princes*, when their Expectations are cross'd. Some suspect him guilty of private Correspondence; Others tax him with Cowardise. All this is, during the Heat of their Resentments: The same Persons, it may be, will change their Sentence, when they consider, that he had lain before it Seven *Moons*, even till the Trenches of his Camp were filled with Snow, and that his Soldiers died of Famine or Cold: For, the

*Winter*, began to be insupportable, and the Country was barren of all Things necessary to sustain such an Army. I cannot see, where this *General* deserves Reproach; unless it be a Crime to be a Man, and to have the Command of such as are made of Flesh and Blood, as well as he.

In *Italy*, the *French* have taken *Piombino* and *Portofino*. This Latter, is the most Important Town in the *Isle of Elbe*; yet, was not able to sustain above Nineteen Days Siege.

They say, there is a Fountain in this *Island*, whose Waters flow at the *Sun-rising*; but, in the *Evening*, are dried up. The *Superstitious* have odd Conceits of this Fountain, relishing of the Ancient *Pagan Vanities*; but the *Learned* attribute it to *Natural Causes*. So, the *Jews* tell of a River in the *East*, that stands still on the *Seventh Day* of the Week. This they adduce, as a Confirmation of their *Law*, which commands them to rest from Labours on the *Seventh Day*, because, on that Day *God* rested from forming the *Creatures* of the *World*. They say also, That the *Satyrs*, and other *Monsters* in the *Desart*, shun the Light of the *Sun* that Day; hiding themselves in Caverns of the Earth, and Cursing the *Sabbath*, because he surpriz'd *God*, before he had quite finish'd their *Forms*; for which Reason, they are *Impure* and *Monstrous* to this Day.

The *Divine Unity*, who is the Root of all *Numbers*, and has consecrated the Number

*Seven*,

*Seven*, to many *Mysterious* Ends, grant, that neither thou nor I may forget the Answers we must give to the *Seven Questions* of the *Port of Paradise*.

Paris, 7th. of the 12th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1646.

## LETTER XX.

To Bajazet, Bassa of Greece.

IT appears to me, by evident Symptoms, That there is some deep Design afoot in this Court. The *Grandeess* assemble often, and sit late. Extraordinary *Courriers* are sent out, and come in, at all Hours of the Night. Strange Reports are industriously spread about the City. Trading is at a Stand, the *Banquiers* reserv'd, and little Money stirring; which makes the Populace murmur. They complain of the Times, as is usual in Publick Discontents: The *Old* discourage and scold the *Young*, by making Comparisons of the Age and Reign, with the Happy Days of *Henry the Great*. They fill their Ears, with Golden Stories of former Times; and inspiring into them a Love of the Past, they equally introduce a Hatred of the Present Government. These are the Common Artifices of Faction. And, though none appears

Yet under any distinct Name or Title, 'tis easie to prognosticate; from these *Indes*, That ere long the Masque will be taken off, and Sedition will shew her self bare fac'd.

Tother Day, a Fellow run-Crying through the Streets, *God save the King, but the Duke take the Italian.* He was followed by a few, and those of the most Contemptible. Yet no Officer or Magistrate in this City, would cause him to be apprehended, or attempt to suppress the Mutiny he was raising. The Citizens smil'd at his Boldness, and Moore was brought him from unknown Hands. The Women bless'd him as a *Prophet*, and the Virgins fell down before the *Altar* on his Behalf: The *Temples* were crowded with Votaries, or rather with the Factions of this new Sedition; as if they strove to draw their *Gods* into the Cabal, and would make *Heaven* it self abett their Tumults. His Train increas'd as he measured the Streets, till at length he was seiz'd by the *Guard*s, the Rabble dispersed, and all Things restored to Quiet. That Night, a *Double Watch* was kept throughout the City; the Fellow was strictly examin'd; and put to the *Rack*; yet no Confession could be extorted from him, save, *That the Publick Good inclin'd him to take this Course: That the Tyranny and Oppression which Cardinal Mazzini exercised, were Insupportable: and, That he was ready to sacrifice his Life for the Welfare of his Country.* He is condemn'd to the Gallies.

Gallies during his Life. And, great Endeavours are used to find out the Authors of this Novelty. For he is looked on but as an Instrument, set at work by some Malecontents of higher Quality, and the Fore-runner of some more formidable Insurrection.

*Proclamations* are issued out, to forbid all Discourse of *State-Matters*; but, the People spare not, to whisper their Sentiments.

The Young King is taken Ill, which augments the Publick Jealousie: Men shake their Heads, and look dejected, as they walk along the Streets. Some menace Revenge with their furrow'd Brows; Others speak openly, *That the Kingdom is sold to Strangers*. A General Consternation and Disorder has seiz'd all, while their Fears prompt 'em daily to expect a Change. To obviate the Mischiefs which those Popular Passions threaten, Soldiers are drawn from divers Parts of the Country by *Mazarini's* Order, and by insensible Companies quarter'd up and down *Paris*. Between these and the Citizens, there happen divers Quarrels, frequent Murders are committed; while the Night, which covers all Things with Darkness, serves to shroud their mutual Outrages, and private Revenges. Thus, the Publick Calamities are cherish'd: What will be the Issue, Time will evince.

In the mean while, the Affairs of *Germany* and *Suedeland*, seem to be in a fair Way of Composure. Divers *Treaties* are on Foot,  
in



in Order to a General Peace in *Chri-*  
*dom*. The *Embassadors* and *Deputies* of  
 feveral Contesting *Crowns*, have frequent  
 Conferences. But, each Party insists  
 vehemently on Circumstantial, that No  
 but fruitless Demurs conclude their *Me-*  
*ings*. *France* has a great Stroke in all the  
 Affairs: And, 'tis grown to a *Proverb*,  
 Cardinal Mazarini carries all the Courts  
 of Europe in his Bosom.

The *Suedes* treat like *Victors*; and  
*Germans*, though much enfeebl'd, yet  
 not forget the *Majesty* of the *Impe-*  
*Sceptre*. The *Danes* have an Interest to  
 secute; and, the *Poles* are not without  
 Pretensions. *National* Pride and Honour  
 have a great Influence on these *Crown-*  
*But*, the *Hollanders*, like Merchants, act  
 according to the Rules of Profit. They  
 on no *Punctilio's*, but such as advance  
 Traffick; knowing, that Money is the New  
 of War. In this they are to be esteem'd  
 Wise, their *Commonwealth* being as yet but  
 her Nonage; her Strength not knit, nor  
 in a Capacity to wrestle with her *Power-*  
*Neighbours*.

*England* finds Business enough at home  
 to employ both her Money, Wit and Arms.  
 Nor can she be at Leisure, to attend to  
 Foreign Transactions.

*Spain* ever follows the Interest of the *Ger-*  
*man Court*; it being the Unalterable *Maxim*  
 of the *House of Austria*, To remain United  
 and aggrandize it self.

*Italy* has various Interests; and, *Venice* in particular, is in strict Friendship with this Court.

*Portugal* is still upon her Guard, against the restless *Spaniards*: And *Don Juan de Braganza*, makes Foreign Alliances.

The *Supreme Monarch* of the *Visible* and *Invisible Worlds*, who sits on the *Throne* of *Adamant*, under the *Covert* of the *Eternal Tree*, grant, That the *Distractions* of these *Infidel-Princes* and *States*, may continue, till the Time appointed by *Fate* shall come, wherein the *Faithful Osmans* shall possess the *Red Apple*.

Paris, 25th. of the 1st. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

## LETTER XXI.

To Pestelihali, his Brother.

I Thought my self forgotten by the Son of my Mother, who has suffer'd so many Decades of *Moons* to measure out the Term of his kind Silence, and of my Melancholy. 'Tis now Three Years since I heard from thee. But, I will not complain of a Fault so innocently expiated, though late. Thou hast made me ample Amends, in sending me an Elaborate and Succinct *History* of thy *Travels*: In reading of which, I know whether my Pleasure or Profit is great. Thou hast so interwoven Delightful Adventures of thy own, and pleasant Passages of others, with Curious and Solid Observations, that a Man Improves himself Insensibly, whilst the Charming Language and Miscellany, serve as a Spur, at once to rowze and fasten his Attention, to Points of most useful Knowledge.

The *Christians* are apt to despise the *True Believers*, as a Company of Ignorant People, Unacquainted with the World, Unpolish'd both in their Understandings and Manners, not vers'd in the *Liberal Sciences*, not addicted to the Study of any Thing, but Riches and Honour, and how to augment the *Mussulman Empire*. They consider not at the same time, that *God* has made us *Rational* Creatures,

Creatures, as well as them; has endued us with the same *Natural* Faculties; and, that to all *Nations*, he has Inspir'd some with a thirst of Knowledge, furnishing them also with the Abilities and Means to attain it. They consider not, that if *Printing* be prohibited among us, 'tis to suppress the Multitude of Unprofitable *Books*, with which *Europe* too much abounds: And, that in their Stead we have many Thousands of Industrious *Scribes*, whose whole Employment is, to translate the most Excellent and Learned *Treatises* of the *Ancients*. And, that consequently, a studious *Mahometan* cannot be destitute of such *Books*, as may instruct him in *True Philosophy*, sound *Morals*, and the *History* of the Most Memorable Transactions in the World. Assuredly, our *Arabia* may boast of her *Avicen's*; *Mesue's*, *Averroe's*, *Hali's* and *Albunazar's*; and, that she has brought forth many others, who need not in any Point of *Humane* or *Divine Learning*, yield the *Palm* to the most Eminent *Doctors*, *Philosophers*, *Orators* and *Poets* among the *Christians*.

Add to this the equal Benefit some of our *Belief* reap, by Travelling into Foreign Countries, which crowns all their Studies with Experimental Knowledge and Wisdom: Rendering them as familiar, with the different *Natures* of *Men*, and the various *Constitutions* of *Government*, as before they were with *Books*.

This appears evident in thy Letter, which  
is.

is replenished with so many solid Reasons and sage Comments, on the *Laws* and *Customs* of the *Regions*, through which those pass'd, their *Religions*, *Strength* and *Riebet*, whatsoever else was worthy a *Traveller's* notice; That were this *Narrative* publish'd in *Christendom*, the *Nazarenes*, would forthwith speak so contemptibly of the *True Believers*.

But, they flatter themselves with a false Notion, That the *Ottomans* never travel beyond the Limits of their own *Empire*, except the *Publick Chiausces*, who are sent by the *Grand Signior*. They are ignorant, that the *August Port* maintains *Private Agents* in all *Nations*; and, that there is hardly a *Prince's Court* in *Christendom* without a *Mosulman* in it one Time or other. 'Tis true, we appear not in the *Garb* peculiar to the *East*. Our *Mission*, requires a *Conformity* to the *Fashions* of the *People* where we *Reside*. But, we still retain the *Interiour Vestment* of *Mosulman Purity*; being in a double Sence *Consecrated*. Thus we become *Masters* of the *Christians* *Secrets*, whilst they account us *Stupid* *Ignorant*, and *Men void of Common Sense*.

Besides, had we not this Advantage, in these *Western Parts*; yet, the *Universal Privilege* of *Travelling* and maintaining free *Commerce* over all the *East*, must needs afford great opportunities of *Accomplishment* to some among the *Caravans* of so many *Thousands*, as visit *Persia*, *India*, *China*, *Tartary*, and all Places where the *Faith* of the *Missioner of God* is professed.

I am extremely pleased with thy fortunate Escapes from *Robbers* on the Road, whose Malice rarely extends farther, than to deprive a Man of those *Outward Goods*, which, if he be wise, he will not call *his Own*. Much more am I delighted, with thy Deliverance from those *Female Thieves*, who steal from Men their Hearts and Reason; which last is our Noblest, and only proper Inheritance. All *Persia* and the *Indies*, abound with *Courtezans*; and he had need of *Osman's* Chastity, who would withstand so many and strong Temptations.

Thou needest not wonder at the Effeminacy of the present *Mogul*, who suffers himself and his *State*, to be govern'd by *Women*. That Subtle and Aspiring Sex, have always sought to undermine or over-reach our *Race*. They keep behind the *Scenes*, yet act their Parts, in all the *Tragedies* and *Revolutions* of the *World*. The Father of the present *Indian King*, made an Absolute Resignation of his *Sovereignty* to his Queen, for Four and Twenty Hours. This *Prince*, by a strange Affectation, called himself, *King of the World*. His Wife was the Daughter of an *Arabian Captain*, who had served him in the Wars: But, having forfeited his Head by some Notorious *Treason*, his Daughter went and threw herself at the *Mogul's* Feet, to beg his Life. He fell passionately in Love with her, (for, he had not her Equal for Beauty in all the *East*), granted her *Petition*, and married her. Afterwards, she got such an *Empire* over him,

him, that he would do Nothing without her Advice and Consent. At her Instigation, she made *War or Peace*: And to please her Humour, he put out the Eyes of his Eldest Son. But, not satisfied with these Differences of his Love, and resolving to make himself Famous by some Extraordinary Action, she never ceas'd soliciting the King, with the Arts of Female Policy, till she had prevailed on him, to surrender up his Authority to her for the Space of a Day. In which Time (having prepared all things beforehand ready for her Purpose) she caus'd Ten Millions of *Roupies*, in Silver and Gold, to be coin'd, and stamp'd with the *Twelve Signs* of the *Zodiack*; contrary to the *Fundamental Laws* of the *Empire*, the *Express Prohibition* of our *Holy Prophet*, and the *Universal Practice* of the *Mussulmans* throughout the *World*, who admit not the *Representations* of *Creatures* that have *Life*. This Relation I had from my *Uncle Useph*, who resided in the *Indian Court* Eleven Years. He adds moreover, That during this short *Female Reign*, she cut off the Heads of Seven *Gracées*, the most zealous for the *Mussulman Faith* among all the *Indian Princes*, and established at many *Idolaters* in their *Places*. And, that if her Orders had been fully executed, she had quite changed the *Government*, Consecrated the most beautiful *Mosques* to the *Service* of *Idols*, Exterminated the *True Faithful*, and restored the *Ancient Abominations* of the *Infidels*. Which thou wilt not

think



think Impracticable, when thou considerest, That the Number of the *Uncircumcised* in the *Indies*, far exceeds that of the *Mussulmans*; there being Ten Thousand of those, to a Hundred of such as profess the *Unity* of the *Divine Nature*. But however, there was *Loyalty* found even among those *Pagans*; and, they would not suffer a *Blind Zeal* for the *Worship* of their *Gods*, to supplant the *Duty* they ow'd their *King*.

The Description thou hast made of *Candahar*, and the Method thou hast projected to take that *Impregnable City*, discover at once thy Conduct and Diligence, in procuring Liberty to survey so narrowly, the most Important Place of the *Indies*; and thy Skill in Fortifications, with the Quickness of thy Invention, which has suggested to thee, that which all the *Engineers* of *Asia* have never so much as dreamt of. This is the right Use of Travelling, when a Man returns from Foreign *Nations*, cultivated with Experimental Knowledge, and stock'd with Improvements, that may render him serviceable to his Country.

Thou condemnest the Injustice and Avarice of the *Indian Moguls*; who, as soon as any of the *Omrabs*, or *Great Men* die, cause all his Estate and Goods to be seiz'd, to their own proper Use. Whereby it comes to pass, that the Widow and Children of the Deceased, are reduced to the lowest Condition of Poverty, being many Times forced to beg for a Subsistence. 'Tis true, this is an Oppression not to be justified, especially in those who profess  
to

to Believe in *One God Creator* of *All Things*, the *Incorrupt Judge* of the *Universe*. what thinkest thou then of our *Sultans*, not having *Patience* to wait, till a *Natural Death* shall make them *Heirs* to the *Wealth* of a *Bassa*, generally secure their *Title*, and hasten their *Possession* by a *Bow-string*? These are *Royal Violences*: Though the *Resignation* of *Subjects*, must not tax them with a *Crime*, who are *Accountable* to none but *God*.

It was, however a notable Piece of *Rascality*, with which the *Widow* of a *Rich Merchant*, reproved this *Unreasonable Custom* in the present *Mogul*. Her *Husband* was an *Idolator*, who had heaped together an *Immense Treasure* by *Trading* and *Usury*; and, when he died, left her worth *Two Hundred Thousand Roupies*. Her *Son*, some *Years* after coming of *Age*, demanded of her a *Stock* to set up with as a *Merchant*. Which she, either out of *Avarice*, or for other *Ends*, refused him; furnishing him onely with such *Small Sums*, as served to nourish his *Discontent*, and tempt him to a *lewd, careless Life*. But, at length, not being able to prevail on his *Mother*, to part with so much as would answer his *Expectations*, he complained to the *Mogul*, disclosing also what *Estate* his *Father* had left. The *Mogul* being informed of so much *Riches*, sent for the *Young Man's Mother*, and commanded her, to send him *Half* her *Money*; ordering, that the other *Half*, should be divided between her *Self* and her *Son*. The *Widow* not being at all surpris'd,

cast down at this unjust Proposal, made the *Mogul* this short Reply: O King, may the Gods make thee Happy. My Son has some Reason to require his Share of his Father's Estate, having his Blood running in his Veins; but, I desire to know, what Relation Thou art to my Husband or Me, that Thou claimest a Share in his Inheritance. The Prince abash'd at so smart and bold an Address, commanded her to give Half her Estate to her Son, and so dismissed her.

I have heard some of our *Chianuses* praise the Magnificence of the *Mogul's Court*, the infinite Number of his Attendants: But above all, they extoll the Inimitable Grandeur of his Throne, which is adorn'd with so many Topazes, Rubies, Emeralds, Pearls and Diamonds, as amount to Thirty Millions of *Pieces*. But, were it not much better, instead of all this Needless Glory, he should boast, That his Empire is founded in the Hearts of his Subjects? He does not consider, That such prodigious Heaps of envied Treasure are but so many glittering *Snares*, Golden *Manacles*, which serve for no other Use, but to chain him up from that Freedom, and those more Innocent Delights, that the Meanest of his Subjects enjoy.

Thou hast, I perceive, discours'd with the *Bramins*: Dost not thou discover, even in these *Idolaters*, a Contempt of Riches? What mean Thoughts have they of the Splendor and Gayeties of the Court? What a low Esteem,

Esteem, of the Long and Proud *Series of Titles*, with which the *Moguls* endeavour to exalt themselves? Whilst they are the *Lights of the World*, and *Companions of the Sun*; these poor *Philosophers* know, That in a little Time, they shall be laid in *Darkness*, and have no better *Society* than the *Worms*. What signifies their *Pedigree*; that the present *Mogul*, is but the *Tenth Descendent* from the *Mighty Temurlen*, who made all *Asia* tremble, if he has lost the *Vertue* of his *Glorious Ancestor*? *Truth* alone, makes all *Mentally Noble*.

Thou tellest me, That the *Empire of the Mogul*, affords him more *Revenues*, than the *Dominions* of any Two the most Potent *Monarchs* on *Earth*. I have heard as much from Others; which convinces me, That thou hast inform'd thy self rightly of the *Present State* of the *Indies*. But dost thou therefore esteem this *Monarch* the *King of Kings*? Consider the vast *Extent* of his *Dominions*, which are said to contain more than a Hundred Leagues in Length, and thou wilt find, that to maintain so great a *Tract of Ground*, both against his *Foreign* and *Domestic Enemies*, he is oblig'd to keep in *Constant Pay*, some Millions of his *Subjects* and *Strangers*: For he is in the *Midst* of *Enemies*, even amongst his own *Subjects*. There are above an Hundred *Sovereigns* in his *Empire*, who perpetually by Turns molest his *Government*, refusing to pay *Tribute*, and raising *Armies* against him: Whereby it comes

comes to pass, That he is at an Infinite Expence to defend himself, and carry on those Endless Wars. Thou thy self having observ'd, that once in Two *Moons*, there is an Indispensible Necessity of paying these prodigious Armies: Not a Soldier throughout his *Em- peror*, having any thing to live on, save the Wages he receives of the King.

Consider also, that this *Monarch*, always keeps some Thousands of the finest Horses in the World, near his Person, such as cost Thousands of *Roupies* apiece: Besides a Thousand Elephants; with an Incredible Number of Mules, Camels, and other Beasts of Burden, to carry his Wives, his Goods and Provisions, when he takes the Field: That whole Cities, even as Large as *Constantinople*, are obliged to follow the King's Camp for Subsistence, their Livelihood altogether depending on the Army. Add to this, the Immense Charges of his *Seraglio*, his *Camp* and Sea-Port Towns, with all the other necessary Expences of the *State*; and thou mayest conclude, That when this *Potentate* comes to cast up his Accounts, he will find himself a Poor Man.

But, I shall cloy thee with a Rehearsal of such Things, as thou canst not be a Stranger to.

Only tell me, Whether one of the *Rajas*, or *Princes* subject to the *Mogul*, be the real Descendent of *Porus*, the Ancient King of *India*, in the Time of *Alexander the Great*? I have been told by several Travellers, that there

there is such an One, that his Name is *Isa*  
and that an Hundred of the *Idolatrous*  
pay Homage to him, as to their *Natural*  
*vereyn*.

Thou confirmest the Truth, of what  
been so often reported in these Parts, That  
*Prince* of *Java* has Six Fingers on each Hand  
and as many Toes on his Feet.

But, that seems very strange, which I  
relatest, of a certain *Language* among the  
*dians*, which is not Vulgarly spoken,  
that all their *Books* of *Theology*, the *Part*  
of their *Laws*, the *Records* of their *Nations*  
and the *Treatises* of *Human Arts* and *Sciences*  
are written in it. And that this *Language*  
is taught in their *Schools*, *Colleges* and  
*Academies*, even as *Latin* is among the *Christians*.  
I cannot enough admire at this: For,  
and when was this *Language* spoken?  
came it to be disus'd? There seems to be  
Mystery in it, that none of their *Brothers*  
can give any other Account of this,  
That it is the *Language*, wherein *God*  
to the *First Creature* he made, the  
*Books* of the *Law*; which, according to  
*Chronology*, was above Thirty Millions  
Years ago. I tell thee, my Dear Brother,  
News has started some odd Notions in  
Mind: For, when I consider, that this  
*Language*, as thou sayest, has nothing in it com-  
mon with the *Indian* that is now spoken  
nor with any other *Language* of *Asia*, or  
the *World*; and yet, that it is a *Complete*  
and *Regular Language*, learn'd by *Grace*

like the other *Maternal Languages*; and, that in this *Obsolete Language*, *Books* are written, wherein it is asserted, That the *World* is so many Millions of Years old; I could almost turn *Pythagorean*, and believe the *World* to be within a *Minute of Eternity*. And, where would be the Absurdity? Since *God* had equally the same Infinite Power, Wisdom and Goodness from all *Eternity*, as he had Five or Six Thousand Years ago. What should hinder him then from exerting these *Divine Attributes* sooner? What should retard him, from drawing forth this Glorious *Fabrick* earlier, from the *Womb of Nothing*? Suffer thy Imagination to start backwards as far as thou canst, even to Millions of Ages, and yet thou canst not conceive a Time, wherein this Fair Unmeasurable *Expanse*, was not stretch'd out. As if *Nature* her self had engraven on our *Intellects*, this *Record* of the *World's* Untraceable *Antiquity*; in that our strongest, swiftest Thoughts, are far too weak and slow, to follow Time back to its Endless Origin.

The *Revolution* in *China*, surpasses the *Common Changes* in *Kingdoms* and *Empires*. There is Something Excellively *Tragical*, in the *Catastrophe* of that *Royal House*.

Brother, in beholding that, thou hast seen *Humane Nature* in a *Trance*: And, thou art to thy self, if, after this, thou canst be fond of any Thing on Earth. Traveller, adieu.

Paris, 25th. of the 1st. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

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## LETTER XXII.

To Afis Bassa.

SEveral *Dispatches* have been lately sent between this Court, and that of *Suedeland* containing rather Matter of Compliment than any Thing of Great Importance. *Queen Christina* has been very Ill, which has occasion'd Letters of Condolence from the *Queen-Regent of France*.

Those which come from that Part, say That *General Torstenson* is made a Count; and the Dignity entail'd to his Posterity, in Recognition of his Eminent Services to the *Swedish Crown*.

These Letters add, That there have pass'd some high Words, between *Monsieur Chanut* and the *Swedish Secretary of State*. And that the latter, in going out of the Chamber where they discours'd, laid his Hand upon his Sword, with these Words: *Monsieur Chanut, Were it not for the Fence which the Law of Nations has rais'd about your Person, I would answer you in another Language.* To which *Monsieur Chanut* replied, That he had a Sword to defend himself and his *Principles of Honour*, as well as any *Suede* in the *World*.

The Occasion of this Quarrel was the great Resort of *Roman Catholic Strangers* to *Monsieur Chanut's Chapel*, which gave

gust to the *Suedes*, who allow not the Exercise of the *Roman Religion* within their Territories. They castrate all the *Priests* of that *Communion*, whom they find ; and prosecute the *Laity* with rigorous Penalties. But, *Monsieur Chanut* pleaded the *Law of Nations* : And, when the *Secretary* told him, that the *Queen* permitted him and his Family the Liberty of their *Religion*, but desired him not to admit any other Persons of what Nations soever ; This *Minister* replied, That he could not receive as a Favour or Permission from her Majesty, the Liberty of Exercising his Religion ; since, he held it only of his Master, the *King of France*, who had sent him thither, and that he would not shut the Door of his Chapel, against any that would come in ; but their Law, which according to their own Tradition, was made above Two Thousand Years before the Foundation of their Estate, could not derogate the Law of Nations, which is Eternally true : That this Perpetual Law, gave particular Privileges to certain Persons, and especially to the Ministers of Foreign Princes : That the New Law, such as it was, being only made to maintain the Publick Worship, regulated not what was done in the House of a Foreign Minister, by a Special Privilege ; it was of no Consequence to the State, whether Foreigners served God or not, or whether they worshipped Him in a Right or Wrong Manner : That no *Suede* came to his Chapel, but only some French who were Sojourners in that Land : That they did not use the *Suedish*

Ambassadors so in France, who admitted whom they pleased into their Chappels. That House where he now dwelt, was the House of the King of France; and that therefore, he could not by Consequence refuse any Catholic an Entrance into it, especially such as were Subjects of his Master: And, in Fine, That it was very Rude, to oblige him to be the Executioner of this severe Law, in requiring him to shut his Doors upon his Countrymen, against the Common Laws of Hospitality, the Honour of a Publick Minister, and the Pleasure of the King his Sovereign.

To this the Secretary made something to start a Reply. Whereupon, Words increasing between them, and the French Ambassador being resolute to assert his Privilege, the Secretary broke out into a Passion, and I have before mention'd; laying his Hand upon his Sword, as he was leaving the Room.

The Swedes, are Naturally a rugged, surly People, as are all the Northern Europeans. They are Strangers to Civility, and the Civil Address of the French. Yet, the Queen when she heard of this Passage, was angry with her Minister, and excused his Rudeness to Monsieur Chanut; telling him, That the Secretary was a Faithful Servant, but had been educated among the Bears of the Forest.

This puts me in Mind of a Story, which the French tell of another Ambassador, who Lewis XIII. sent to the Court of Spain. The Spaniards are of a haughty Temper, expe-

more than ordinary Submissions, from those who approach the King's Presence. This Ambassador, on the same Ground, was required to do some Homage, which would not consist with the Instructions of his Master; and therefore he refused to comply. The King of Spain, thinking to put him out of countenance, said aloud, *What! has the King of France, no other Men in his Court, than he looks to me such a Fool as this?* To which the Ambassador replied, *My Master has many other Men than my self about him; but, to a King, such an Ambassador.*

Thou wilt not perhaps approve such Rail-ry as this to *Crown'd Heads*, who ought to be treated with Reverence and Gravity. Yet, believe, thou wilt condemn the Cruelty of the Duke of Muscovy, who caused the Hat of a French Ambassador to be nailed to his Head, sitting covered before him. This is contrary to the *Genius of the East*, who abhor to see a Man bare-headed.

But, every Nation has its *Mode*: And I, according to the Fashion of my Country, kiss the Border of thy Vest, in Token of my Submission and Respect.

7th. of the 2d. Moon,  
the Year 1647.

## LETTER XXIII.

To the Mufti, most Venerable, and  
Worthy of all Honour.

THE Criticks, who spend their Time, and manifest their Wit, in discanting on the Court and the Grandees, find perpetual Matter of Discourse concerning Cardinal *Mazarini*. His daily Actions, furnish them with New Themes; and sometimes, they rehearse the Old. They compare him with his Predecessor *Richlieu*, and with Cardinal *Ximenes*, a Spanish Minister. They term them Three, the Trinity of Christian Statesmen. Thus distinguishing their Personal Characters: *Richlieu*, they say, was Crafty, Covetous, and Revengeful; *Ximenes* was Politick, Severe, and Valiant; *Mazarini* is Wise, Merciful, and Liberal.

The First made good his Character, they say, in heaping up such Prodigious Treasures in raising all those of his Family or Dependance to the Highest Honours; in occasioning the Voluntary Banishment of the Queen Mother; in ruining whomsoever he suspected; and finally, in making himself so much the Master of all Secrets, that the King, however disgusted and averse from him, yet could neither sit safe on his Throne without him when Living, nor venture the Management

of the *Publick* to any of his Creatures when Dead. Thus speak they of that Great Minister.

As to *Cardinal Ximenes*, they say he discover'd the Qualities which they ascribe to him, in the Method he took to raise himself to that envied Greatness; which was, by seeming to shun the Honours at which he secretly aim'd. For, being a *Devoted Dervise*, or *Religious Friar*, he appeared to be the most Mortify'd Man of the whole *Order*: Which being taken Notice of, he was made *Provincial*; from which *Dignity*, he made but one Step more to the *Purple*: And, growing Eminent for his Abilities, he was made the *First Minister* in the *Court of Spain*.

He levy'd Sixteen Thousand Men at his own Cost, invaded *Barbary*, storm'd their strongest Cities, and reduc'd the whole Kingdom of *Tripoli* and *Algiers* to his Master's Obedience.

Whilst he was at the Head of his Army, one Day there happen'd a Mutiny among his Soldiers. A certain Fellow, running up and down between the Ranks, and exciting them to choose a New General, saying, *It was time to serve a poor-spirited Friar*: The Cardinal perceiving this, stepp'd to the Fellow, and, with one Blow, sever'd his Head from his Body. This struck such a Terror into all, that from that time, there was not the least tumult or Disorder in his Army.

They say, he was in the End poison'd by the use of a *Fish*, of which a Friend of his receiv'd

receiv'd Intimation on the Road, as he was riding to the Place where the *Cardinal* was to dine. But, he came too late, to prevent the Effects of the Poison: For, though the *Cardinal* was but just risen from the Table, yet he began to void Blood by his Ears, and the Extremities of his Fingers; and, in a few Days, drew his Last Breath. He was Tall, and well Limb'd: His Two Fore-Teeth of the Upper Jaw, grew so far out of his Mouth, that he was call'd, *The Ecclesiastick Elephant*. The Sutures of his Skull were so closely indented, that there was no more room for Transpiration of the Grosser Vapours, than through the most Solid Part of the Bone. On this Account, he was ever troubled with the Head-ach; contrary to *Cardinal Richlieu*, who never felt any Pain in that Part, because he had two little Holes in his Crown, through which the Fumes exhal'd.

These are the Remarks which are made on *Cardinal Ximenes*. As to *Maxarini*, they say he surpasses both these *Ministers*, in the exquisite Moderation of his Temper: And comes short of neither, in the Contrivance or Success of Affairs; being solid in his Counsels, secret and swift in their Execution. He has this also peculiar in his Conduct, That none are more sure of his Favour, than those who have done him Injuries. He is Magnificent in his Expences; building *Palaces*, that may vye with the most Celebrated Structures of the Ancient *Romans*: A curious Collector of Choice Paintings and Sculptures; furnishing



Houses, with Utensils of Cedar, Ebony, Silver, Gold and other Ornaments befitting the *Palace* of a King: Liberal beyond the Expectation of his Friends and Servants; yet, not to Profuseness. He has a wonderful Sagacity in discovering Cheats and Impostors; and, no less Dexterity, in discerning Men of Merit, though never so much obscured by Misfortune.

Not long ago, he catch'd a Gentleman in a Crime, which expos'd him to the Laughter and Contempt of the whole *Court*, but not to the *Cardinal's* Hatred. He had been recommended to this *Minister*, by a *Lady* of the *Court*, for whom he had a great Esteem. On which Account, he had free Access to the *Cardinal's* Presence, and would always mix with his *Retinue*.

But, his Curious *Patron*, had observ'd something in his Carriage, which gave him Ground of Mistrust. For, he would always place himself, as near as he could, to a certain Table in the Chamber, where the *Cardinal* gives Audience. There is a Drawer under this Table, which commonly stands half open, it being the Place where all *Petitioners* show in their Bribes or Presents; It not being seemly for a *Prince* of the *Church*, to take Money himself. The *Cardinal* observ'd, that the Spark always had his Eye glancing on that Drawer, as if he coveted what was there contained. However, he took no Notice, but gave him all the Opportunities imaginable to his Pleasure; yet, still one Accident or other,

hinder'd the Gentleman from executing his Design; which was, to borrow some of the Gold that lay in that Drawer. At length happen'd, that the *Cardinal* having appointed some Curious *Pageants* to be made in Honour of the King's *Birth-Day*, he with several of the *Courtiers*, stood looking out of the Windows, to see these Triumphant Shows pass by. The Gentleman, taking this Opportunity, whilst he thought all Eyes were intent on the Gayeties without, slips to the Table, and takes out of the Drawer a Bag of Gold, putting it up in his Pocket, and retiring to the Window again. He imagined that no Body had seen him, and therefore hugged himself in the Thoughts of his Booty. When the *Show* was over, and the Company withdrew from the Windows; after a while, they all took their Leave, and departed: And, among the Rest, this Gentleman Thief was going out. But the *Cardinal* desired him to tarry, in that he had something to say to him. The Gentleman, stung with the Guilt of what he had done, fell a trembling, and was ready to drop down at the *Cardinal's* Feet. But, he bid him be of good Comfort, saying thus to him; *My Friend, what thou hast done, is not hid from me. If thou hast not Gold enough, I will double thy Sum.* Therewith, he gave him another Bag of equal Value; saying withal, *Go thy Way, and see my Face no more. I pardon, but cannot trust thee.*

Wouldst

Wouldst thou know, by what Means the Cardinal discovered this Theft? He always wears on his Finger a Ring, in which is set a Jewel of Inestimable Value; it being a *Natural Mirror*, and discovering all Things that are done in the Room, though behind a Man's Back. 'Twas on this Stone the Cardinal cast his Eye, when the Gentleman thought he was looking out of the Window. Therein he beheld him go to the Table, take out the Money, and put it in his Pocket. Thou seest how curious this Minister is, to stock himself with useful Rareties.

May that *Great Chancellor of Heaven*, the Angel who beholds in the *Divine Essence*, in a *Mirror*, whatsoever is done on Earth, and records all Humane Actions in the *Book of Judgment*, never discern any Thing in *Mahmet*, which may render him worthy to be excluded the *Presence of God*.

Paris, 12th. of the 2d. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

LETTERS

## LETTER XXIV.

To Danecmar Kesrou, Kadilesques  
of Romania.

**T**HOU that art Principal among the Judges of High Dignity, the Illustrious Ornament of Three *Empires*, the Strong Support of Equity, who preservest Reason, and correctest Vice; I congratulate thy deserved Honour: And, in doing so, I wish Encrease of Joy to all the *Faithful Osmans*.

The Knowledge which thou hast acquired in the *Law of Nations*, and in the most perfect Sanctions of our *August Monarchy*, has made thee famous through the *Seven Provinces* of the *Earth*; and has vested thee with the Robe of Sublime Honour, the Gift of the *Lieutenant of God*.

I made Choice of this Occasion, at once to perform my Duty, and to acquaint thee with a *National Villainy*; such a Violation of the *Publick Faith* of a *Kingdom*, as it will be difficult to Parallel.

The *Civil Wars* of *England*, are known throughout the *World*: And, thou art no Stranger to the Particular Intelligences I have sent to the *Sublime Port*, concerning that *Nation*.

Since that time, the *Rebels* have by Degrees gain'd Ground of their *Unhappy King*, chasing

chasing him from One Place to Another : till at Length, finding, that neither by *Arms* nor *Treaties*, he could reduce them to any Terms of Reconciliation; and, being Besieged in One of his Cities, which was not in a Condition to hold out long, this *Unfortunate Monarch* was forc'd to disguise himself, and escape by Night; wandering through Unfrequented Ways, and enduring much Hardship. He at length threw himself upon the *Faith* of the *Scots*; who had solemnly engaged themselves upon *Oath*, to defend him against all his Enemies whatsoever.

The *Scottish Army* was then in *England*, being hired to assist the *Rebels*. Whence some take Occasion, to accuse this *Prince* of Rashness, and too much Credulity, in seeking Protection from those, who first began the *Rebellion*; and, who had stain'd the *Records of Scotland*, with the *Blood* of many of their *Kings*. But, Innocency is void of Suspicion; and therefore, because his own Intentions were sincere, he knew not how to be Jealous of others.

However, the *Scots* at First, seem'd to act the Parts of *Loyal Men*. And, when they were threatned by the *English Rebels*, and their Pay was stopp'd, with *Declarations* also issued out against their Proceedings; they continued to assert the Justice of their Department, in receiving and defending their injur'd King, who had fled to them for succour.

They

They detained him thus, from the 4<sup>th</sup>. of the 5<sup>th</sup>. Moon, of the Year 1646. to the 30<sup>th</sup>. Day of the 1<sup>st</sup>. Moon of this present Year. At which time, having agreed with the *English Parliament*, for the Sum of 400000 *Squins*, as the Price of their *Sovereign*, they deliver'd him up to the *English Commissioners*, deputed by the *Rebels* for that Purpose.

The *French Ambassador*, was at that time in the *Scotch Army*: Who having been a Witness of their Detestable Perjury, took his Leave: And being attended with a *Guard of Light-Horse* to the Sea-Port, at parting he pull'd out a Piece of *English Money*, valued at *Half a Crown*; and asking the *Captain* of the *Guards*, into how many Pieces of Coined Silver, that *Half Crown* might be divided, he answer'd, *Into Thirty*. For so much (replied the *Ambassador*) did *Judas* betray his Master.

Thou wilt better comprehend the Force of this *Repartee*, when thou considerest, that according to the *Christians Belief*, this *Judas* was a *Slave of Jesus*, the *Son of Mary*; and, that for *Thirty Pieces of Silver*, he betray'd that *Prophet* to the *Jews*.

But, these *Infidels* have found out Ways, to elude all Engagements and Promises. They couch their *Oaths*, in Words more Ambiguous than the *Oracles of Delphos*: As if they thought, not only to circumvent Men by their Equivocations; but also, to deceive Him who formed the *Tongue* and the *Ear*; even *God*, who is *Perfect in Knowledge*.

Such

Such a *Story* I have read of one *Hatto*, a *German Bishop*, whose *Perjury* is recorded. This *Prelate*, had a *Cousin* who was accused of *Treason* against the *Emperor*. On which Account, he was closely besieged by the *Imperial Forces*, in a *Castle* seated on the Top of an *Impregnable Rock*. So that the *Emperor*, despairing to take him by Force, had withdrawn his Army; when this *Bishop* came to him, and for a Sum of Money, promised to betray his *Kinsman* into the *Emperor's* Hands.

The Bargain being concluded, the *Bishop* went to visit his *Cousin* at the *Castle*, persuading him to go and humble himself to the *Emperor*, and he would engage to procure his *Pardon*: Binding himself with a *Solemn Oath*, That if he would rely on him, as he carried him safe out of the *Castle*, so he would bring him back alive and safe again.

His *Kinsman* deluded with these fair Pretences, and secured by the *Sanction* of an *Oath*, trusts himself to the Conduct and Fidelity of the *Prelate*.

When they had rode about Half a League from the *Castle*, the *Bishop* pretending he had forgot some Papers of Moment, which he had left behind him in his Chamber, they return'd back to the *Castle*; And, when they had found the Papers, they set forward again toward the *Emperor's* Camp. Being arriv'd there, the *Impious Wretch* deliver'd his *Kinsman* to the *Emperor*, who Condemn'd him  
to



to Die. He sending for the *Bishop*, reproaches him with the *Violation* of his *Oath*. But, the *Perfidious Bishop*, sought to acquit himself, by saying, *He had perform'd his Promise, in carrying him back safe to the Castle, when he returned to seek his Papers.* Thus, was his *Kinsman* betray'd by a *Quibble*, and lost his *Head*. The *Bishop* acquiring, for that *Impious Deed*, the *Odious Title*, of *Hatto the Traitor*. And, the *Germans* report, That he was afterwards carried away by *Devils*, and thrown alive into the *Hollow* of *Mount Aetna*: A *Voice* being heard at the same *Instant* in the *Air* saying, *This is the Reward of Perjury.*

The *Nazarenes* believe this *Flaming Mountain*, to be *One* of the *Months* of *Hell*: The same *Opinion* they have of *Strombolo* and *Vesuvius*. I am not curious, to pry into the *Truth* of so *Costly* a *Secret*; but leave the *Experiment* to the *Forsworn*, *Treacherous Scots*, who by this *Barbarous Action*, deserve to follow the *Fate* of *Hatto*.

Much greater was the *Integrity* and *Vertue* of the *Ancient Romans*, whom these *Infidels*, Number among the *Damn'd*. They esteem'd *Nothing* more *Sacred*, than the *Publick Faith*; building *Temples* to its *Honour*, and stamping their *Money*, with the *Figure* of *Two Hands* joined together; having this *Motto*,  
**THE FAITH OF THE ROMANS.**  
 But, the *Scots* shew themselves to be of *Lysander's Mind*, who us'd to say, *Children must be circumvented with Good Words, and Men with Oaths.* This.

Vol. III. *a Spy at* P A R I S. 233

This *Monarch* is now led in Triumph, like a *Captive*, by his *Rebellious* Subjects, who have confin'd him to one of his Country *Palaces*; suffering none of his Friends, or Faithful Servants, to come near him; but in all things, endeavouring to render his Restraint Insupportable.

Thou who art accurate in Interpreting the *Laws of Justice*, wilt condemn these *Infidels* of Horrid *Treason*; yet canst not acquit the *Mussulmans*, who have often Deposed our most *August Emperors*.

I divide my Intelligence, among the *Ministers* of the *Sublime Port*, and the other *Grandees* of the *State*; praying *God*, to guard the *Sultan* from Secret *Machinations*, and Open *Enemies*; and to grant, That an *Excess* of Good Nature, may not betray him to such *Misfortunes*, as have befallen this *Imprison'd Monarch*.

Paris, 21<sup>st</sup>. of the 3<sup>d</sup>. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

## LETTER XXV.

To Ragel Hamet, Antiquary  
to the Sultan.

THIS City is pester'd with an Innumerable Multitude of *Bats*, and a Kind of *Serpents*, which they call *Lizards* or *Newts*. They breed in the Walls of their Houses, and molest the Inhabitants Night and Day, swarming more than ordinary every Ninth Year.

The *Parisians* give an odd Reason for this *Plague*. They say, That in former Ages, a certain *Magician* had undertaken to free this City from all *Venomous Creatures*; and, that accordingly, he had made several *Images* of those *Animals*, annexing to them *Enchantments*, and hiding them in obscure Places under the Earth; promising also, that so long as those *Images* remain'd untouch'd, *Paris* should not be molested with any Hurtful Thing. This succeeded according to his Words; till, at a certain time, as they were digging up the Foundations of an Old Temple, the Work-men found several Brazen *Images*; some representing a *Bat*, some a *Lizard*. They making small Account of these *Magical Reliques*, fold them to the next *Brazier* for a piece of Money: Who, being ignorant also of the hidden Force of these *Images*, melt-

ed

ed them down for his own Use. And, ever since that time, the City has been over-run with *Bats* and *Lizards*.

I relate this to thee, in regard I have often heard thee speak of the Ancient *Statues*, that were in the *Atmidan* at *Constantinople*, and in other Parts of the City; particularly of that *Pillar*, which had Three *Brazen Serpents* winding about it; which, when *Mahomet the Great* beheld, the *Conqueror* struck one of them with a *Battle-Axe*, and smote off the *Lower Jaw*. Upon which, a Multitude of *Serpents* infested the City; but were soon exterminated, in Regard the *Sultan*, being warned by the Citizens, forbore to do any further Injury to those *Images*, which were the *Guardians* of the City.

The *Annals* of the *Mussulman Empire*, make Mention of these *Statues*, as also of a *Horse of Brass*, and a *Bull* of the same Metal: The One erected as a *Charm* against the *Pestilence*; the Other, as an *Oraculous Sign*, that the Enemies of the *Gracian Monarchy*, should in that Place be repulsed, and driven out of the City. Yet, it proved otherwise: For, the Victorious *Mussulmans*, against whom the *Enchantments* of the *Infidels* could not prevail, entred the *Market-Place*, where this *Image* stood, and drove from thence the timorous *Gracians*; cutting in *Pieces* all that made Resistance, and rendring themselves *Lords of Constantinople*, at that Time the Richest City in the World.

The

The *Romans* were extremely addicted to these *Superstitious Vanities*; Believing, the Safety of their *City* and *Empire*, consisted in the Preservation of the *Palladium*, an Image which they thought fell down from *Jupiter*, and was transported from *Troy* to *Italy* by *Aeneas*; being afterwards repositied in the *Temple* of *Vesta*, but burnt in that dreadful *Conflagration*, which happen'd in the *Reign* of *Nero*.

They had in no less *Veneration*, the *Buckler*, which they were taught, drop'd down from *Heaven*, into the Hands of *Numa Pompilius*; whereon, the *Fate* of *Rome* was engraven, in *Characters* which none could read. Fearing lest this *Sacred Shield* might be stoln, they caus'd Eleven others of the same Figure to be made, and all to be hung up together in the *Temple* of *Mars*.

And, to the End the *Guardian Genius* of the *City*, should not be entic'd from them by the *Enchantments* of their *Enemies*, the *True Name* of the *City* of *Rome* was kept Secret, even from its own *Inhabitants*: Inasmuch, that *Valerius Soranus* was put to Death, for publishing it to one of his *Friends*. Many have guess'd at this *hidden Name*; Some saying, it was *Valencia*; Others, that it was *Velia*; a Third Sort, call it *Anthusa*. But, there is no *Certainty* in their *Conjectures*. For the *Pagans* were above all Things careful, to conceal the *Names* of their *Cities* and *Patron-Gods*: knowing, that those *Spirits* would not forsake them, till they were call'd forth by their *Proper Names*.

They

They us'd also, to chain the *Images* of their *Gods* to the *Altars*, least they should depart from them by *Stealth*. Thus the *Tyrians*, when *Alexander* besieged their *City*, and they understood from the *Priests*, that *Apollo*, the *Guardian* of *Tyre*, was displeas'd with 'em, they fastned his *Image* with strong *Fetters* of *Iron*. So dealt the *Spartans*, with the *Image* of *Mars*. And this was the *Common Practice*, among those *Idolatrous Nations*.

As for Us, who have receiv'd the *Law* Clear and *Intelligible*, and believe in the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*: We use no *Charms* our Selves, neither do we fear the *Magick* of the *Uncircumcised*. All our *Confidence* is in *God*, and the *Protection* of his *Prophet*: We go boldly to the *Wars*, whilst we fight in *Defence*, neither of *Statues*, nor *Fictitious Reliques*, but of the *Volume* replenish'd with *Truth* and *Light*, the *Book* brought down from *Heaven* by an *Angel*.

Paris, 17th. of the 4th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

## LETTER XXVI.

To the Vizir Azem.

I AM now returned from *Orleans*, whither I went in Obedience to thy Appointments: And, not without Abundance of Pleasure to my self; it being the Time of Year, when all Things conspire to make a Traveller pass his Time away with Delight.

Yet, my Return was Melancholy, in Regard I could not accomplish what I aim'd at, nor be in a Capacity to render thee that Satisfaction thou requirest, either in buying the *Jewels*, or in establishing any Correspondence. Those who informed thee of the *German*s inhabiting that City, were mistaken in their Character, they being onely a *Society*, or *Corporation* of *Students*, and no ways concerned in Traffick or Merchandize.

They told thee right in saying, There are a great Number of Strangers in *Orleans*: I think the *Imperial* City which commands the *World*, cannot boast a greater Diversity of *Languages*, than are spoken daily in the Streets and Houses of *Orleans*. There are some, almost of all Nations, residing in that City.

Wouldst thou know the real Occasion of this mighty Conflux of Foreigners. It is, that they may study that which the *Nazarens* call the *Civil Law*, which is there professed as in an *Academy*, erected for that Purpose by



by *Philip the Fair*, one of the *Kings of France*.

If thou knowest not the Meaning of the *Civil Law*, It is a Collection of the *Ancient Roman Laws*, drawn from above Two Thousand *Books* of their *Scribes*, by the Command of the *Emperor Justinian*, for a *Standard of Equity* in those Corrupt Times, in that Universal Relaxation and Decline of Good Government.

This is the Attractive, which draws so many Strangers from all Parts of *Europe*, to that pleasant City: Where, besides the Opportunity of improving themselves in the most Honourable *Profession* among the *Nazarenes*, next to that of the *Priesthood*; they enjoy a pure and serene Heaven, a fruitful and delicious Part of the Earth, and the Company of the most obliging and courteous People in all *France*.

'Tis for this Reason, the *Germans*, among other *Nations*, flock to *Orleans*; and, through the Favour of the *French Kings*, have obtained a Privilege beyond other Nations; that is, to incorporate themselves into a *Society of Students*. Neither is there any such Thing as *Merchandize* known among them.

If I have not answer'd thy Expectation, *Supreme Printe* of the *Bassa's*, blame not *Mahmur*, but accuse the *Germans of Orleans*, for not exchanging their *Studies* for *Traffick*; or rather, blame those who presumed to tell thee this far-fetch'd *Fable*. In finishing this letter, I bow my Head to the Floor of my Chamber; and kiss the Paper, which shall have

have the Honour to be touch'd by thy Illu-  
strious Hands.

Paris, 1st. of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

## LETTER XXVII.

*To the Aga of the Janizaries.*

THOU hast heard of the *Assyrian, Scythian, and Roman Heroines*. These were all Valiant Leaders of Armies, Women of Honour and Renown. Now I will inform thee of a *Female*, which *France* has brought upon the *Stage of War*.

According to the Orders which I receiv'd from the *Vizer Azem*, I took a Journey to *Orleans* last *Moon*: Where, on the Third Day after my Arrival, beholding a Solemn *Procession* in the Streets of that Populous *City*, attended with some uncommon Ceremonies and Rejoycings, my Curiosity prompted me to enquire the Occasion of it. Thou mayst imagine, I did not apply myself for Information to the Multitude, who take up Things on the Common Credit of Fame, which does not always deliver the Truth. I address'd my self to those that were acquainted with the *Records* of the *Town*: Who told me, That this *Solemnity* was Yearly observ'd on the Eighth

Eighth Day of the Fifth *Moon*, in Memory of their Deliverance from the *English*, who besieged this *City*, and were beaten from before it by *Joan d' Arc*, a *Maid* of *Lorrain*, in the Reign of *Charles.I.* This *Virago*, seem'd to be the *Tutelar Angel* of *France*: For, to her Valour and Conduct, that *Monarch* ow'd the Recovery of his *Kingdom*, almost lost to the *King* of *England*; this being the last Place of Importance, which had not receiv'd *English* Garrisons. After she had rais'd the Siege, she pursu'd the Enemy, gave them several Battels, defeated them, took the *Generals* captive, reduc'd all the *Cities* to their former Obedience, and never sheath'd her Sword, till she saw her *Master* solemnly Crown'd at *Reims*. Yet, at length she herself was made a Prisoner by the *English*, and was publicly burnt for a *Witch*, at *Ronen*.

The Inhabitants of *Orleans*, have erected *Bronzen Statues* in her Honour: They celebrate her Praises, and esteem her, a Woman Divinely Inspir'd, to save her Country. Yet, the more Intelligent Sort say; That she was neither *Witch* nor *Prophetess*, but only a *Maid* of good Wit and Courage, whom one of the *Princes* of the *Blood Royal*, had instructed to act the Part of a *Missionary* from *Heaven*; That so by pretending *Visions* and *Revelations*, she might raise the Courage of the *French*, now almost dispirited by their many Losses; and, whom Nothing less than a *Miracle* could perswade to abide the Field against the Victorious *English*. This is cer-

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tain,

tain, that she distinguished the *King*, though disguised like a *Peasant*, and in a Crowd of People : She went boldly up to him, and saluted him by his *Title*, to the Astonishment of those that stood by. She sent a Messenger to bring her a Sword of Antique Workmanship, that lay hid in a *Tomb* in one of their famous *Mosques* ; (for, the *Nazarenes* of the *West*, bury the *Dead* in their *Temples*.) This Action extremely enhanced her Reputation ; in regard, none knew of this Sword but the King himself. She was therefore look'd upon as an Extraordinary Person ; and the People could hardly be restrained from paying her *Divine* Honours.

When they were Encamped on a certain Plain of a vast Extent, where there was no Water to be found, so that the Army was ready to perish through Thirst ; the King came to the *Tent* of this *Prophetess*, to consult her as an *Oracle* in the General Distress. She bid him be of good Courage, and follow her. They went out together to the Door of her *Tent*, where, at a little Distance, there grew a Knot of Flowers. The Admirable *Maid* struck her Spear into the Ground amidst the Flowers, and incontinently there sprung forth a Fountain of Water, to which the whole Army repaired, to allay their Thirst. They say, the Place is shown to this Day, with an *Image* of this *Maid* standing in an Oratory close by it ; a Place of Refreshment and Devotion for Travellers that pass over those barren Plains.

How

However, whether it were Artifice, or that she was endued with some *Supernatural* Gift; it had a marvellous Influence on the Soldiers who began to reassume Courage, and feared nothing under the Conduct of such a *General*.

'Twas Revenge, without Doubt, rather than Justice, that extorted that *Cruel Sentence* from the *English*, which put a Period to the *Heroick* Actions of this *Illustrious Maid*, whose Fame will live for ever.

It is recorded, That whilst she was bound fast to the Stake with strong Cords, they would have kindled the Fire upon her before she had spoke to the Spectators; but, that she suddenly became loosned, and snatching a Lance from one of the Soldiers, she drove the *Guards* before her: Then returning of her own Accord to the Stake, she made her last Dying Speech, foretelling many Things to come, which afterwards prov'd true. And having made an End of speaking she bid the *Executioner*, set fire to the Wood. Which he did according, and she was burnt to Ashes.

Certainly, every Nation may boast of some *Female Warriour*, that at one Time or other, has done remarkable Service to her Country, And, thou art not a Stranger to the History of the *Amazons*, who excluded Men from their Society, yet became formidable to all the Regions round about them.

Adieu, Brave Commander of the *Musulman* Forces; and let the Memory of these Valiant *Females*, inspire thee with fresh Ardours, when the *Ottoman* Empire is in Danger.

Paris, 1st. of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

## LETTER XXVIII.

To Dgnet Oglou.

THOU art the Man that must participate in all my Adventures. And, I should be a Churle, in not letting thee share with me, the Pleasure I found in a late Journey to *Orleans*, one of the *Presidiary* Towns of *France*. It was by the Order of the *Vizir Azem*, I undertook that Journey. Some body had informed Him, That this Town was full of Merchant-Travellers of several *Nations*, but especially of *Germany*, who brought the choicest Jewels of the *East*, to vend in this Place at ordinary Rates. That *Minister* gave me Commands, to buy certain Stones; with Instructions to treat of another Affair, which it is not necessary for thee to know. I accordingly set out from *Paris*, the Third Day of the 5th. Moon; and, *Eliachim* the Jew (of whom thou hast heard) bore me Company.

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I need not describe to thee, the Country through which we pass'd: It exactly resembles the *Plains* of *St. Isidore*, not far from *Palermo* in *Sicily*. Thou and I, have Reason to remember that Place of our *Captivity*, carrying the Marks of our *Master's* Cruel Anger yet in our Bodies. Those *Plains*, thou knowest, afford a very agreeable Prospect; especially at this Time of the Year, when the Verdure of the Trees, mixed with the Brightness of the Corn-fields, and the parti-coloured Meadows, tempt the Eye into a Controversy of Pleasure; a Man neither knowing well how to take it off, nor yet where to fix it, in such an Orderly Confusion and Medley of Charming Objects.

Such is the *Province* between *Paris* and *Orleans*; which has this Advantage of those *Sicilian Plains*, That here all the way one rides, innumerable Magnificent and Beautiful *Palaces* appear, shooting up their glittering Turrets above the lofty Groves, which environ those *Seats of Pleasure*. Indeed, this is one of the purest *Airs*, and the most fertile Soil in all the Kingdom; which invites the *Nobles* and *Gentry*, to reside here during the *Summer*, and occasions much Travelling on this Road.

About Mid-day, we came to a Town called *Chastres*, where we alighted to refresh our *Limbs*. Travellers in these *Western Parts*, are better accommodated with Provisions, than they can be in *Asia*, where they must carry their own Beds with them, and dress their



own Victuals, or lie on the naked Floor sitting. This makes the *Nazarenes*, call the East Inhospitable. They consider not at the same Time, that 'tis the Niceness and Delicacy of the *Mahometans*, which occasions this Custom. For, the *Eastern* People, are fearful of defiling themselves, by eating Meat prepared by other Hands than their own, or those of their Servants: As also, to lie on a Bed, common to all Passengers.

But, these *Infidels* are like the *Swine*, to whom all Meat is Welcom, and every Ditch an Acceptable Bed. Here are Inns all along the Roads, whereinto when you enter, the *Host* provides you both Bed and all other Necessaries. A Man must venture to sleep on the same Pillow, where perhaps a *Leprous* has lain the Night before, or some Person infected with a worse Disease. The *Host* examines none, but harbours all alike, provided they have Money to pay him. And as for Victuals 'tis the Custom for all Travellers, to eat together at one Common Table, where several Dishes of Meat are served up, and every Man is free to eat what and how much he pleases, paying a stated Price for his Dinner.

Thus, no sooner were we come into our Inn at *Chastres*, but the *Host* saluting us after the Manner of the Country, invited us to sit down at the *Ordinary*, (for so they call their Publick Dinner in an Inn.) We were not so scrupulous as to refuse his Offer, but followed him into the Chamber, where the Dinner

Dinner was prepared. There were many Guests at the Table, and all busie in feeding themselves. We took such Seats as we found vacant, and without much Ceremony, fell to eating. The *Jew* trusted to the Indulgence of *Moses*, and I to that of *Mahomet*, for eating with the *Uncircumcised*, whose Meat is seldom free from the *Pollutions* of *Blood*. We knew, that neither *God* nor his *Prophets* required us to starve.

There was Plenty of Wine, and that so delicious, as would have tempted an *Hog* to taste it, without the *Musli's* Dispensation, To avoid Singularity, I made a Shew of eating, as the Rest; but the greatest Part of my Repast, consisted in Bread, and some Fruits, with that exhilarating Juice of the Grape.

The honest *Jew* swore, 'twas a Banquet prepared by *Cupid*, to render him the most Miserable of all Men. For, just in the midst of our Mirth, came in a *French* Gentleman, with a Lady in his Hand, who placed themselves at the Table exactly opposite to us. I perceived evident Symptoms of some Disorder in *Eliachim*, who seem'd to read his Fate in that fair Creature's Face; yet had not Power to check his wandring Eyes, or guard 'em from Inevitable Wounds. He'd almost acted o'er the *Story* of the *Egyptian* Wives, whom *Joseph's* Mistress had invited to behold his Beauty; they cut their Fingers for their Meat, whilst gazing on the Charming Youth: So poor *Eliachim* was all Confusion, turn'd to a

Statue, whilst he look'd on this enchanting *Gorgon*. He had forgot to eat or drink, till I began to rowze him from his Dream. I told him softly in the Ear, This Lady was but the Younger Sister of *Ixion's* Mistress. This brought him to his Sence again, but could not restore his Peace. Prudence taught him, to dissemble the violent Emotion of his Soul, and not to expose himself in such a Company; but, Nothing could expell the Fatal Poyson from his Breast.

When we had sufficiently repos'd our selves, we bid adieu to the Inn; all joining company, and setting forward to *Orleans*. On the Road, both *Eliachim* and I, had many Opportunities of conversing with this Young Lady; such Familiarity with Women, being allowed in *France*. We found her Wit surprizing as her Beauty; and, her Mien and Conduct, such as gave Advantage to them both. In a Word, *Eliachim* was lost amidst so many Perfections.

When we came to our Inn at Night, and were in our Chamber together, he vented his Passion in these Words: *Mahmut, I've pass'd these Years hitherto, without any other Sentiments of Love, save those which in General I owe to all our Race, and some more particular Regards of Friendship and Duty. But, since I saw this lovely Creature, methinks my Friends, and all that ought to be belov'd on Earth, is now contracted into her. 'Tis not her Snowy Skin, or Matchless Features, are of Force to move me; though they are such,*  
thy

myself being Judge, as would have foiled Appelles Art to imitate: but, 'tis a Lustre which I can't express! Surely, 'twas Lightning darted from her Eyes, those fair Avenues of her brighter Soul! the subtle Flame, glanced through my Breast, and in a Moment scorched my Reason up! The lovely Basilisk, shot Deaths every Look: Thou sawest how I sat as one transformed; so lifeless and without motion was I; whilst gazing on my Ruine! And, so this Hour, a Fatal Numbness spreads through all my Veins, as if I'd touch'd some dire Torpedo.

Thus went he raving on, till I interrupted him with Laughter and Raillery, endeavouring to cure him of this Love-sick Humour, by ridiculing it. I told him my own Experience of this Foolish Passion, rehearsed my former Adventures with *Daria*, and how at length I got the Victory of this vain Fondness, by Absence, and the Exercise of my Reason. But, all that I could say, made no Impression on the stupid Lover. He grew but worse, and so I left him to seek Repose from Sleep.

We came not to *Orleans* till the next Day, where we tarried not long, having no other Business, as it happen'd. but to see the Rarities of the Town, and inform our selves of those Things it is convenient for Travellers to know. After which, we returned to *Paris*; I with the same Sentiments, I had at my first setting out from thence; but, it seems, the World was Metamorphos'd in poor *Eliachim's*

Opinion: To him the Trees had now lost all their Greenness; the Flowers, and Grass, and Corn look'd wither'd; the Birds sung mournful Notes; the Winds blew hoarse, unwelcome Sounds; and, every thing in Nature seem'd to him to droop, because *Faloute* was not there (so was the Fair One, call'd) as *Eliachim* had learned of her, when we parted from *Orleans*.

In this Melancholy Condition, the poor Brain-sick Jew has continued ever since. When his Cure will commence, I know not.

If thou yet retainest thy Native Liberty, and hast not sacrificed it to Unhappy Love, learn by his Misfortune to watch thy Senses, which are the First Traytors to the Soul. Adieu.

Paris, 1st. of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

## LETTER XXIX.

To the Captain Bassa.

THou that hast had thy Education in *Arsenals*, and hast led the rest of thy Life in *Ships of War*, wilt be best able to Judge of the Proposal, which a certain bold *Sea-Captain* made to *Cardinal Mazarini* not long ago.

It being the General Discourse of this City, with what Insult and Defiance *Admiral Morosini*, with about Thirty *Men of War*, entered the *Hellespont*, and brav'd the *Dardanelles*: This *Officer* told the *Cardinal*, That if he would furnish him with half that Number of Ships, he would engage to drive the *Sultan* out of his *Seraglio*, lay that *Palace* in the Dust, and beat down the *Towers* of all the *Mosques* in *Constantinople*, or lose his Life in the Attempt. To which the *Cardinal* replied: *Monsieur*, I believe 'tis possible, if you could finish your Work, before they would board your *Men of War* with a Hundred *Gallies* and *Saiques* full of *Armed Men*.

It is said, that *Cardinal Richlieu* had such a Project once; which made him propose the building of prodigious High Ships, whose Out-sides should be stuck all over with sharp Spikes, that should render it Impossible for *Gallies* to board them.

By

By this thou may'st know, that such an Attempt is not thought Impracticable by the *Christians*. I wish it be not put in Effectual execution by them, when the *Port* may least dream of it.

*Christina*, Queen of *Suedeland*, has caused a most Magnificent *Vessel* to be built, with Design to present it to *Cardinal Mazarin*. The Inner Work of the Cabin, is of Cedar, curiously overlaid with Flowers and other Imagery of Gold. The Extremity of the Stern, adorned with Windows, Statues and Galleries; the Wooden Work, all overlaid with the same Metal. The Roof of the Cabin, presents the *Story* of *Jason's Expedition* to get the *Golden Fleece*, painted by the best Masters in *Suedeland*. All the Furniture, speaks the *Royal Bounty* of her that gives it. The Canon, are of the purest Brass. The Rest of the Tackle, such as are fittest to weather the Winds and Waves; from which neither this *Queen's* Sovereignty in *Suedeland*, nor the *Cardinal's* Grandeur in *France*, could exempt either of them, were they exposed to Sea.

There are those who whisper on this Occasion, That the *Queen* of *Suedeland* has some Inclinations to the *Roman Catholick Religion*; That she has had several Conferences with *Monsieur Chanut*, on that Subject, as also with his *Priests*; That her *Resident* in *Parugat*, has openly embraced that *Faith*, not without the *Queen's* private Consent and Approbation. It is not Material to us, what *Religion*.



ligion the *Infidels* profess, whilst they assert *Doctrines* repugnant to the *Divine Unity*, and the *Truth* of the *Sent* of *God*. I behold, at this Time, an evident Sign of his *Unity* in the *Heavens*; it is the *New Moon*, just rising from the *Lower Hemisphere*. At the Sight of this *Planet*, the *Messenger* of *God* has commanded me to fall on my Face, and adore the *Eternal*.

Wherefore praying, that her *Influences* may prove propitious to thee, whilst thou art on the *Ocean*, I bid thee adieu.

Paris, 23d. of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

*The End of the Second Book.*

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LETTERS

Vol. II. No. 1. 1841.

The first part of the paper is devoted to a review of the proceedings of the House of Commons, and the second part to a review of the proceedings of the House of Lords.

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Printed by J. W. Smith, 1841.

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LETTERS

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# LETTERS

Writ by

A SPY at *PARIS*.

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VOL. III.

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BOOK III.

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LETTER I.

To Bedredin, Superior of the Con-  
vent of Dervises, at Cogni in  
Natolia.

**N**OT more welcom are the Rich  
*Perfumes* of *Arabia*, to a Soul al-  
most expiring through Grief and  
Melancholy, than is thy Letter to  
*Mahmur*, wherein is contain'd the *Certificate*  
of thy being yet on this Side the *State of In-*  
*visibles*.

visibles. Methinks, all *Nature* flourishes, while thou art alive. And, I feel a Spirit within me, prompts me to presage, That thy Death, like the Fall of Leaves in *Autumn*, will prove the *Harbinger* of the *World's Last Winter*. Whilst thou livest, thy Prayers and Merits, support the drooping *Elements*: Which are now almost ready to fall, into their Primitive *Chaos* and Inactivity. The *Angel* of the *Trumpet*, in Contemplation of thy Vertue, delays to sound the *Grand Tremendous Blast*; which, at an Instant, shall puff out the Light of Sun, Moon and Stars, and blow the Breath out of the Nostrils of all the Living Generations. That Day, shall be a Day of Darkness, Horror and Silence, till the Hour of *Transmigration* comes: When, at the *Second Blast*, the Firmament shall rent asunder, like the Opening of Curtains; this *Old World* shall fly away, like a Shadow, to the Right Hand and to the Left. Then shall *Naked Souls* hang hovering in the *Empty Space*, 'twixt *Paradise* and *Hell*. The *Throne* shall be plac'd, *Judgment* shall be given: And, to wind up the *Mysteries* of *Fate*, A *New* and *Immortal World*, shall at a Moment spring forth from the *Womb* of *Biernity*, and possess the Place of the *Former*.

I write not this to Instruct thee, Venerable *Bedredin*, who art a *Mine* of *Knowledge*: but, to satisfy thee, That tho' I live amongst *Infidels*, yet I conserve *Inviolate* the *Faith* of my *Father*, believing the *Book* brought down from the *Eternal Archiver*. Thou searest that

that I shall turn *Christian*, being accused by Some, of Levity in my Opinions; by Others, of Profaneness and Atheism; by All, of discovering too favourable an Inclination to the *Nazarenes*.

Suffer me, O *Holy President* of the *Servants* of *God*, to purge my self of these false Imputations, the Product of Envy and Malice. Permit me to lay at thy *Sacred Feet*, a *Modest Apology* for my *Faith*.

Let not that Description of the *Christians* *Missias*, which I sent thee in my last Letter, create in thee an Opinion to my Disadvantage; nor prevail on thee to think, I can ever swerve from the profound Attach I owe to the *Sent* of *God*. I Honour *Jesus*, the *Son* of *Mary*; and so I do all his *Brethren*, the *Prophets* in *Paradise*: This I am taught in the *Alcoran*. Where is then my Crime? If I give *Virtue* its due Praise, even in the *Infidels*, am I therefore a *Nazarene*? If I speak with Reverence and Modesty of *Christian* *Princes*, am not I therefore a *Mussulman*? Or, does the *Book* of *Glory* teach us *Arrogance*? Surely, my Traducers will blush, when they shall consider, That our *August Emperors* themselves, (who are *Sovereigns* of All the *Kings* on *Earth*,) when they vouchsafe to write to *Christian* *Princes*, they dictate their Letters in a Style, full of Affection and Regard. They give them *Magnificent Titles* at the Beginning; and, at the Conclusion, they wish them *Encrease* of *Felicity*, both *Here* and in *Paradise*. And, would it become

become a *Slave*, to treat *Crown'd Heads* with less Respect, than does the *Master* of the *Universe*? If I have contracted Friendship with some of the *Christian Dervises*, it was to serve the Ends of the *Sublime Port*, and perform the Rites of Gratitude. I thought it no Crime, to receive a Kindness from any Man; or to return it, without examining his *Religion*. But perhaps they suspect the Intimacies I had with *Cardinal Richlieu*, and still have with his Successor *Mazarini*. Rest assured O Holy *Dervise*, That my Access to these *Princes* of the *Roman Church*, is so far from being Criminal, that without it I never had been capable of penetrating into the Counsels of the *Infidels*, nor of doing any effectual Service to the *Grand Signior*. The Countenance which my Familiarity with these Two Great *Ministers* affords me, has all along facilitated my Designs: And, whilst under their Umbrage, I am taken for a Zealous *Christian*; I secretly lay a Foundation whereon, in due time, shall be built, even in the Heart of *Christendom*, Triumphal Arches, for the Victorious *Mussulmans*. 'Tis strange, methinks, that after all this, I should be suspected! That notwithstanding I have patiently endur'd Nine Years Confinement, to an Obscure and Private Life; a Melancholy Banishment to a Strange Country; yea, to a City for which I have a Natural Aversion; a City the most Unclean, Noisie and Vain in the whole Earth; to be shut up, for the sake of avoiding Discovery, in a Chamber so Nar-

now, that *Suspicion* itself; nay, even *Thought*, the *Mother* of that *Little Passion*, would sweat and be stifled, when once Circumscrib'd within these Walls; and after all this, to be made a *Prisoner of State*, on Jealousie of being a *Mahometan*: To abide that Punishment so many *Moons*, unmov'd, uncorrupted, and at length to be released, to the Advantage of the *Ottoman Interest*; and yet, to be traduc'd at Home, for a *Traitor to God*, his *Prophet*, and my *Sovereign*, has surely something in it of *Inconsistent*.

What is then my Crime? Or, why am I thus aspers'd? Let my Slanderers hereafter be silent. Unless they will lay it to my Charge, That in some of my Letters, I have discover'd a Mind free from *Superstition*; That I put a high Value on Reason, and have no low Esteem, for some of the Ancient *Philosophers*; That I endeavour to guard my sense, and will not suffer it to be muzzled with the Impositions of Ignorance and Prejudice; That I do not think it a Necessary Qualification of a *Mussulman*, to pursue with Inexorable Hatred, all Men that differ from me in Opinion. In fine, That in all my Conversation, I strive to comport my self, as One who asserts the *Unity* of the *Divine Essence*, the *Plurality* of his *Prophets*, the *Determinate Number* of the *Elect*; and, who is resolv'd and prepar'd, rather to die a Thousand Deaths, than voluntarily to commit any *Impiety* against these *Principles*, or the *Interest* of the *Grand Signior*, who has a  
Right



*Right to command all Mankind.* If these Crimes, I must own my self Culpable: not, let my Accusers lay their Hand upon their Mouth. And continue thou, *Sage* *Teacher* of our *Holy Law*, to instruct me with thy Counsels, to assist me with thy Prayers, and to protect me with thy Friendship. Thou shalt *Mahmut* persevere a *True Believer*, a *Faithful Slave* to the *Osman Emperor*, and a *Devout Admirer* of thy Longevity and *Virtue*.

I should fear this might be the last Letter I should have the Honour to send thee, were I not convinced by some near Examples, That Old Age was not restrained to the Time before the *Flood*. Though thou hast far out-pass'd the ordinary Years of Men, yet there is at this Time, not far from *Paris*, a Man who has near doubled thy Age. He is an *Hermit*, living on a Hill, where all Things necessary for Human Sustenance seem to be wanting. The walls of his House are built of Mud, with his own Hands (a weak Defence against Wind and Rains.) His Bed is compos'd of Leaves of Trees. A Stone serves him for his Pillow. His Diet consists of such Herbs and Fruits, as that Mountain affords him. A neighbouring Well, allays his Thirst. He has dwelt in this Place, and in this Manner Eighty Three Years, after he had Travelled most Parts of *Europe* and *Asia*. Ask him by what Means he preserv'd his Life so long, he answers, *By living free from Care, and by being Indifferent to all Things.* He foretells Things

Things to come with marvellous Success, as  
has often been observ'd. Which makes the  
People esteem him a *Prophet*.

The *French* tell me of another, who lived  
longer than he, being Three Hundred Sixty  
and One Years Old when he died. He was  
call'd, *John of the Times*, in Regard he liv'd  
from the Reign of *Charles the Great*, to that  
of the *Emperor Comrade*. And, being ask'd  
What Diet he used, his Answer was, *Honey*  
*within, and Oil without*.

This comforts me with the Hopes of seeing  
thee on Earth, tho' many Years hence : Since,  
no Man can exceed thee in Abstinence, So-  
briety, and the Calmness of thy Mind.

The *Great Author of Life* so grant, That  
I may not enjoy this Felicity *Here*, yet I  
may not, by any enormous Crimes, merit to  
be excluded thy Society in *Paradise*.

Paris, 11th. of the 7th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

**LETTER**

## LETTER II.

To Murat Bassa.

THE *French* are puffed up, with the late Defeat they gave the *Spanish Fleet* in Sight of *Naples*. Their Joy would know no Bounds were it not curb'd by the Loss of the *Duke of Breze*, who was slain by a Cannon Bullet in this *Naval Combat*.

The Young *Prince of Conde*, has been also forced to withdraw his Army from before *Lerida*; that Place being ever Fatal to the *French*. This has lessen'd the Disgrace which the *Count of Harcourt* received last Campaign, in not being able to carry that Town, after Six *Moons Siege*.

But, the News from the *Levant*, has elated all the *Franks* beyond Measure: Yet, I hope the Relations that are scatter'd abroad on that Subject, are rather an Effect of their Wishes, than of any real Success against the *Invincible Osmans*.

It is reported, That there have been Two *Sea-Fights*, between our *Fleets* and the *Venetians*; that in the Former, we lost Two Thousand Men, Seven Gallies and a *Bassa*; that in the Latter, the *Venetians* took Forty Gallies, Six *Caramusals*, and Fifty *Saigues*, laden with Men and Ammunition for the Relief of our Army in *Candy*.

The

The Honour of this last Victory, is ascribed to the Valour and Conduct of *Bernard Morosini*, and *General Grimani*; *Bernard* succeeding his Brother *Thomas Morosini*, who was kill'd, as they say, in the First Battel.

The *Christians* every where express great Joy for these Victories. The open Streets are fill'd with Tables, cover'd with all manner of Dainties, at the Publick Cost. They feast and revel Night and Day. The Bells ring continually, and Bonfires are made, to celebrate the Triumph of the *Nazarenes*. They presage to themselves, the Conquest of the *Ottoman Empire*, and Eternal Victories.

From *Dalmatia*, the *Posts* bring daily News of our Losses and Disgraces. It is known here, That the *Castles* of *Xemonida*, *Novigrade*, *Nadin*, *Carin*, and all the *Places*, of *Strength* which we had in our Possession, except *Clissa*, are taken by the *Venetians*.

They laugh at our Siege of *Sebenigo*, where we lost Two thousand Men, and at length were forced to leave our Camp to the *Christians*; our *General* being frightened away by a few Women.

It seems Strange and Ominous to me, that those Arms which have formerly crush'd the Greatest *Monarchies* to Pieces, and have chang'd the Face of the whole Earth, should now be foil'd by a few *Desperado's*! I dare be thus far a *Prophet*, That either the Soldiers are disgusted, which will produce a *Revolution*; or, the Mighty Empire of the *Osman's*,

*Osmans*, is in its Decline ; which God avert.

The *Christians* (who are not ignorant of our Affairs, nor of the very *Secrets* of the *Seraglio*) by an Odd Kind of Charity, pray for the Long Life of *Sultan Ibrahim*. For, they say, our Armies must needs miscarry during his Reign ; most of the Officers, being offended at his Licentious Life, and Cruel Actions. Besides, they tax him with Profuseness, in that he has not spared the Private-Treasury of Gold, which, by the Frugality of his *Predecessors*, had been heaped together ; and, which it was not counted lawful for them to touch, unless in the utmost Peril of the *Empire*. They say, that by the Additions which *Sultan Amurat* had made, this Treasure was augmented to above Thirty Millions of *Sequins* : But, that our present *Emperor* has squander'd most of it away, on his Pleasure. They compare him to *Heliogabalus*, the most Effeminate Prince that ever Reign'd : Praising at the same Time, the Magnanimity and Valour of *Sultan Amurat* ; who, they say, was the Stoutest Man on Earth. They highly applaud his Bravery at the Siege of *Babylon*, when he accepted the Challenge of the *Persian* Soldier ; and entering into a single Combat with the Unhappy *Redhead*, at one Blow, with his *Sabre*, cleft him (though in *Armour*) to the Middle. In Memorial whereof, thou knowest, that *Armour* hangs to this Day in the *Hazoda*. In fine, they extoll



## LETTER III.

To Mahomet Toghhi, Beg of Russia,  
at his Camp in Tartary.

**T**HOU art a fit Man to lead  
Armies, who dost put  
Head against a few  
Mother's Milk-bangs yet on  
art not afraid them though  
Nursery. Was the Strong  
rice of so small a Price that thou  
hastely dost from it in  
Female breed on the Walls. Is this  
War, or is it a Game? What  
the Fort, and to have been  
What do they not say already? The  
that Siege had reach'd all Parts of  
the *Nazaries* were with Expectation  
the Event. Now they know it, they  
both at thee, and at all the  
Thou hast brought a Disgrace on  
Exalted Empire in the World.

What if thou didst lose Two thousand  
Men before the Walls of that Fort? Is this  
sufficient Justification of thy Raising the Siege?  
Our Glorious *Sakars* do not use to win Castles  
and Castles without Blood; neither do they  
spare to sacrifice the best part of their Army  
to the Honour of their Arms; whilst our  
defatigable Soldiers have mounted on Horse





## LETTER IV.

To Achmet-Bassa.

**N**OT long ago arriv'd here a Courier from *Suedeland*, bringing Letters from *Queen Christina*, and *Monsieur Chanut*, the *French Resident at Stockholme*.

Among other Matters, they give an account, That on the Twenty Seventh Day of the Seventh *Adoon*, that Great Princess had been have been stabb'd, in the Midst of her Guard, surrounded with her Courtiers, before the Altar of her God; at an Hour, when all the Subjects of that Kingdom, were on their knees, to render Heaven Propitious to Her and the Publick.

That Day, there was a Fast proclaimed through all *Suedeland*; and, he was esteem'd no Good Subject, who did not repair to the Publick Solemnities. The Queen, to give an Example, went at the Third Hour of the Day to the Mosque of her Palace, attended by the Great Officers of State, and a numerous Train of the Nobility. When the Preacher (as is the Custom) had made an End of speaking, all that were present fell on their Knees, to perform the appointed Devotions. But, it being the Fashion of the *Nazarenes*, to utter some secret preparative *Oraisons*; the Men covered their Faces with their Hats, to be more recollected.

While

While all Eyes were thus veil'd, a certain Fellow snatching the Opportunity, Steps from his Place; and, without making any great Noise, by large Strides, advances unseen to the *Kells* which enclose the *Pavement*, next to the *Altar*, where the *Queen* was on her Knees. But, in leaping over, he was perceived by a certain *Nobleman*; who immediately cryed out to the *Guards*, to stop the *Assassin*. They cross'd their *Partisans*; but the *Villain*, hurl'd them one against another with so great Violence, that while they were striving to recover their entangled Weapons, he got quite through them. At which time the *Queen* also raising her self up at the Noise, push'd the *Captain* of her *Guards*, who kneeled Beside her. He starting from his Place, leap'd between the *Queen* and the *Murderer*, who was now within Two Paces of her. He seizes the Wretch; and, upon immediate Search, they found Two long sharp-pointed Knives about him, without Sheaths; One in his Bosom, the other in his Pocket. The *Prison* being in the *Castle* or *Palace* of the *Queen*, under her very Apartment, she was not willing he should be carried thither; but ordered him, to be reconducted to his own Chamber, which was in the *College* of *Stock-holme*; he being an *Ecclesiastick* of the said *College*: Commanding also, a good *Guard* to be set over him; which was performed accordingly.

As soon as the *Wretch* saw himself in his Chamber, he said aloud, *That when he went*

ent in the Morning, he little thought of ever returning again; having undertaken an *Alloy* in doing of which he expected to lose his Life.

They used all Diligence imaginable, in discovering the Authors of this intended Murder; but, could learn Nothing more than that this Fellow was a *Lunatick*, whom at Certain Seasons an Unaccountable Fury spurred on to many Extravagancies.

Yet some suspect, that he was hired by the *Lutheran Clergy* to give this Execrable Blow; who were apprehensive, that the *Queen* hearkning too much to the Insinuations of her Tutor, who was a *Calvinist*, would Innovate the *Establish'd Religion* of the Country.

If this be a well grounded Suspicion, it follows at the best, that Religion, which ought to correct the *Morals* of Men, and have an Influence in restraining their Exorbitant Passions, is become the Corrupter of their Manners, and the Fomenter of the most Enormous Crimes. But, this is common among the *Christians*, who being divided into Innumerable Parties; distinguished by as many Several Names; yet each *Sect* is so sure that their *Way* is the only *Right Path* to *Salvation*, that they spare for neither Murders, Sacrileges, nor Treasons, to profelyte the Rest to their Opinion; being unwilling that any should live, who are not of the same Mind with them.

The

The King of France, and the Queen-Regent, received the News of Queen Christina's Delivery from this Designed Blow; with much Joy; the Interests of both Crowns being at this time closely intermingled.

I can inform thee of Nothing more Remarkable at present, save, That certain Letters are intercepted, which the Duke of Bavaria had written to the Duke of Wirtemberg, and the Elector of Cologne: The Contents of which discover, That the Duke of Bavaria is not far from a Reconciliation with the Emperor; and that, in the meantime, he only waits the Event of Things, to direct him in the Choice of his Party.

God confirm thee in thy Integrity, that thou may'st never waver or swerve from the Service and Duty thou owest the Grand Signior.

Paris, 28th. of the 9th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

N 4 LETTER

## LETTER V.

To Cara Hali, a Physician at  
Constantinople.

**T**HOU hast heap'd many Favours on me; yet I have never had an Opportunity of making the least Acknowledgment. Accept now a *Small Present* from *Mahmud's* Hands, who being not Master of Wealth, can make no *Great Ones*. I send thee neither Silver, Gold, nor Jewels, which the Insatiable Avarice of Mortals, has violently torn from the Bowels of their *Common Mother*. Neither shalt thou receive from me, any of the more familiar Products of the Earth, such as grow on her Surface. Expect no choice Fruits, or Wine, or Oil; nor any thing framed by the Art of Man, whether for Delight, or Use. What I send thee, is the *Dew of Heaven*, a certain *Quintessence* of the *Elements*, an *Aethereal Spirit*, first condens'd into a Vapour, then into a more liquid Substance, and afterwards congealed into a Gum. It is the celebrated *Manna of Calabria*.

*Adonai* the Jew, sent it to me out of *Italy*, as a *Rarity*. I knew not whom so properly to oblige with this Present, as the Studious of *Natural Things*, *Hali* the Sage Physician, and my Friend.

The

The *Philosopher Averroes*, our Countryman, has written much of this excellent Substance. He calls it, the *Food of the Airy Angels*. And says, the Young *Ravens* crying in their Nests, are nourish'd by this Heavenly Diet, when the Old Ones forsake them: And, that the *Chamelions*, seek no other Repast during their Lives, but the Invisible *Manna* that every where floats in the Morning Air. He holds it possible, That a Man, after he has pass'd his *Great Climacter*, may live without any other Sustenance, save what he receives from the *Heavenly Distillation*; that he may thus prolong his Life, for the Space of Seven Years, which will complete the appointed Age of Mortals. Many of the sublimely instructed among the *Arabians*, are of the same Opinion; so are not a few of the *Hebrew Rabbi's*: But, the *Christians*, who are Gluttons, laugh at this Doctrine, as Ridiculous and Impracticable: Forgetting at the same time, what they read in their *Bible* (which they pretend is the *Rule of their Faith*) that the *Israelites* had Nothing else to feed on, for a considerable time, in the *Desart*, when they were almost Eight Hundred Thousand Souls, and the Greatest Part of them in their full Strength, Men of Arms, and inur'd to the Toils of War.

Certainly, it were a desirable Thing, that this *Divine Largess*, were distributed to all the Regions on Earth. But, *God* sends his Blessings to whom, and when he pleases. 'Tis he that directeth the Clouds, when they



move through the Air; and rest not till they arrive at barren and dry Places, where they pour forth their Water to refresh the Earth, and render it fruitful. *God!* There is but *One God, Lord of the Worlds!* These are Signs of his *Unity to True Believers*, but the *Infidelious* have hardened their Hearts.

It is recorded, That in former Times, the Ground whereon this *Manna* descended, belong'd to a certain *Nobleman* of the Country; who, covetous of the Unusual *Blessing*, undertook to enclose all that Land with a high Wall, to the End that so rare a Gift, might not be made Common to every one. But, as soon as the Workmen had begun to lay the Foundations of this Enclosure, the *Manna* ceas'd to fall, and continued as long as they proceeded in that Envious work. Which, when the *Lord of the Ground* was made sensible of, he commanded the Workmen to desist: Saying withal, *The Almighty gives, and the Almighty takes away. Henceforward, I will not seek to restrain the Free Gift of Heaven.* Upon which, the *Manna* descended daily as before, and so has continued to do ever since. Doubtless, this is a Sign of *God's Omnipotence*.

If thou wilt permit me to play the *Philosopher*, I will tell thee my Opinion, why this *Manna* is seen rather in the Kingdom of *Naples*, than in any other *Region of the Earth*.

It is well known, that the Earth of this Country, abounds with Veins of Sulphur, which are diffused up and down through all  
Parts,

Parts, and heat the Soil to an Extraordinary Degree. Hence it follows, that the *Lower Region* of the Air, in this Country, must needs acquire a greater Degree of Heat and Dryness also, being perpetually rarefied by the Fiery *Atomes*, which every where transpire through the Pores of the Earth, as from a Furnace.

This being so, it is not hard to conceive, that the Vapours which are exhal'd by the Sun into the *Upper Region*, in the Heat of a *Summers Day*, and there become impregnated by the *Aethereal Spirit*, (which remains pure and uncloath'd in those serener Tracts, and consequently, is apt to incorporate with any proper Vehicle,) Naturally descend again in the Cool of the Night; but not meeting with a Congenious Body of Vapours in the *Lower Region*, that Air being over-purify'd, and grown defecate, through the too near Neighbourhood of the Burning Soil; so that they cannot diffuse themselves through the Air for want of a fit *Medium*, they consisting of *Homogeneous* Parts, and following the Natural Position of the *Element*, and the *Law of Gravity*; contract themselves into little Globular Forms the lower they descend, thus settling on the Leaves of Trees, on the Grass and Herbs, on Stones, and any Part of the Earth, appearing like Grains of Transparent Gum.

Hence also I conceive, That the same *Manna* (which is Nothing else but an *Aethereal Spirit*, embodied in light and dulcid Vapours)

Vapours) abounds in the Air of most Countries, but remains invisible, rarely so far condens'd, as to settle in a gross Body on the Ground, because the Air of those Regions is not so rarify'd as is that of *Calabria*, having no such *Subterranean* Fires to drink the Vapours up; but being moist and thick, the descending *Manna*, instead of contracting it self into Globular Bodies, and through its Weight sinking to the Earth, dilates it self, and incorporates with the floating Vapours: Just as if you pour Drops of Water into a Vessel full of the same Element, those Drops do not sink to the Bottom; but finding an homogeneous Body, they mix with it, and are dispersed every way; whereas, if there be nothing in the way to stop them, they immediately fall to the Ground.

But I shall use thee with my *Philosophy*, forgetting that I speak to a Man consummate in all *Sciences*. *Adonai* relates many remarkable Passages of this Country, too tedious for a Letter. I will only tell thee in short, That the Kingdom of *Naples* is esteem'd one of the most Delectable Regions on Earth, the Trees flourishing Twice a Year, and the Soil abounding so Prodigally with Corn, Wine, Oil and Fruits, and all Things necessary for the Life of Man. Yet the Inhabitants have this *Præsumption* common among them; The Kingdom of *Naples*, is a *Paradise of Delights*, but it is inhabited with *Devils*: So corrupted are the Manners of the People.

Adieu.

Adieu, Dear *Hali*, and think not *Mah-*  
*mur* tedious in his Letters, who has no other  
way, at this distance, to converse with his  
Friends.

Paris, 19<sup>th</sup>. of the 10<sup>th</sup>. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

## LETTER VI.

To Kerker Hassan, Bassa.

WHEN this *Dispatch* shall come to  
thy Hands, be assured, that *Mahmur*  
thy Countryman, and Slave to the Slaves  
of the *Grand Signior*, wishes thee multi-  
plicity of Happiness. I have many Reasons  
to honour thee, besides the Natural Affection,  
which is, or ought to be, between those who  
were born in the same *Region*. The many  
Favours thou hast done me, have far ex-  
ceeded the Obligation which arises from the  
Vicinity of our Birth: Though, that was  
so near, that a strong Man would have  
measur'd the Distance with one Flight of an  
Arrow.

The *Present* of *Kopha*, for which I returned  
thee Thanks in my last, has wrought won-  
derful Effects on me, being a perfect Cure of  
the Melancholy, to which I was before sub-  
ject. It has freed me from many Distempers;  
and,

and, I owe the present Ease and Cheerfulness I enjoy to this Generous Gift.

Metinks, while I am drinking this excellent Liquor, I am at *Constantinople*, conversing with my Friends. It revives in me the *Genius of Asia*; and so advantageously transforms the *Idea's* of things which I see, that the *Crosses* on the Tops of the *Christian Temples*, appear to me as *Half-Moons*; And, my Imagination Presents to me, *Turbants* instead of *Hats*, as Men walk along the Streets of *Paris*.

Doubtless, great is the Force of what we eat or drink, which has occasioned all Wise *Lawgivers*, among other Sanctions, to prescribe certain Rules of Diet: And, the Care of our *Holy Prophet*, has been exquisite in this Point, his Prohibitions, extending to all Unclean Meats and Drinks; since, they deprave the Constitutions of Men, and encline them to Vice. But, by his own Example, he recommended to us the Use of this Admirable Berry; Imposing a New Name on the Tree that bears it, when he called it, the *Tree of Purification*. Hence, it is, that all the *Muslimans* affect to partake of the *Sanctified* Benefit; it being the Universal Beverage, of the *Osman Empire*. Were the Virtues of it known in these *Western Parts*, it would match, if not supplant the Credit of their Wines: since it equally refreshes the Spirits, without Intoxicating the Brain.

I know not whether thou hast seen *Pesteliali* my Brother, since thy Return from *Arabia*.

*Araba*: Or, whether thou hast heard the News he brought with him out of the *East*. He has survey'd the *Indies, Tartary, China, Tunquin, Persia*, and other *Regions*, whose Names are hardly known in some Parts of the *Ottoman Empire*. Indeed, we have formerly had but an odd *Idea* of those Remote Countries: But especially *China*, has been hid from the greatest Part of the Earth.

In my earlier Years, I have heard Men of Gravity, who would be taken for Knowing Persons, say, That *China* was but a *Tributary Province* of the *Tartars*, a Contemptible Corner of *Asia*, and so barren, as it could hardly afford Sustenance for its Inhabitants; which is a Sign, it is well Peopl'd. Assuredly, our *Fathers* were ignorant of this *Country*; which, after the *Perpetual Monarchy* of the *Osman*, may be esteemed the *Second Empire* of the Earth.

My Brother says, it contains Sixteen *Provinces*, each as large as a *Kingdom*: And, that all together, they fill up a Tract of Ground as big as *Europe*, which, thou knowest, is one of the *Four Quarters* of the *World*: And, that this vast Dominion, contains above a Hundred Millions of Inhabitants.

The *Emperor* who Reigned, when *Pestelili* was there, was called *Zunchin*: A young Prince, not above Thirty Years of Age; in whose Veins, ran the Blood of Sixteen *Emperors*, his *Progenitors*.

In the Year 1640. Two Great Officers in his Army, having drawn to their Party an Innumerable

numerable Company of the Soldiers, and being encouraged by some *Grandeers* at the Court, made a Revolt. The Names of these *Rebels* were *Lycungz* and *Changien*. They soon became Masters of Five *Provinces*: But, quarrelling about their Shares, *Lycungz* caused his Associate to be poisoned; and taking on himself the sole Command of the *Rebels*, was proclaimed by them, *Emperor* of *China*. After which, he marched directly with his whole Forces against *Pequin*, a City where the *Emperor* kept his Court: Knowing that the Conquest of this Place, would secure to him, all the remaining *Provinces* of the *Empire*.

The *Chinese* are reputed a most Ingenious People, excelling in all manner of *Mechanick* Inventions; and the boldest *Architects* in the World. They build Bridges from one Mountain to another, to shorten the Travellers Journey o'er the Plain between them; and, raise Towers almost up to the Clouds. Some of their Cities, are said to be near Thirty Leagues in Compass, having Double Walls and Ditches. And, my Brother says, the City *Pequin*, wants not much of this Extent: And, that the *Palace* of the *Emperor*, is near a League in Circuit, environ'd by Three Walls, and as many Moats; besides Bulwarks, and other Fortifications. He adds, That this Mighty City and *Palace*, is guarded by an Hundred Thousand Soldiers.

This Impregnable Place, the *Rebels* took by Stratagem, which was able to have resisted



filled all the Force of *Asia*. *Lyons* held a private Correspondence with several *Grands* within the Town and Palace. By whose Connivence, he sent great Numbers of the stoutest Men in his Army, disguised in the Habit of *Merchants*; who lodging themselves in divers Quarters of the City, on a Day appointed, suddenly appear'd in Arms; and surprizing the Guards who defended the Gates, slew them all, and opened the Gates to the *Rebels*.

Who can express the Confusion and Slaughter, that filled all Parts of the City with Mourning and Blood? The Barbarous *Conqueror* sacrificed all the Loyal and the Brave, to his Unpardonable Ambition; disarm'd those who escaped the first Massacre; and having made himself Absolute Master of the City, lays a close Siege to the *Imperial Palace*.

The *Emperor* now finding that he was betrayed, and that it was too late to defend himself from the Cruel Persecution and Insult of the Traytors; takes Advantage of the short Resistance, which some of his Faithful Servants made, to consult his own Honour, with that of the *Empress* and his Daughter. He had above Three thousand Wives; for whom he could not provide in that Flood of Calamities; all his Care being employed, to prevent the last Triumph of his Enemies, in not suffering the *Royal Blood* to be shed by the profane Hands of those Villains. He entered into the *Gardens* of the *Palace*, accompanied

panied onely by his *Empress* and Daughter, with Three Faithful *Eunuchs*. The Young Princess, (who was a Lady Educated in all the *Chinese Learning*) seeing the great Affliction of her *Royal Parents*, the Inevitable Ruine of their *Family*, and the Universal Desolation, fell on her Knees, and spoke to her Father, as follows:

My Lord,

" Since it is the Will of the Immortal  
 " Gods, thus to extinguish the Lustre  
 " and Majesty of our Sublime Race, let  
 " their Decrees be fulfilled. But, let not  
 " me be a Spectator of my Parents Fall,  
 " or survive a Tragedy, at which the  
 " Earth it self must tremble. Have this  
 " Compassion on my tender Years, and  
 " let these Eyes be closed, before Death  
 " seal up Yours, from which Mine bor-  
 " rowed all their Light. Think not, be-  
 " cause I am Young, I fear to die; I long  
 " to see our Kindred Gods, and represent  
 " the Fate of China, so as to provoke their  
 " speedy Vengeance. Surely, our Deify'd  
 " Ancestors, at my Complaint, would  
 " gather all the Thunder in the Heavens,  
 " and shower it down upon these Perjur'd  
 " and Ungrateful Traytors. Or else, they'd  
 " play the Chymists, and extract the  
 " most Envenom'd Influence of the Stars,  
 " and

"and dart the *Heavenly* Poyson on the  
 "Rebels, as they lie before these Sacred  
 "Walls; and thus would put a Period to  
 "their Curst *Treason*. Make no Delay,  
 "my *Royal Father*, but, try the Experi-  
 "ment; release me from these Chains,  
 "which hinder my Escape to *Paradise*: And,  
 "let me be the *Herauld* of such News, as  
 "ne'er before surpriz'd the *Bless'd Above*.

The *Emperor* mov'd with this *Passionate*  
 Address of his Daughter, drew a Dagger from  
 his Girdle, and therewith stabb'd her to the  
 Heart. And then, struck with Remorse at so  
 unnatural a Deed, covered his Face with a  
 Veil of Silk. Thus acting *Agamemnon's* Part,  
 when, to fulfil the *Oracle*, he Sacrific'd his  
 Daughter *Iphigenia*.

After this, the *Empress* overwhelm'd with  
 so many Sorrows, retired into a Grove, and  
 Hang'd her self with a Silken Cord on a Tree.  
 The *Emperor* seeing this Mournful Spectacle,  
 was resolv'd no longer to delay his own  
 Death. Wherefore, following her Example,  
 he dispatch'd himself likewise by a String.  
 But he first bit a Vein; and, with his Blood,  
 writ the following Words:

"What is there now desirable on Earth,  
 "after I am thus betray'd by my own Sub-  
 "jects? I accuse not the *Inferior People*:  
 "They are Innocent? 'Tis to the *Man-*  
 "darins,

" *darins*, I owe my sudden Fall, with the  
 " Ruine of this Mighty Empire. Behold  
 " in me, the Royal Line extinct. I am the  
 " Last of Sixteen Emperors! I, that was  
 " Lord of so many Spacious Kingdoms,  
 " Guardian of the Bedebamber of the East,  
 " sole Monarch of the Orient, Lieutenant  
 " to the Gods of the Mines, Possessor of  
 " Infinite Treasures, at whose Name a  
 " Hundred Millions of my Subjects touch-  
 " ed the Ground with their Foreheads;  
 " am now ready to be trampled under  
 " Foot, by the Basest of my *Slaves*. But  
 " I will prevent my own Disgrace, and  
 " carry this Majestick Soul Inviolate, to  
 " my renowned *Fathers*: Whose Ven-  
 " geance join'd with that of all the  
 " Gods, shall fall on the Perfidious *Man-  
 " darins*, who have betrayed both Me  
 " and this exalted State to Ruine.

A Narrative of these Mournful Passages,  
 was Printed in the Chinese Language, sup-  
 posed to be done, by the Order of the Em-  
 peror's Attendants, who follow'd him into  
 the Garden, and were Witnesses of what was  
 said and done. A Copy of which, my Bro-  
 ther procur'd to be translated into *Arabick*,  
 by a Merchant of our Nation, who under-  
 stood the Chinese Language, and resided in  
*Pekin*.

In fine, my Brother says, That when he departed from *China*, he left the Tyrant *Lyongz* in possession of the *Emperor's Palace*; where he found an Hundred Millions of Ingots in Gold and Silver, besides an inestimable Treasury of Pearls and Precious Stones. All which Wealth, had been heap'd together, by the Frugality of the *Chinese Emperors*.

By this thou mayst take an Estimate, of the Grandeur and Strength of this Formidable *Monarchy*, of which we have had such Con-  
 temptible Notions. Neither shalt thou have Occasion, to be surprized at the Monstrous Rise and Fortune of this *Robert*, who in so short a Time, was lifted to the Height of Humane Sovereignty; when thou considerst that all Things are subject to Vicissitude and Change.

That God, who establishes whom he pleases on the *Thrones* of the *Earth*, and at the *Designated Period* of *Empires*, deposes such as trust in their Strength and Riches; defend our *Sovereign* from *Treasons*, and from the *Arrows* that fly in *Obscurity*.

Paris, 13th. of the 11th. Month,  
 of the Year 1647.

LETTER

## LETTER VII.

To Darnish Mehemet, Bassa.

WHAT Obligation have I, to be concerned for the *Infidels*? Or what Interest in the *Uncircumcised*? The *Nature* has tied all our Race, in some *Common Bonds* of Affections, and *Humanity* teaches us, to rejoice at the *Deliverance* of the *Oppressed*.

The *Kingdom of Naples*, has long groined under the Yoke of *Spanish Tyranny*. The Labour of the People, sufficed not to pay the *Unreasonable Taxes*, that were imposed on them. They sweat *Blood* to become more *Miserable*; whilst their *Cruel Masters*, having fleec'd 'em to *Nakedness*, would take Advantage of their *Poverty*, to rivet their *Chains* yet deeper, and render their *Servitude* past *Redemption*.

The People were sensible of their *Calamity*, yet knew not how to shake off the Yoke. It had gall'd 'em to the *Nerves* and *Sinews*; their *Strength* was gone. *Despair* of *Redress* had rendred 'em *supine*; and took from 'em, the very *Power* of meditating their *Recovery*. But *Heaven*, which protects the *Oppressed*, has raised up a *Youth* from among the *Meanest* of the People, to assert the *Publick Liberty*. A *Fisherman*, who has not seen *Four and Twenty Winters*, has undertaken

taken to restore the Ancient Privileges of the Neapolitans. Who can penetrate into the Methods of Eternal *Destiny*, which makes Use of so Contemptible Instruments, to check the Power of the Greatest *Monarchs*?

This bold *Youth*, inspired with a Zeal for the *Publick*, ran one Day into the Streets, crying with a loud Voice, *Long live the King of Spain, but let the Corrupt Officers perish.* He had no other Weapon, save a *Reed* in his Hand; but was soon followed, by a Multitude of Boys and Young Men, with Clubs and Staves, who went along the Streets of that Populous City, repeating the Cry after him, *Long live the King of Spain, but let the Corrupt Officers perish.* At first, the Citizens laugh'd at the Infant Tumult; but, in less than Two Hours, this *Fisherman* (whose Name was *Masanello*) had enrolled above Two Thousand Boys.

The next Day his Numbers encreased, by the Accession of all sorts of Lewd and idle Persons, Malecontents, Debtors, and such as were desirous of Novelty. Nay, some of the better Sort of Citizens, shut up their Shops, took Arms, and mingled with the Popular Insurrection; So that, ere Mid-day, there were above Ten Thousand Men and Boys, marching along the Streets, and burning the Custom-Houses, with all their Books of Accounts, throughout the City.

When *Masanello* beheld himself; at the Head of so vast a Multitude, he thought it time to declare the Reason of his raising this Tumult



**Tumula** Wherefore getting on an Eminent Place in one of the *Markers*, he speaks to his Followers to this Effect;

Rejoice, O ye Faithful People, and send up Acclamations to the God of Heaven, who hath this Day put it into your Hearts and Hands, to be your own Redeemers. As for me, my Spirit burned within me, to see the Public Oppression; and, I set no Value on my Life, when I first began this Glorious Enterprise. One of the Princes threatned me with the Gallies, if I persisted; but, here are Thousands my Witnesses, that in stead of fearing him, I smote him on the Breast, and sent him away joyful, that he escaped with his Life. O ye Faithful People, trust not the Princes & Nobles: They are the Men who Oppress you, and would enslave you. Trust in your Arm, and the Justice of your Cause. God has brought you together; let Nothing separate you, till you have freed your Country, your selves, your Wives and Children, from perpetual Servitude. Chuse you a Leader, a Man of Courage and Resolution, who is willing to sacrifice his Life for the Common Good. As for me, I have hitherto liv'd a Fisherman, and so I intend to die!

The People exceedingly mov'd with this Speech, chose him with one Accord for their Leader; crying out with loud Acclamations, Long live Masanello, the Patron of the Neapolitan Liberties.

THE

The

The first thing he did, after he was confirmed in this Authority, was, to set open the Prisons, and list the Prisoners under the *Banner of the People*. Then he divided this confused Army, into Regiments and Companies; and sent forth a *Proclamation* throughout *Naples*, commanding all to take Arms, on pain of having their Houses burnt. So that, in a little time, he had above Fifty thousand Armed Men at his Heels.

Thus accompanied, he marches directly toward the *Viceroy's Palace*, vested in *Cloth of Silver*, with a Naked Sword in his Hand. He was accompanied by a *Cardinal*, who undertook to be a *Mediator* between the *Viceroy* and the *People*. His Presence restrain'd the Multitude within some Bounds of Moderation; for they reverenc'd him, as the *Father of the City*. Yet they burnt above Sixty *Palaces* of the *Nobles* to the Ground with all their Furniture and Goods; and it was present Death for any one to rescue or purloin any thing from the Flames; so rigorously just was this New *Law-giver*, this *Moses* of the *Neapolitans*. It was in vain for the *Viceroy*, to oppose Force against so Formidable an *Insurrection*. He entertain'd the Young *Fisherman* with Ceremonies due to a *Prince*: And having concluded a *Truce*, gave him the Title of *Chief Tribune of the Faithful People*. This encreased the Veneration the Citizens had already conceiv'd for *Masanello*: So that in a Day or two more, he saw himself at the Head of an Hundred and fifty thousand

O

Armed

**Tumulo** Wherefore getting on an Eminent Place in one of the *Markets*, he speaks to his Followers to this Effect

Rejoice, O ye Faithful People, and send up Acclamations to the God of Heaven, who on this Day put it into your Hearts and Minds to be your own Redeemers. As for me, my Spirit burned within me, to free the People from Oppression; and, I set my Value on my Life when I first began this Glorious Enterprise. One of the Princes threatened me with his Gallies, if I persisted; but, here are Thousands my Witnesses, that in stead of hurting him, I smote him on the Breast and sent him away joyful, that he escap'd with his Life. O ye Faithful People, trust not the Princes Nobles: They are the Men who Oppress you and would enslave you. Trust in your God and the Justice of your Cause. God has brought you together: let Nothing separate you till you have freed your Country, your Wives, your Wives and Children, from perpetual Servitude. Chuse your Leader, a Man of Courage and Resolution, who is willing to sacrifice his Life for the Common Good. As for me, I have hitherto bin a Fisherman, and so I intend to be.

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alms I

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O

Armed

Armed Men. He gave out all Orders for the *Republick*; published new Edicts; and, all Commissions, were issued in his Name. He procured the *Gabels* to be for ever abolish'd; restor'd the People to their Ancient Liberty: And, in Fine, was Murder'd by his own Followers.

Let me not seem an *Advocate* for *Sedition*, when I tell thee, there was something Brave and Heroick in the Actions of this *Yonah*. So strange a *Revolution*, in so short a time, has scarce been heard of in the World: For a *Beardless Slave*, to raise himself in Six Days, to as Absolute and Uncontroulable a *Sovereignty*, as the Greatest *Monarch* on Earth enjoys; to be obeyed by an infinite Number of People, without the least Hesitation or Demur, were it for Life or Death; and all this, without any Motive of Ambition or Interest, but only to assert the Publick Liberty; Is a convincing Argument of his *Vertue*; and shews, That *Heaven* approved his Enterprize. But then again, for him to lose all this Power in Four Days more, to be Murder'd in Cold Blood by his own Party, by the People whose Cause he had so successfully vindicated; this shews the Instability of Human Affairs; and, that there is Nothing Permanent on this Side the *Moon*.

I pray *God* to inspire the *Ministers* of the *Sublime Port*, to take such Measures as may preserve the *Mussulman* Peace. Adieu.

Paris, 13<sup>th</sup>. of the 11<sup>th</sup> Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

LET

LETTER VIII.

To Solyman, *his* Cousin, at  
Constantinople.

WHEN I clos'd up my Last, the  
Hour of the *Post* was near expir'd;  
and the Messenger who carries my Letters to  
him, hastened my *Dispatch*, preventing what  
I had farther to say to thee.

I am sollicitous for thy Welfare, both as  
thou art a *Mussulman*, and so near a *Re-  
velation*. Do not forfeit those Titles, by dege-  
nerating from thy *Kindred*, and from all  
the *Illuminated* of *God*. Truth is compriz'd  
in a little Room; but, Error is Infinite. Thou  
makest a wrong Inference, from the Mode-  
ration and Charity of the *True Believers*,  
when thou concludest, That because they  
believe, it shall go well with all Honest Men,  
let their Opinions and Ceremonies be what  
they will; therefore thou shalt be safe, in  
stretching the Endless and Burdensome *Wash-  
ings* (as thou termest them) of the *Mussul-  
mans*, so long as thou ledest a Good *Moral*  
*Life*.

Art thou such a Friend to Idleness and In-  
purity, that thou wilt by a most pitiful So-  
phistry, cheat thy self of *Salvation*, rather  
than take the Pains to wash thy self after  
the Manner, and at the Times appointed by

the *Prophet of God*, and practis'd by our *Fathers*, and all the *Faithful* throughout the *World*? If it be allow'd, that such as either out of Ignorance, or hindred by some other Invincible Cause, do not embrace our *Holy Law*, are not *Circumcised*, and repair not to the *Assemblies of the Faithful*, shall nevertheless enter into *Paradise*, provided they obey the *Law of Nature* Imprinted on their Hearts; does it follow therefore, that one who has been bred up in the *Undeiled Faith*, who has been *Circumcised*, and lifting up his Right Hand to *Heaven* has pronounced the *Seven Mystorious Words*, which cannot be repealed; does it follow, I say, that such an one, shall be regarded by *God* or his *Prophet*, any otherwise than as a *Heretick* or an *Isidel*, if he live not up exactly to the *Graces* that have been given him? No, assure thyself, if thou art in the Number of these, thou art an *Apostate*; thy *Vertues* are Vices, and all thy *Good Works* are an *Abomination*.

Remember the *Piety* and *Magnanimous Zeal* of *Assan Hali*, thy *Grandfather*; who when he was taken *Prisoner* by the *Cossacks*, was entertained with extream *Rigor* and *Severity*. Nevertheless, a certain *Jew* in the *City*, who knew him, brought him every *Day*, by *Permission* of the *Keeper*, as much *Water* as would suffice to wash him, and to quench his *Thirst*. But, one *Day*, as he went with his accustomed *Load*, and was crossing the *Gate* of the *Prison*; the *Keeper*

either



either out of Malice or Wantonness, spilt most of the Water on the Ground, forbidding the Jew at the same time, to bring any more that Day.

The honest *Hebrew*, went in with the Remainder of the Water, and deliver'd it to the Prisoner; who, presently prepared to wash himself, after the accustomed Manner of the *Mussulmans*. The Jew seeing that, told him; There was not Water enough to quench his Thirst. And therewith, related to him what the *Keeper* had done. *I see there is but a Little* (reply'd the Vertuous Old Man) *but, he that Drinks, or Eats, before he has Wash'd himself, is guilty of defiling his Soul, and is not worthy to be number'd among the True Believers. Therefore, it is better for me to die for Thirst, than violate the Law brought down from Heaven, and transgress the Traditions of my Fathers.* Having said this, he *Wash'd* himself, being Resign'd to Providence.

*Consin*, deceive not thy self with vain Opinions, nor suffer *Hypocrites* to seduce thee. Imitate the *Adder*, and shut thy Ears against the Crafty Insinuations of *Hereticks*. It is reported of this little *Serpent*, That by *Natural Instinct*, being sensible when a *Magician* is about to utter words, which being heard will ensnare it, lays one Ear close to the Ground, and with its Tail stops the other, to the End the *Enchantment* may have no Effect.

Admit not any Man to thy Conversation, who shall attempt to warp thee from the Simplicity of the *Faith and Obēdience*, which thou owest to the *Apostle of God*. Without *Water*, there is no *Purity* on this Side the Grave. That *Element*, has a Force in it, of which thou art not aware. 'Tis the Third, in the Rank of Living Principles. 'Tis the *Tabernacle* of the Winds; The *Seraglio* of the Generative Spirit; The Stage of Wonders. In fine, it is the Purifier of every Thing that has Breath.

Thou knowest, that to serve the Necessities of the *Prophet* and his Army, *Understanding* and *Speech* was given to a *Fountain* in *Arabia*; which having promised to follow him to the Place of his Repose, made a Channel through the *Desart*, and kept Pace with the Troops of the *Faithful*, till they came to *Medna Talmabi*: That so, the *Submissive* to the *Will of Heaven*, might not want that *Element*, without which, Life it self would be a Burden and a Curse.

And yet, thou speakest contemptibly of *Water* as a very Indifferent Thing, whether we use it or not, any other ways than to quench our Thirst. Thus, making no Difference, between the many Advantages we reap from that *Element*, and that Common Use, to which the Beasts put it. In how many Places of the *Alcoran*, does the *Holy Prophet*, record the *Mercy of God*, in giving us *Water* that is Fresh and not Salt? How does he celebrate his Wisdom and Goodness, for directing

recting the Clouds to barren and dry Places? Thou canst not be ignorant, that it is one of the *Encomiums* of *Paradise*, that there are Gardens wherein flow many Rivers: And after all this, wilt thou despise so Holy and Blessed a Gift, without which, Earth and Heaven, Men and Angels, could not be completely happy?

Go learn then of the *Indian Idolaters*, who have never heard of the *Book of Glory*: Go learn of these *Barbarians*, to prize this *Sanctify'd Creature*. They travel many Hundreds of Leagues, to bathe themselves in the Waters of *Ganges*. With those Incorruptible and All-purging Streams, the *Brachmans* fill certain Vessels, and transport the Invaluable Liquor, to the utmost Parts of that Wide *Empire*. They travel on Foot, sometimes Two thousand Miles together, each Man with his Load of that precious Water, to supply the Wants of those who live so remote from the River. So that a Bottle of it is many times sold to the *Princes* and *Nobles*, for Two hundred *Sequins*, or Eight hundred *Roupies*: And yet, for all this, those very *Princes* would not die with a safe Conscience, had they not at least once in their Lives made a *Pilgrimage* to this Renowned River, and bath'd themselves in the *Waves* which blot out *Sins*.

O *Confin*, let the Example of these *Infidels* make thee blush at thy Impiety, and excite thee to a diligent and indispensable Practice of *Cleanness*: So shalt thou

have a Sound Mind, in a Healthy Body :  
And the *Angel* of thy *Nativity*, will not shun  
thy Person. Adieu.

Paris, 7th. of the 12th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

## LETTER IX.

*To the Kaimacham.*

THE Defeat of the *Venetians* and *Morlacks* in *Bosna*, has reached these Parts. That News is not unwelcome to *Mahmut*. But, I could wish our *General* had used his Victory with more Moderation. The *Christians* term him *Barbarian*, *Salvage*, *Devil Incarnate*; and load him with Execrations: For, having taken Prisoner the *Captain* of the *Morlacks*, he caus'd him to be Flea'd alive, and afterwards to be Impal'd. This *Captain* was an *Ecclesiastick*: They call him *Stephano Sorich*; and, in Honour of his Zeal and Fidelity, they entitle him, *The Good Priest*. They applaud his Magnanimity and Courage in Battel; and no less do they extoll his Constancy, during the Torments of so Cruel and Ignominious a Death. But, I tremble to think of the Blasphemies and Curses they utter against our *Holy Prophet*, and all the *Mussulmans*! For, this Cruel Execution,

tion, has scandaliz'd the *Nazarenes*, and im-  
bitter'd 'em even to Fury. Their Revenge  
is implacable: They would go to *Hell* them-  
selves, provided the *True Faithful* might be  
*Damn'd for Company!*

What will our *Divine Law-giver* say? Or,  
what Apology will our *General* make, when  
the *Sent of God* shall charge him, with dri-  
ving so many thousand Souls, into an Irre-  
concilable Hatred of the *Undeified Faith*?  
For, they look not on this as the Action of  
a *Private Man*, but of one who represents  
the *Person of our August Sovereign*, the  
Great *Protector* of the *Law* brought down  
from *Heaven*. They suppose him to be ho-  
nour'd with the particular Instructions of his  
*Master*: And therefore; they say, the  
*Sultan* has authoriz'd this Unheard-of Cru-  
elty; and, that our *Religion* countenances  
Tyranny, and the most Nefandous Method  
of shedding Innocent Blood.

I am no Advocate for *Infidels*; yet, suffer  
me to vindicate *Nature*, which is the *Com-  
mon Parent* of us all. Suffer me to be So-  
licitous, for the Honour of our *Holy Pro-  
fession*, which is blemish'd by this Inhumane  
Murder. What Offence had this Unhap-  
py *Captain* given, that deserv'd so dire a Pu-  
nishment? Was it, because he fought vali-  
antly, and perform'd Wonders in Defence of  
his Country? This is Nothing, but what  
becomes every Honest Man to do. And  
had our *General* been truly Brave, he would  
have entertain'd his Prisoner, with a Respect  
due to his Merit.

Who was a more Inveterate Enemy of the *Mussulmans*, than the Renowned *Ischemderbeg*, Prince of *Albania*? Who more Valiant or Successful, against the *Ottoman Armies*? It is Recorded of him, That he never shun'd a Battel, never fled from his Enemies, never shrunk from Perils, nor was ever wounded but once, in all his Life. And yet, he sustained a Continual War, from Two Successive *Osman Emperors*; defeated Seven *Fazirs*, with their Forces; took all their Ammunition and Baggage; and, in several Combats, slew with his own Hands, above Two Thousand *Mahometans*.

Our *Fathers* did not basely revenge themselves for all this, but cherish'd a Veneration for this *Heroick* Enemy, and honour'd the very *Dust* of such an extraordinary Person. For, after his Death, having conquer'd *Albania*, they sought out his *Tomb*, where they performed their *Devotions*, as at the *Sepulcher* of a *Prophet*. They open'd the *Dormitory* of the Defunct *Warriour*, and, with *Religious Solemnity*, took up his *Bones*, sharing the Honour'd *Reliques* among them; and, wrapping them up in *Silk*, wore them continually at their *Breasts*, esteeming them as *Sacred Amulets* against *Misfortune*.

Surely, our *General* would blush, at an Example of so great Vertue. But, perhaps he was incensed, because his *Captive* was a *Priest*: Mistaken Zeal might prompt him to this horrid Butchery. Thou, who art *Justice* it self, wilt not approve his *Bloody Passion*,



Passion, when thou considerest, That the *Priests* of *Jesus*, are Men, as well as others; and, if they live in Error, the Fault is in their Education. However, many of them, are Humble, Chaste, Sober, and Lovers of Vertue. If there be others, whose Corrupt Lives have contradicted this Character, let the Crime and the Punishment rest on their Heads. It is not Reasonable, that the Innocent should suffer for the Faults of the Guilty. The *Captain* of the *Morlacks*, had the Reputation, of a Devout and Just Man, and a Stout Champion for his Country: Had he been taken for a *Spy*, or an *Assassin*, the *Law of Arms* would have adjudg'd him to Death. Yet such was the Clemency of *Porfenna*, King of the *Hetrurians*, that when *Mutius Scaevola*, a Valiant Roman, came into his Camp, with design to Murder him, but by Mistake stabb'd one of the *Caprains*, thinking it had been *Porfenna*; and to revenge that Miscarriage on himself, thrust his Hand into the Fire, till the Flesh was consum'd to the Bones: The *King*, astonish'd at his Undaunted Spirit, sent him away in Peace, rais'd the Siege of *Rome*, and entred into a strict Friendship with that Nation: Such Honour he bore to the Fortitude of his Enemy, and design'd Murderer. But, the *Captain* of the *Morlacks* was not taken under these Circumstances: He lost his Liberty in the Heat of Battel, bravely Combating at the Head of his Army.

Wouldst thou know the Grounds then of our *General's* Cruelty? It was purely for the  
Sake



Sake of a Jest. There went a Report, That when this *Priest* was born, his Body was all over raw ; so that the *Physicians* were forc'd, by Art, to supply him with a Skin. Our Cruel General to sport himself in the Poor Man's Misery, commanded him to be Flea'd alive ; uttering at the same time this Inhumane *Sarcasm* ; *There was no Reason that he should carry a Skin out of the World, who brought none in.* This is attested by Two Gentlemen, who were made Prisoners with their Captain, heard these Words, saw him Executed, and afterwards made their Escape.

The *Nazarenes* Vow to Revenge this Unparallell'd Cruelty, on all the *Mussulmans* that fall into their Hands, if this *Butcher* (as they term him) be suffer'd to go Unpunish'd. I tell thee, such Barbarous Actions, draw down the *Vengeance* of Heaven, on those that commit them ; and excite the very *Beasts* of the Earth, to make War, and rid the World of such *Monsters*.

Thou knowest what Use to make of this Intelligence : I will not pretend to Instruct the *Second Minister* in the *Ottoman Empire*.

Paris, 7th. of the 12th. Moon,  
of the Year 1647.

LETTER

## LETTER X.

*To the Musti.*

**I**F there be any Truth in what the *Astrologers* tell us, That the *Stars* have Influence on the *Governments* of the *Earth*; One would think that *Spain* lies under some *Malignant Aspect*.

The Fortune of that *Kingdom*, has for a long time run Retrograde. They have had nothing but Losses by Sea and Land. The *Revolution* in *Portugal*, the *Revolt* of *Catalonia* and *Roussillon*, the Loss of *Ormus*, in *Persia*, and the *Defection* of *Goa*, with other Rich Towns of Traffick in the *Indies*, came one upon the Back of another.

Since which, there have been many Towns and Castles taken from the *Spaniards* in *Flanders*. The *French* made an *Insurrection* in *Palermo*, breaking open the Prisons, and releasing the Prisoners: And grew to such a Head, that the *Viceroy*, fearing they would revenge the *Tragedy* of the *Sicilian Vespers*; to pacifie the Multitude, was forc'd to Repeal the *Edicts* for *Taxes*, and Disannul them for ever; and to pass an *Act* of *General Indemnity*, both to the *Rabble*, and to the *Prisoners* whom they had freed.

This Tumultuous Spirit pass'd from thence to the *Kingdom* of *Naples*; and there, like an Infection, soon spread it self through all Parts,  
both

both of City and Country: Two hundred thousand Men took up Arms, to vindicate the *Privileges* of the *Neapolitans*, under the Conduct of a Poor Young *Fisherman*. I have already transmitted to the *Sublime Port*, a Relation of this Formidable *Sedition*: Wherein, it may be thought, I have discovered too much *Tenderness* to the *Infidels*, and seem'd to Favour the *Violences* of a *Faction*. But, I hope thou wilt acquit me, when thou considerest, that these *Governments* of the *Nazarenes*, are not to be compared to the Sacred *Osman Empire*, which is Establish'd by a *Divine Right*: It having been determined by the *Angel*, That he who should possess the Glorious *Dormitory* of the *Sent of God*, should be Entituled, *The Sovereign of all the Kings on Earth*. Therefore, it would be a Crime of the Highest Nature, to raise a Tumult or Sedition, within the *Territories* of our *August Emperor*, whose Dominion is confirm'd to him for ever, by a *Patent* from *Heaven*. But, the Case of the *Nazarene Princes* is different; who being professed *Enemies* to the *Messenger of God*, have no other Right to any thing, but what their *Swords* purchase. And therefore, when they prey upon others, and by *Rapine* and *Spoil* augment their *Riches*; it is no Wonder, if the *Great Avenger of Crimes*, stirs up some undaunted *Spirits*, to free their Country from *Slavery* and *Ruine*.

Those who are Curious, have remark'd many *Observable Circumstances* in this *Revolution* at *Naples*: As, That it was foretold by an *Astrologer*,

*Astraloger*, a considerable Time before it happen'd, who pointed out the very Year wherein it should come to pass. The Extraordinary Eruption's also of *Mount Vesuvius* some Years ago, where esteem'd as Presages of some approaching Troubles in the *State*: For, it rain'd Ashes on the City of *Naples*. I spoke of this Mountain, in one of my former Letters.

'Tis reported also, That about the same Hour, wherein *Masanello*, the Ringleader of the *Seditions* was Murder'd, there was seen a *Man* hovering in the Air, over the Principal Temple of *Naples*, with a Sword in his Hand, which he was putting up in his Scabbard: And, that a Voice was at the same time heard from on High, to utter these Words, *His Labour is finish'd, give him Rest*.

This is certain, that whilst he was at the Head of an Hundred Thousand Men, Seven *Assassines* were hired by some of the *Princes* to shoot him; yet none of the Bullets could penetrate his Body, though Unarm'd, and only covered with his Fishing Rags: And, it was evident that these Bullets smote him in divers Places; his Garments being marked with them, and he stagger'd with the Force of the Blows.

These are Extraordinary Occurrences, and would tempt one to believe, That this Young *Fisherman* was the Instrument of *Providence*, and that *Heaven* protected both *Him* and his Cause.

'Tis

'Tis true indeed, it seem'd at last, as if he were abandon'd by that *Divine Power*, which had carried him through so Important an Enterprize, in that he was Slain by his own Soldiers. But, then it must be remembred, that this was not done, till his *Work* was *finished*, and he went beyond his *Commission*. Want of Sleep, the Multitude of Affairs, and much Wine, had impaired his Reason, and rendred him Frantick; so that, his Actions were Insupportable, and his own Admirers grew weary of him. After his Death, his Head was cut off, and carried up and down the Streets on a Lance; and his Body was dragged through the Kennels. Yet the very next Day, the Multitude, to shew their own Fickleness, took the Dead Body out of a Ditch, where they had laid it all Night: They Washed and Embalmed it; and having join'd the Head to it, carried it with great Pomp and Solemnity to the Principal *Temple* of *Naples*, attended with Drums and Trumpets, and above a Thousand *Priests*, with Torches in their Hands, A Crown of Gold was put on his Head, and a Scepter in his Hand.

Thus the *Neapolitans* honoured that Beardless *Youth*, who in Ten Days time, had caused such a *Revolution*, as is scarce to be parallell'd, For, he was an Absolute *Monarch*, in Effect during that time. And of him it may be said, as it was once of an *Emperour*, That during his whole *Reign*, there was neither *Spring*, nor *Autumn*, nor *Winter*: For, his *Royalty* begun and ended, in the Seventh *Moon*.

By

By Letters from *Nathan Ben Saddi*, at *Vienna*, I perceive he is molested with Scruples about his *Religion*, being desirous to build upon the *surest Foundation*. I sent him the best Advice I could, without making my self a *Hypocrite*; which, thou knowest, is more offensive to *God*, than an *Open Sinner*. I drew up an *Abstract* of the *Mussulman Records*; and presented him with the *Faithful Genealogy*, from *Ismael*, the Son of the Patriarch *Ibrahim*, down to our *Holy Prophet*. This I did, to rectifie an Old Inherent Error of the *Jews*, who boast, That only the Sons of *Isaac* were *True Believers*. I endeavoured not to proselyte him, by *Sophistry* and *Artifice*; but referred him, for better Satisfaction, to the *Writings* of the *Ancients*. I promised to furnish him with *Books* of our *Law*, and the *Comments* of our *Holy Doctors*. This is impossible for me to perform, whilst I am in this Place; unless thou, who art a *Guide* of those who seek the *Truth*, vouchsafest to second my Zeal. I address to thee, *Sovereign Prelate* of the *Faithful*, in Behalf of a *Descendent* from the *Younger Brother* of *Ismael*; in Behalf of one *Circumcised*, but not in the *Right Way*. Favour him with thy *Divine Instructions*, and supply him with *Treatises* of *Light* and *Reason*. A seasonable Application, may bring this *Hebrew* into the Number of the *Mussulmans*; for, he is already disgusted at the *Synagogue*.

But, if I have presumed too far, in endeavouring to snatch a *Soul* from the Paws of  
*Tabor,*



*Tagot*, correct me in thy Wisdom ; for, I am  
but as an *Infant* before thee.

Paris, 15th. of the 1st. Moon,  
of the Year 1648.



## LETTER XI.

*The Beginning of this  
Letter is wanting in the  
Italian Translation, the O-  
riginal Paper being torn.*

• • • All Mens Hearts  
are filled with Joy, for this prosperous News,  
whilst I mourn for the Dishonour of Our  
Arms. Nothing but sad Tidings grate my  
Ears from those Parts, and more melancholy  
Presages possess my Soul. Methinks, I see  
thick Clouds gathering o'er the *Imperial City*.  
My Sleep is disturb'd with fearful Visions : I  
start in my Bed ; and waking lay my Hand on  
my Sword, as if some Danger were at hand :  
I dream of Tumults and Disorders, Neighing  
of Horses, and Clashing of Arms in the Streets  
of *Constantinople*. I pray God avert the Omen.

It is reported here, That *Ali*, the *Sangiac-Bey* of *Lippa* is taken Prisoner ; and that his  
Son was tormented to Death before his Face,  
in a Manner peculiar to the Invention of the  
most Barbarous Tyrants : For, they caused  
sharp Thorns to be thrust between his Nails  
and his Flesh ; which creates an intolerable  
Anguish : They laid him on a Bed of Iron-  
Spikes,



Spikes, and poured Melted Lead, Drop by Drop, on all Parts of his Flesh. Then they made a small Fire, and roasted him slowly to Death. If he chanced to groan, or make the least Complaint, in the Midst of those grievous Tortures, they bid him remember the Good Priest *Sorich*, who set him an Example of Constancy and Courage; in that he never shed a Tear, or so much as sigh'd, when he was *Flea'd alive*.

Thou seest, that Revenge is sweet, even to those, who having receiv'd no Injury in their own Persons, yet are touched to the Quick; with the Violence that is done to another. This will appear in the Humour of the *Italians*, who prosecute their Enemies, with irreconcilable Hatred and Malice; whole *Families* being often engag'd, in executing the Resentments of Two single Persons, who first began the Quarrel: But, much more forcible is this Passion in those, who have been notoriously hurt themselves. And, the Revenge of a certain *Captain* was Extravagant; who being informed, that his *General* had Debauch'd his Wife, took an Opportunity to single him out from all other Company, pretending to walk in the Fields. When he had him there alone, he clapt a Pistol to his Breast, threatening to kill him forthwith, if he moved Hand or Foot. Then he upbraided him with what he had done, in such Language, as convinced the *General*, his Life was in extreme Danger. Wherefore, he humbled himself, and confessed his Crime; begging

begging of the *Captain* to spare his Life, and he would prefer him forthwith, to the best Office in the Army next his own. But, the furious *Italian* would not sell his *Honour* so Cheap. He forced him to deny *God*, and utter many *Blasphemies*, in Hopes of Saving his Life: And, when he had thus done, the *Captain* said, *Now my Revenge is complete, since I shall send thee Body and Soul to the Devil.* With that he pistoll'd him.

But, leaving these *Infidels* to their *Diabolical* Passions, I am concern'd at the Captivity of thy Brother; if it be true, which is related here, That he was taken in his Return from *Canea* to *Constantinople*. It will cost the *Bassa* of *Algiers* a Thousand Crowns to ransom him.

Adieu, *Renarba*. And if thou art desirous to raise thy Self, take that Method which I have now propos'd to thee. *God* be propitious to thy Endeavours.

Paris, 4th. of the 2d. Moon,  
of the Year, 1648.

## LETTER XII.

To the Venerable Mufti.

THOU wilt say, the *Neapolitans* are a restless People, when thou shalt know, That there have been no less than Forty General *Insurrections*.

*surrections* in this Kingdom, since its first Separation from the *Grecian Empire*, whereof it was formerly a Member; and, that in the Space of Two Years, they have had Five Kings, all of different *Nations*.

One would have thought, That after the Death of *Masanello*, the *Ringleader* of the late *Innovation*, the Popular Heats would have slacken'd, and the People returned to their Duty; but, the passionate Desire of Liberty, caus'd them to continue in Arms, till the Confirmation of their Privileges, should come from the King of *Spain*.

In the mean Time, *Don John* of *Austria*, who lay before the City with a Fleet of Fifty *Galleons*, play'd upon them incessantly with his Cannon by Sea; and, the Castles batter'd them by Land.

*Cardinal Mazarini*, who has the earliest Intelligence of Foreign Transactions, has had a Principal Hand in fomenting this Flame. For, as soon as the News of *Masanello's* Death arriv'd here, he dispatch'd away *Couriers* to *Rome*, with Instructions to the *French Embassadour* at that Court, requiring him, to use all possible Means, to cherish the Tumults in *Naples*, and not neglect so fair an Opportunity, of reducing that Kingdom under the Protection of *France*.

It will not appear strange, That this great Genius, should aim at the Conquest of *Naples*, when we consider, That this Kingdom abounds in all Manner of Riches, to which its fortunate Situation contributes not a Little:  
For,

For, it lies in the most Temperate Part of the World. And, the Inhabitants are not *Second* to any People of *Europe*, in *Martial* Courage and Bravery. This is a Bait, which tempts the *Cardinal*; who is not ignorant, how valiantly the Ancestors of the present *Neapolitans*, behav'd themselves in the *Wars* of *Cesar* and *Pompey*, and those between the *Romans* and *Carthaginians*. Nor are they less Celebrated, for the stout Resistance they made against the *Huns*, *Goths*, and *Vandals*. So that, this *Kingdom*, were it once brought under the *French* Dominion, would prove a *Nursery* from whence this *Monarch* might draw many Thousands of excellent Soldiers, to serve him in his Wars.

Besides, it would be more commodious for him, to make Incurfions from hence into the *Pope's* Territories, if there should arise any Difference between the two *Courts*; as there often do, about the Rights of the *Gallican Church*, the *Franchises* of the *Embassadors*, of this *Crown* in *Rome*, and other Privileges to which they pretend.

Therefore the *French Ambassador*, according to the Instructions of *Mazarini*, sent *Commissioners* to treat privately with the People of *Naples*, offering them Two Millions of Crowns, Twenty Gallions, with Eight and Fifty Gallies, and other Vessels. They accepted the Proposal, being weary of the *Spanish* Government, and desirous of Novelty, Encourag'd also by what those *Commissioners* represented to them concerning the  
 Success

Success of the *English*, who by standing on their Guard, and using that Power which God and *Nature* had given them, for the Defence of their Lives and Liberties, were now in a manner, become a *Free People*, having Abolish'd the *Monarchy*, and set up a *Commonwealth*: And this, they told them, was also done by *Cardinal Mazarini's* Counsels and Assistance. Now, all the Cry in *Naples*, was, *Let France and the People of England flourish; and let the Faithful Neapolitans assert their own Liberty.* So blind were these People, as not to consider, That in putting themselves under the Protection of the *French*, they did but exchange One Bondage for another; it being impossible for any Foreign Prince to keep this Kingdom, and pay all his Officers, Civil and Military, together with those under their Commands, with much less Charge than the Revenues amount to. And, the *French* are as good at Inventing New Taxes, as any Court in *Europe*.

However, the *Neapolitans* were enchanted with the Thoughts of so much Gold, and other Assistance offer'd by the *French Commissioners*; and sweeten'd with their fair Words, and glorious Promises. So that they immediately sent *Deputies*, to entreat the *Duke of Guize*, who was then at *Rome*, to come and protect them, in taking on him the Chief Command of their Arms.

This Prince, thinking it a Generous Action, to Relieve the Oppressed: And, that at the same time, he should do a considerable Service to the

the King of *France*, in rendring him *Master* of this Noble and Opulent *Kingdom*, went to *Naples*. Where, at first, he was receiv'd with Infinite Applause; was made their *General*; took an Oath of Fidelity to the *People*; did many notable Services; but was, in the end, Betray'd, and sent Prisoner to *Spain*.

If the Generosity, and brave Resolution of this *Prince* has acquired Commendation from some, in attempting to rescue these People from the Tyranny of their Governours; yet his Conduct is call'd in Question by others, who say, He discover'd but little Prudence in trusting himself to the *Neapolitans*, who had already sacrific'd Two of their *Generals*. (For, after the Death of *Masanello*, they chose another *Captain*, whom they call'd the *Prince of Massa*: This *Prince* falling under their Suspicion, was Beheaded by the *Inconstant People*.)

'Tis certain, that there is little Confidence to be put in the *Multitude*, whose Passions Ebb and Flow, and are more Tempestuous than the Sea. Yet a Brave and Generous Mind will shun no Dangers, to serve his *Prince* and his *Country*; for whom it is a Glorious *Martyrdom* to Die. There is no great Undertaking without Hazards; and he that is afraid to venture his Liberty and Life in a Good Cause, is not worthy to bear Arms. Had the *Duke of Guize* succeeded, his Conquest of *Naples* had made him *Viceroy* of one of the largest *Kingdoms* in *Europe*. It is said to be Five hundred Leagues in Circuit, containing Twelve  
ample



*These Provinces*: Twenty Archbishops: Bishops, One Hundred twenty seven: Thirty Cardinals: Bishops, One thousand four hundred: Earls, Fifty three: Forty Marquises: Thirty four Dukes: and Twenty Princes. The Inhabitants of this Kingdom, are said to be above Two millions. The ordinary Revenues of the King, amount to Three millions of Crowns yearly, besides the Voluntary Donatives which have been given by the Subjects of this *State* to their Kings, within the space of Forty Years, amounting to Twenty Eight millions, and Six hundred thousand Ducats. This *Kingdom* is water'd by a Hundred and fifty Rivers: besides Ten Lakes stor'd with all manner of Fish: among which is one called *Acras*, over which at high Ebb-tide, they immediately drop down dead. The ancient *Pagans* had strange Opinions of this *Lake*, it being the place where they used to sacrifice Men to the *Infernal Gods*. And, hard by, is the *Cave* of one of the *Spells*.

There are Thirty high Mountains in this Country, of which *Alexander* relates many strange and delightful Passages, (for 'tis from him I receiv'd this Account of the *Kingdom*.) I will not trouble thee with a Repetition of all that this *Man* tells me, only One Thing is worthy Remark.

He says, That the Bodies of the Three Young *Hebrews*, who were put into the burning Oven by the *Babylonian Admire*, because they would not adore his *Idols*, are preserv'd in a *Mosque* on one of these Mountains.

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And,



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There are Thirty high Mountains in this Country, of which *Adonis* relates many strange and delightful Passages, (for 'tis from him I receiv'd this Account of the *Kingdom*.) I will not trouble thee with a Repetition of all that this *Jew* tells me, only One Thing is worthy Remark.

He says, That the Bodies of the Three Young *Hebrews*, who were put into the burning Oven by the *Babylonian Monarch*, because they would not adore his *Idols*, are preserv'd in a *Mosque* on one of these Mountains.

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And,

And that on the said Hill, no Eggs, Flesh or Milk, will endure an Hour without Putrefaction, but presently breed an infinite Number of Worms. He speaks in the Praise of these Mountains, which are cloath'd with Vineyards, Gardens and Woods on the Top and Sides; and in their Bottoms, have very Rich Mines of Gold, Silver, Copper, Iron, Crystal, Alabaster, Adamant. In fine, *Adonai*, who has travell'd over all this Kingdom, calls it, The Fertilest Region of all Italy, which is esteem'd the *Paradise of Europe*.

Dost thou not think now, *Venerable Guide* of the *Elect*, that the *Duke of Guize* had Reason to prefer the Honour of Conquering so Renowned a Kingdom, to the Safety of his Person? Or wilt thou not rather conclude, That the Reduction of this Happy State would be an Expedition worthy of the *Ottoman Arms*? It is certain, That the Riches and Plenty of this Region, have tempted more Nations to Invade it, than any other Kingdom on Earth: It having been the Prize, at which no less than Five and twenty several Nations have aim'd.

*Cardinal Mazarini* is much troubled at the *Duke of Guize's* Captivity, and has offer'd great Sums of Money for his Ransom; but the King of *Spain* rejects all Proposals of that Nature. So that 'tis thought, the *Cardinal* will contrive some Way for the *Duke's* Escape; either by Bribing his Keepers, or by some secret Stratagem.

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I am not much concern'd for the *Infidels*; but, it would be no small Joy to hear, that some Care were taken, for the Redemption of *Mahomet Celebee*, who, thou knowest, has not deserv'd ill of the *Sublime Port*. Adieu, Holy *Patriarch*, and forget not *Mahmut* in thy Addresses to *Heaven*.

Paris, 27th. of the 3d. Moon,  
of the Year, 1648.

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LETTER XIII.

To Abdel Melec Muli Omar, Superintendent of the College of Sciences at Fez.

THOU, to whom the *Issues of Paradise* are Revealed, and the *Road of the Angels* when they come down and go up through the *Seven Heavens*? Thou that canst marshal the *Host of the Stars*, and understand the Discipline of the Armies living and strong, the Orders of the Potentates encamp'd in the Fields of Light, the *Domestick Guards* of the *Throne* Blessed for Ever; Tell me the Age of the *World*, and declare the *Beginning of Time*. Resolve me, Whether this Mighty Fabrick be but of Yesterday, that is, of Five or Six Thousand Years standing, as the *Jews* and

and *Christians* say; or, whether the Years of its Duration, be not past a Calcule.

The *Visions* of thy Progenitor, the Lieutenant to the *Sent* of God, are extant in the *Arabick* Tongue. In them it is written, My Soul on a sudden, became as though it had Wings; a Spirit enter'd me, and a subtle Wind lifted me up to the Top of Mount *Uriel*, where I beheld *Marvellous Things*. I looked behind me, and saw the Ages that were past; and loe, they were without Number, or Beginning. I beheld the Four Seasons of the Year, ever returning at their accustomed Time, and the Sun forsook not his Course, for a Thousand Thousand Generations. I counted a Million of Ages, and yet there appear'd not an Hour, wherein Darkness had possessed the Abyss of Matter, or wherein the endless Firmament was not Illuminated by the Moon and Stars. Whilst I considered these Things, a Liquor was given me to drink by an Unknown Hand, it was of the Colour of Amber; When I had tasted it, I felt a marvellous Force in my Body, and my Eyes were more piercing than an Eagles. Another Wind, more powerful than the former, blew out of a Cloud, and carried me up to an exceeding High Place, far above the tallest Mountains; There I trod in the soft Air, as on a Pavement of Marble. I was ravish'd at these Things; and the Exaltation of my State made me forget my Mortality. I beheld the Earth at a vast Distance under my Feet, as one That did not belong to it; it look'd like a shining Globe, not much unlike the Moon, but far bigger.

bigger. *All the Living Generations, which had successively Inhabited the Earth from its Nativity, pass'd by me; and they appear'd in various Forms. First came a Race of Centaurs, then of Satyrs, next of Angels, and last of Men. While I marvelled at these Things, a Voice reach'd my Ears, as from behind me, saying, These are the Four Ages of the World, and the Four Species of Beings, to whom I gave the Possession of the Earth; but, for the Impiety of the Three former, I have exterminated them. And, when Men shall have compleated the Measure of their Sins, I will cause the Trumpet to sound, and all Things shall retire into the Cave of Silence and Darkeness. Having heard this, I found my self in a moment on the Earth, which I had before seen afar off; then I knew that I had been in a Trance, &c.*

I do not rehearse this *Vision*, to teach thee any new Thing, Venerable President of the Southern Sages (for, I know, the Archives of thy College, are replenish'd with all Manner of excellent *Treatises*, and that thou art no Stranger, to the *Writings* of the *Prophets*) but, to crave thy Interpretation of so great a *Mystery*, and to reason with thee about the *World's* Duration. My Satisfaction would be small, in contemplating the various Beauties of the *Universe*, the Qualities of the Elements, the Natures of Living Things, the Virtues of Plants and Minerals, with the Force of the *Heavenly* Bodies, were I assur'd, That these Things were not always so. That thought would damp my greatest



Enjoyments, if I were convinc'd, That to many Splendors, Riches and Pleasures, as this *Visible Frame* affords, were not disclos'd for Millions of Ages, but lay hid in the Bottom of *Eternity*. Methinks, it is too low an Opinion of the *Omnipotent Goodness*, and looks, as if the Authors of it, suspected God of *Envy*. Who, when he might have made Infinite *Myriads* of Creatures happy, in these *Visible Emanations* of his *Divinity*, without either Beginning or Ending of Time; yet, according to their *Doctrine*, contented himself, to let onely a Determinate Number taste of his Munificence, for a few *Centuries* of Years. This is not suitable to the Character of that *Infinite Being*, the *Eternal Source* of all *Perfections*.

What then is meant by those *Four Ages*, and the *Four Species* of *Beings*, which were shew'd to the *Exalted* of God in that *Holy Vision*? Tell me, Great *Light of Africk*, Is it repugnant to *Reason* or *Faith*, to believe, That the *Earth* has been *Inhabited* from *Eternity*; since our *Holy Doctors* teach us, That it was peopl'd long before the *Creation* of *Adam*? No *Mussulman*, that has ever gone the *Sacred Pilgrimage*, but has visited *Mount Arassa*, where *Adam* first saw *Eve* his *Wife*. There he has been instructed, in the *History* of that *First Father* of *Mankind*; and how that before his Time, the *Earth* was *Inhabited* by *Angels*, who being commanded to adore *Adam*, refus'd it, and were turn'd to *Devils*, being expell'd from the *Earth*. Thou knowest



est moreover, that it is in the *Sacred Traditions*, That God gave to *Adam* a Wife, whose Name was *Alileth*; but that she, being of the Race of these *Devils*, refus'd to Obey *Adam*: Whence it came to pass, That they liv'd in continual Quarrels and Enmity, for the Space of Five hundred Years; till at length, *Alileth* flew up into the Air, and abandon'd her Husband. Of which, when *Adam* complained to God, he sent Three Mighty *Angels* in Pursuit of her, commanding them to tell her, That if she would return to her Husband, it should go well with her; but if she would not, a Hundred of her Children should die every Day. The *Angels* follow'd her, and overtook her on the *Red-Sea*; where they threatened to Drown her, unless she would return to her Husband. But she made Excuses, and told them, *She was created to destroy Young Children*. Then the *Angels* laid Hands on her: When she, to pacifie them, swore by the *Bottom of Hell*, That whensoever the Names of them Three should be written on any *Schedule*, that she should have no Power to hurt the Infants, they dismiss'd her. After this, God compassionating *Adam's* Solitude, gave him another Wife, call'd *Eve*.

This Tradition, confirms the *Vision* of the *Prophet*; and we need not doubt, That the *Earth* was Inhabited before *Adam's* time: And if that be granted, why might it not be Peopled for Millions of Ages, as well as for the Smallest Term that Ignorance or Error may assign to its Duration?

I have discoursed with several of the *Jewish Rabbis*, and *Christian Doctors*, on this Subject, Men of abstruse Learning, and sublime Thoughts; yet I can find but a few, who are emancipated from the Prejudices of a Superstitious Education. They have been, from their Infancy, prepossess'd with a false Notion of the *Works of God*; believing them to be *Finite*, both in Extent of *Space* and *Time*. They circumscribe this *Visible World*, within, I know not what *Flaming Circle*; and believe the *First Matter* it self, to be but Five Days Older than *Adam*, taking each of those Days, for the space of Four and twenty Hours, wherein the Sun finishes his Diurnal Circuit through the Heavens. They consider not, that, according to their own *Bible*, there was *Light* and *Darkness*, and consequently *Day* and *Night*, before the Sun was *Created*. But, how long those *Days* and *Nights* were, is not determin'd by *Moses*: Yet, in another part of their *Bible*, it is said, That a *Day* with *God*, is a *Thousand Years*; and a *Thousand Years*, is a *Day*. So that, according to this Interpretation, *Adam* was not *Created* till above *Five thousand Years* after the *Beginning* of the *World*: Yet, when I bring this *Positive Place* of their Own *Scripture* against the *Nazarene Sages*, they shuffle it off with empty *Evasions*; and rather than believe the *Indefinite Antiquity* of the *World*, they contradict their own *Sence* and *Reason*, invalidate the *Testimony* of a *Prophet*, deny their *Faith*, and appear *Unmask'd Infidels*.

Both

Both *they* and the *Jews*, have corrupted the Truth with many Errors? and, we must seek farther, for the Original Science of Nature. The *Illuminated* of God, have always taught, That the *Earth* was *Inhabited* long before the Appearance of *Adam*. And, all the *Eastern Sages*, believe a *Series of Generations*, to have dwelt on this *Globe*, for Indeterminate Ages.

I have a Brother lately come from the *Indies*: He relates strange Things of certain *Books*, which are only in the Hands of the *Brahmins*. They are written in a *Language*, which none understand but these *Priests*; yet a *Language* as Copious as any other, and taught in their *Colleges* by *Rule*. These *Books* contain a *History* of the *World*, which, they say, is above Thirty Millions of Years Old. They divide the Term of its Duration, into *Four Ages*; Three of which they say are already past, and a good Part of the *Fourth*. Now I would fain know, who wrote these *Books*; and, at what Time, and where this *Language* was spoken? They call it, the *Holy Language*; saying, that it was the *First* spoken on *Earth*. It is strange, that no *History*, should mention so *Divine* a *Speech*. We have the *Chronology* of the *Latin* and *Greek*; and can give an Account, when and where they were spoken, though they are now grown Obsolete, and no otherwise to be learn'd, but in the *Schools* and *Academies*. This argues the Antiquity of the *Brahmins Language* and *Books*, in Regard, they fall not within

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any other *Record* save their own; which, if they are as Old as the *World*. For, if this Assertion were false, the Imposture would have been discover'd as soon as broach'd, and the Learned *Sages* of the *East*, would quickly have disprov'd so manifest a *Lye*. There seems to me something Extraordinary, in this Pretension of these *Indian Philosophers*, and I would gladly be convinc'd of the Truth. Methinks, it is an Illustrious *Idea* of the *Divine Perfections*, when one conceives all this Vast and Endless Concatenation of *Beings*, to flow from the *Eternal Nature*, as Rays from the Sun: And, that they can no more be separated from it, than those Beams can from that *Visible Fountain* of *Light*. It will not be difficult then, to Interpret the *History* of *Moses*, by this *Register* of the *Bramins*, and reconcile the *Six Days* of the one, with the *Four Ages* of the other; since, a Day in the *Divine Sence*, may amount to Millions of Years, as well as to a Thousand. And, it will be more congruous and agreeable, to believe, that after the Birth of the *First Matter*, there elaps'd Many *Ages*, before it was wrought into such an Infinite Variety of Appearances, as we now behold; and that the *Five Days* which *Moses* computes, before the *Production* of *Adam*, might be some Millions of Years: In which Time, the *Divine Architect* gradually drew from the *Abyss* of *Matter*, the Sun, Moon, Stars, Plants and Animals; which may serve also to Illustrate, the *Vision* of thy Holy Ancestor, with which I begun this *Discourse*.

Adieu,

Adieu, Sublime *Intelligence* of the *Torrid Zone*, and favour *Mahmut* with a Transcript of thy Thoughts concerning these things. But if thy Silence shall condemn my *Presumption* and *Importunity*, I will wait for thy Answer, till the *Platonick Year*, when, according to the *Doctrine* of that *Philosopher*, we shall all be alive again.

Paris, 19th. of the 4th. Moon;  
of the Year 1648.

## LETTER XIV.

*To the Mufti.*

IN a former *Dispatch* to thy *Sanctity*, I have acquainted thee with the *Insurrections* in *Palermo*, mentioning the Fear of the *Viceroy*, lest the *French* in that *Island* should then take their *Opportunity*, to revenge the *Proverbial Cruelty* of the *Sicilian Vespers*. If thou art unacquainted with that *Tragedy*, I will inform thee in Brief.

About Three hundred and threescore Years ago, there Reign'd in *Sicily*, one of the *Royal Blood* of *France*; they call him, *Charles* of *Anjou*. He had *French Garrisons* in all the *Cities* of that *Kingdom*: But these *Soldiers* committed so many *Insolencies*, as rendred them *Odious* and *Insupportable* to the *Naives*,  
who

who therefore resolv'd to exterminate them.

The *French* are very Licentious in their *Conquests*; neither sparing Men in their Anger, nor Women in their Lust. They make no difference between the *Noble* and the *Vulgar*, but sacrifice all the Regards of Honour and Civility to their Impetuous Appetites.

They were guilty of innumerable Rapes and Violences in *Sicily*, among the *meaner* People; and sometimes extended their Rascals to Persons of the *best* Quality. It was common for them to affront both Virgins and Matrons as they went along the Streets, by thrusting their Hands under their Garments, on Pretence of Searching for hidden Arms. Among the rest, the Wife of a certain *Lord* in *Palermo*, going to pay her Devotions at the *Temple*, was seiz'd, by the Command of the *Captain* of the *Guards*, and strip'd Naked before all the Soldiers, in order to discover certain Treasonable Papers, which they suspected she carried about her: But finding none, she upbraided the *Captain* with Inhumanity, in offering so gross an Affront to a *Lady* of her *Rank*. He seeming to be sorry for the Indignity she had receiv'd, begged her Pardon; and retiring with his Soldiers out of the Room where she was, left her to put on her Apparel. In the mean while, he was enflamed with a furious Passion for this *Lady*, (she being very Beautiful;) and having sent the Soldiers away, he return'd to the Room where she was: He address'd her with much Court-



Courtship; but finding that Ineffectual, he Forc'd her.

When this was made known to her Husband, he burn'd with Desire of Revenge: And stirring up all the *Sicilian Nobles* and *People*, it was privately agreed between them, that on a certain *Festival*, when the *Bells* should toll to *Even-Song*, all the *Sicilians* should take Arms, and Massacre the *French* throughout the *Island*. This Plot was carried so secretly, that before the *French* could get the least Intimation of it, they were all murder'd on the Day appointed.

I forgot to acquaint thee in my last, with a Villainy which was discover'd in the late Tumults of *Naples*. As they were marching up and down the *Streets*, burning the *Custom-Houses*, and the Habitations of those who had been concern'd in gathering the *Taxes*, they entred the House of a certain *Natary*, or *Publick Scribe* of that City, who had been represented to them, as a Promoter of those Unreasonable *Impositions*: They seized on the Man, and began to carry his Goods out into the *Streets*, in order to be burnt: But as they were rummaging in an Apartment which was toward the *Gardens*, they heard a great Shrieking, as of Women affrighted: And perceiving the Voice to proceed from within a Wall in the Room where they were, they search'd about for a Door to enter into that Place; but finding none, they broke through the Wall; where they found Two Women, with their Hair hanging down  
to



to their Ancles, and their Nails grown like the Talons of an Eagle. Enquiring of them how long they had been there, and on what Occasion, the Eldest of the Women made this Answer: *The Master of this House, is my own Brother; who, when my Father died, was entrusted by him to pay me Six hundred Duckets, which he bequeathed me as a Legacy, for my Maintenance, my Husband being dead: But my Brother, instead of doing me this Justice, immur'd both me and my Daughter, whom you see here, between these Walls; where we have lived these Seventeen Years, being allowed by this cruel Man no other Food but Bread and Water.*

The People, Incens'd above Measure at so barbarous a Cruelty, hang'd up the *Notary*, and gave all his Estate to this Widow and her Daughter. An *Exemplary* piece of Justice, performed by *Mutineers*, which could not have been done by the *Law*, the Crime not reaching his Life; though, in the Sence of all Men, he merited Death. This is another Argument, that *Destiny* had a Hand in this *Insurrection*; and, that *Masanello* the Fisherman, was the Executioner of God.

I obey thee, Sovereign *Prelate*, with an *Unconditional Devotion*, and revere the *Idea* of thy Sanctity: Vouchsafe to pray for *Mahmut*, that whilst he Condemns the Barbarous Cruelties of the *Nazarenes*, he may not render himself Inexcusable, by doing any Injustice himself.

Paris, 22d. of the 5th. Moon,  
the Year 1648.

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## LETTER XV.

To the Kaimacham.

THE *Arabian Proverb* says, *There is more Danger to be fear'd from one of the Co-reis, than from a Thousand Bobecks.* Thou knowest, both these were *Noble Families in Mecca*, and *Sworn Enemies of the Messenger of God*: But, the *Latter*, as their *Name* imports, were too open in their Counsels, to do any considerable Execution against the *Holy One*: Whereas the *Former*, were always reserved, and laying of Secret Trains.

Such is *Cardinal Mazarini*, the Hidden Enemy of the *Ottoman Empire*. There seems to be an Ambition in this Great *Genius* equal to that of his Predecessor *Richlieu*, who would be esteemed the most Eminent among Men. Nothing will satisfy this *Minister*, less than a Subversion of all the *Monarchies* on Earth, which appear Obstacles of that *Grandeur*, to which he Designs to raise his *Master*. Yet he attempts not this by Open Force, knowing, that is impracticable: but, acts in the Dark, striving to undermine those *States* by *Intrigue*, which he cannot subdue by *Arms*. He has his *Agents* in all the *Courts of Christendom*; and, thou needst not startle, if I tell thee there is Ground to suspect, he is not without his *Creatures* at the *Sublime Port*. All *Europe* is sensible, that the Late *Revolutions*,

now in Portugal, and that he is a  
Black in Service, and that he is a  
of the English, and that he is a  
owing to the smallness of his Bulk, and  
I can tell you more of this Subject, than is  
known to any one.

*Osmin* the Dwarf, who still retains his  
good Inclinations to the *Sultan*, finds  
an unsuspected Access to all the *Grandees*, to  
whom the Smallness of his Bulk and Stature,  
affords no small Diversion. Besides  
they delight to pose him with *Problems*, in  
Regard, there is always something so lucky,  
besides the Wit in his Answers, as either  
creates Admiration or Laughter. But, their  
Mirth would quickly be changed into other  
Passions, were they sensible that their Little  
*Buffoon*, is no other than a Spy upon them.  
For, *Osmin* having so many Opportunities,  
lurks in Corners like a Spider, undiscovered,  
and unthought of: He Creeps into their  
Bedchambers and Cabinets, where he becomes  
pry to their greatest Secrets. If they should  
catch him in any of his Concealments, be-  
hind the Hangings, or under a Bed, 'twould  
only pass for a Frolick to give 'em Diversion;  
and he never wants for a *Repartee* or a *Jest*,  
to bring himself off.

I have taught him a *Cypher*, which he  
makes Use of, to transcribe any Letters, or o-  
ther Papers of Moment; with *Characters*  
for *Speedy Writing* which comprehend whole  
Sentences in a Dash or Two of the Pen.

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Tis but lately we have pitched on this Method ; and the first Attempt *Osmin* made, was in *Cardinal Mazarini's* Closet : Into which he slipt, under the Skirt of a *Nobleman's* Cloak, who just then went in to speak with the Cardinal. This active Dwarf, taking Advantage of the *Nobleman's* Approach to the Table, dextrously crept under the Carpets which cover'd it, reaching down to the Floor, where he lay unseen till the Cardinal was gone, and the Closet lock'd up.

During the time of their Conference, which was not very long, *Osmin* heard the *Cardinal* speak these words to the Lord : One of the Slaves of that *Bassa*, (said he,) is an Italian, whom I formerly entertain'd in my Service, and One in whom I confide : He was taken by the Turks at Sea ; and as soon as he was sold to this Grandee, he acquainted me in a Letter with his Condition, imploring my Assistance toward his Ransom. I promis'd to Redeem him, on the Conditions I have told you ; and since that, he has not fail'd to perform them ; his Master having accepted the Pistols, and entred into the Association : So that I hope, in a little time, to see that proud Tyrannical Race exterminated, the Tartars excluded from Succession, and the Empire divided by the Sword of Strangers. *Ragotski* is the only Obstacle ; That Prince is wavering, and we cannot trust him. The *Bassa* of Aleppo, with those of Sidon, Damascus and Babylon, are ready to cover the Fields of Asia with their Armies. If things were as secure on the Side of Europe, the Blow should soon be given. There

There pass'd some other Discourses among them, which *Osmin* could not distinguish: In regard they removed to the Window, and spoke low. But this was enough to rouse his Curiosity, and put him on a further Inquiry.

As soon as the Room was void, by their Absence, he came forth from his Retirement, and fell to examining the Papers which lay on the Table, hoping to discover more of this Plot; but he was disappointed, and only met with a few Letters from his *Agents* in *England*: Wherein, among other Matters, they gave the *Cardinal* an Account, That they had hunted the *Lion* into the Toils, past all Hopes of an Escape. By which, I suppose, they meant the *English King*, whom the *Rebels* have confined to a certain Castle in their Possession. *Osmin* transcribed some of these Letters; and brought them to me: A Copy of one of them, I here send thee inclosed: 'Twas written from the Council of the *Irish Rebels*. By which thou mayst see what a Share the *Cardinal* has, in Abetting these Traitors. Else, how could they Demand of him, The Performance of the *Queen-Regent's Promise*, to assist them with Money and Men!

There is one also Dated this present Year, and Subscribed by Monsieur *Bellicure*, the *French Ambassador* in *England*: But *Osmin* had not time to transcribe that, being prevented by the *Cardinal's* Return; which made the Dwarf snatch up his Tools, and abscond.

all along under the *Table*. Yet, he remembered some of the Contents of that Letter, and told them me at his next Visit: The *Ambassador* in that Letter, informs the *Cardinal*, of a certain *German Prophet*, who foretold, That there should be a great Revolution in the Government of England; and that One of the Mightiest of all the Eastern Princes, should be Deposed this Year, and Murdered by his Subjects (I pray Heaven, avert the Omen from the *Seraglio*.) He acquaints this *Minister* also, That he had succeeded in his Negotiation with the Officers of the *Rebels Army*. There were other obscure Passages in the Letter, which *Osmin* has forgot. But, these are sufficient to demonstrate, how busie the *Cardinal* is, and what a Hand he has in *Foreign Affairs*.

Another Opportunity, I hope, will bring to Light, more of this *Minister's* Secrets. Adieu.

Paris, 4th of the 6th. Moon,  
of the Year. 1648.



LETTER



## LETTER XV.

To Pestaliali, his Brother.

THE oftner I peruse the *Journal* of thy *Travels*, the more I am delighted with it. For, it is evident, That the *Countries* through which thou hast pass'd, have been as so many *Schools* of *Wisdom* to thee; Wherein thou hast learn'd, even from Men's *Vices*, the way to *Perfection*; much more from their *Vertues*. Thou hast found, that though Mens *Natural* Dispositions differ,, as do the *Climates*, which afford them *Breath*; yet they all agree in *Common* *Frailties*. There are also *Vices* peculiar to certain *Countries*; 'twere to be wish'd, they could be match'd with as many *National* *Vertues*. But, *Human Nature* is a *Rank Soil*, more fertile in *Weeds*, than *wholesome* *Products*. Yet, there are *Gardens* as well as *Desarts*: And, thou hast observed some Persons, *Illustrious* for their *Goodness*, and the *Noble* *Endowments* of their *Minds*.

I am extreamly pleas'd with that rare Example of *Generosity*, which thou relatest of an *Indian* *Merchant*; who, not content to give *Alms* to all that ask'd him, or whom he knew to be *Poor*, sought daily *Occasions* to exercise his *Charity*, hunted out the *Indigent* and *Unfortunate*: And, where-ever he discovered the *Lineaments* of *Poverty* in a  
Man's



Man's Face, or trac'd the Footsteps of it in his Behaviour, he could not rest till he had relieved his Wants, and made him Happy, to his very Wishes. I tell thee, *Poverty* is a *Hell* upon *Earth*; and he that has this Curse, anticipates the *Torments* of the *Dam'd*. It eclipses the brightest *Vertues*, and is the very *Sepulcher* of brave *Designs*; depriving a Man of the Means to accomplish, what *Nature* has fitted him for, and stifling the Noblest Thoughts in their *Embryo*. How many *Illustrious* Souls may be said, to have been Dead among the Living, or buried alive in the *Obscurity* of their Condition, whose *Perfections* have rendred 'em the *Darlings* of *Providence*, and *Companions* of *Angels*; yet the insuperable *Penury* of all Things, has ranked them among the *Castaways* of the *Earth*, in the Eyes of Men? To such as these, our *Divine Lawgiver* commands us to extend our *Charity*, giving us certain *Characters* and *Marks*, by which we may distinguish them from the *Crowd* of the *Unfortunate*. And, I like the *Indian's* *Bounty* the better, in that he so exactly seems to comply with this *Precept* of the *Alcoran*, generously preventing the *Requests* of the *Indigent*, and by an *Excess* of *Benignity*, courting them to accept of *Relief*. In this he also verifies the *Arabian Proverb*, which says, *He gives Double, who gives Unask'd*.

Thou commendest the *Industry* of the *Chinese*, the *Advances* they have made in *Arts* and *Sciences*, which, thou concludest, is  
to

to be attributed to the Force of their *Laws*, which oblige the Son to follow his Father's Trade, throughout all Generations. In this I must dissent ; for, it seems rather a Curb, than a Spur to Ingenuity, to be confin'd to Employments, for which a Man may have an Aversion. The Son not seldom abhorring those Things, wherein his Parents took Delight. Or, if not so, yet he may be cast in a Finer Mold, have a more subtle Invention ; and consequently, be capable of making greater Improvements, in any Trade of his own Choice : Since, Delight sets an Edge on the Mind, gives Vigor to the Body, and adds Wings to Business. Besides, I do not think this to be so much thy own Remark, as the Insinuation of some of that Country, who are the most Conceited People in the World ; ever extolling their own *Policy, Laws and Government* ; and imposing them as a Pattern to all other Nations.

One Thing I grant, they boast of with a great Deal of Truth, that is, their Antiquity and unmixed Race. Though, since the *Conquest* the *Tartars* have made of that Country, they are like to undergo the Fate of other Nations, and Corrupt their *Genealogies* with the *Blood of Strangers*.

Thou camest away before that *Conquest* was begun, or perhaps, before 'twas talked of. And, I can give thee, but a very Imperfect Account of it. All the Intelligence we have from that *Kingdom* of late, comes in Fragments : For, the Ships which bring this  
shatter'd

shatter'd News, left *China* in an Uproar and Confusion : Only they assure us, That the *Tartars* had pass'd the Celebrated *Wall*, which divides them from *China* : That they entred and subdued the *Northern Provinces*, with an Army of Six hundred thousand Men : That very little Resistance was made against them, not even in *Pequin* it self, the *Capital Seat* of the *Chinese Empire*, which the *Usurper Lycungz* had abandon'd to the *Conquerors*, carrying away with him all the Inestimable Treasures of the *Palace*, and retiring into one of the remote *Provinces*, was never heard of afterwards. Whence it was judg'd, That some of his own Party had murder'd him ; partly, for the sake of his prodigious Wealth, which they shared among them ; and partly, to Revenge his *Treason* against the *Emperor*, and the Innumerable Calamities he had brought upon his Country.

Before these *Merchants* came away, the *Cham* of *Tartary* was Proclaimed in *Pequin*, and Crowned *Emperor* of *China*. They say, He was not above Thirteen Years Old at that time ; which was in the 12th. *Moon*, of the Year 1644. And, that having sent for the Chief *Nobility* of *Tartary* to *Pequin*, he made Preparations to pursue his Conquests.

This is the best Account we yet have of the Affairs of that *Empire* : By which thou wilt easily be induced to be of my Opinion, That the *Blood* of the *Chineses*, will, in time, be mix'd with that of *Strangers*.

We must not seek for the Originals of any People, in the Country where they dwell. The most Renowned *Kingdoms* and *Empires* in the *World*, had their first Foundations laid by *Vagabonds* and *Fugitives*. Thou art not ignorant, how vast an Extent the Ancient *Roman Empire* had through *Asia*, *Africk* and *Europe*; yet that City, which was call'd the *Mistress of Nations*, the *Governess of the Whole Earth*, was first built by a handful of *Bianch*, People who lived by Pillage and Robbery, the Outlaws and Scum of *Italy*, assembled together from divers Parts, under the Conduct of *Romulus* and *Rhemus*. Neither had that City proved any better than a Sepulchre to them and their Designs, had they not, by a witty Stratagem, over-reach'd the *Sabine Women*, and so secured to themselves a Posterity, who should not only Defend, but Enlarge the Dominions of their Fathers: Yet these People, of so Obscure and confus'd an Original, afterwards boasted of the Antiquity and Noble Descent of their *Families*. No Name more Venerable in succeeding Ages, than that of a *Roman*.

To look no further than the Great and Formidable *Empire* of the *Osman*s, we shall find it took its first Rise from *Colonies* of Transplanted *Scythians*;—so that he who would have the *Genealogy* of a *Turk*, must not look in the *Registers* of *Greece*, where they now live, but must carry his Search beyond the Mountain *Caucasus*, examine the Borders of *Palus Maotis*, or hunt his Pedigree out  
in

in *Cherfonesus*. What *Revolutions* have not happen'd in *Asia* and *Africk*, since the *Assumption* of the *Messenger of God* into *Paradise*? Where shall we now find any Remains of the Ancient *Saracens*, or *Mamalukes*? The Mighty *Empire* of the *Ottomans* has swallow'd up all. Thus, one Nation expells another; and, there is so general a Mixture of *Foreign Blood*, made by the Conversion of innumerable different Nations to the *Mussulman Faith*, that it is hard to know, Whether our *Ancestors* were *Scythians* or *Persians*, *Jews* or *Grecians*; Whether they were of the Mountains or the Valleys, of the Forests or the Plains.

In this I will except my Countrymen, the *Arabians*, and those who seem to approach nearest them in Manner of Life, the *Tartars*; the one dwelling in Tents, the other in Waggon; both in a moving Posture; both Happy in this, That they are not confin'd to the Rigors of a Cold *Winter*, nor the Scorching Heats of the *Summer*; but, change their Soil and Climate, as the Season of the Year varies: Thus ever securing to themselves in all Places, either a blooming flow'ry *Spring*, or a moderate and fruitful *Autumn*. These were never subdued, nor expelled those Regions wherein they take Delight, neither would they ever mix with *Strangers*. But, the *Chinese* would excell all the *World* in the Purity of their *Unmix'd Blood*, were it not for the late *Incursions* of their Potent and Victorious Neighbours.

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in



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bours.



The French say, That these People had the Use of *Guns* and *Printing*, many Hundreds of Years before they were found out in *Europe*. But, the *Germans* claim the Honour of these *Inventions* to themselves.

Thou confirmest the Opinion of the Former, in telling me, thou hast seen some of the Cannon belonging to the City of *Pequin*, on which was engraven, in *Chinese Characters*, a Register of their Age, which was above Two Thousand Years.

I had a great Deal more to say, Dear *Pesteli*, but the *Post* calls on me to hasten; Besides an extreme Dullness and Languishing of my Spirits, with which I have been persecuted, ever since this *Moon* first shewed her *Crescent*. Now she is in the *Wane*, and so I hope is my Malady. The Influence this *Planet* seems to have on me, may make thee conclude me a *Lunatick*. We are all so in one Degree or other. There are not more apparent Symptoms, That the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the *Sea*, owes its Original to the Neighbourhood and Motion of that *Planet*, than that our *Constitutions* vary, according to its *Monthly Appearances*.

He that Created the *Moon*, and the *Constellations*, not without Respect to *Mankind*, give us *Wisdom* which shall entitle us to a *Dominion* over the *Stars*.

Paris, 14th. of the 8th. Moon,  
of the Year 1648.

LETTER

## LETTER XVII.

## To the Aga of the Janizaries.

THE Duke of Chastillon arrived here Six Days ago, from the Army in *Flanders*, bringing News of a Signal Victory, obtained by the Young Prince of Conde, on the Plains of *Lens*. This Battel was fought on the 20th. of the last Moon, the French having entirely routed the *Spaniards*, kill'd Three thousand of them on the spot, taken Six thousand Prisoners, with all their Artillery and Baggage. And, to Crown the Day, they have taken *Lens* also.

But, though *Fortune* thus favours their Arms Abroad, she has mixed Poyson with their Counsels at Home. All Things here seem to portend a Civil War: The Parliament thwart the Proceedings of the Court, taking on them the Power of the Ancient *Spartan Ephori*: They will be Comptrollers of the Regal Authority, suppressing the King's Edicts, calling his Expences to Account; and, pretending to reform the Court, they play the *Padagogues* with their Sovereign. On the other side, Cardinal *Mazarini*, the Duke of *Orleans*, and other *Grandeës*, do their utmost Endeavours, to dissolve the Meetings of this Senate. They persuade the Young King, That it is but a Precarious Reign, where the Sovereign must be curb'd by his Subjects: Thus they instill into his tender Years, those

*Maxims* by which they would have him Rule, when he comes of Age.

There is a Man in the *Parliament*, whom they call *Monsieur Brussels*, one of their Great Counsellors, a bitter Enemy of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and therefore cry'd up by the People for a *Patriot*: He is of a furious Temper, and mean Abilities; yet his noisy Zeal for the *Publick Liberty*, has fastened to him the *Valgar*: He is become the *Ring-leader* of the *Seditions*.

This Man was seiz'd, as he returned from the Chief *Temple*, where *Te Deum* was sung Yesterday, for the late Victory in *Flanders*: And some are of Opinion, that twas this happy News which emboldned the *Court* to snatch from the People their *Darling*, their *Idol*, the Man from whose Courage they expect a Redress of all their Grievances. Indeed, one may say, it would seem safer for a Traveller in the Desarts of *Arabia*, to tear from a *Lioness* her Young One: For, the *Heads* of the *Faction* waited but for such an Opportunity, to set all in a Flame. And, the ill Success of the *Court* in this Action, shews, That it is dangerous to provoke the *Multitude*: For presently we were all in Confusion; the *Burgesses* in Arms, the Shops shut up, the Streets chained, and all the Avenues of the Palace barricado'd. The *Rabble* marched up and down the Streets, threatening Destruction to *Cardinal Mazarini*, and all his *Party*. The *Parliament* were forced to become the *Messengers* of the People,

to carry their *Petitions*, or rather their *Commands*, to the *Court*; being threatned also, if they failed of Success: For, they protested unanimously, that they would not lay down their Arms, till the Imprison'd *Counsellor* was Released.

The *Queen* appear'd at first Inexorable, and sent these *Senators* away with Denial and Scoffs; wishing them Joy of their New Honour, in being made the *Porters* of the *Rabble*. And the Young *Monarch*, incensed to see his *Native Royalty* thus Prophaned by his *Subjects*, bent his Brows; and casting a Look, divided betwixt Majesty and Disdain, on the *Senators*, uttered these words: *Sirs! Shall it always be a Custom, thus to molest the Minority of your Kings? Or, Do you think Our tender Years incapable of the Common Sense of other Mortals, that you presume thus Insolently to Invade Our Right? Accuse not the Multitude, nor make them an Umbrage to your Sedition: I know the Authors of these Tumults, and shall find a time to make em feel the Weight of my Displeasure: Think not, that I wear this Sword only for Ornament, [laying his Hand fiercely on the Hilt;] or, that the Blood of my Renowned Ancestors, is grown degenerate, or turned to Lees within my Veins. Go tell your Faction's Comrades, There sits this Day upon the Throne of France, a King, who, though he's Young, yet has a Spirit and Memory which will out-last his Pupillage. With that, he commanded them out of his Sight.*

Yet notwithstanding this, the People threatned to bring their *Darling* away by Force, if he were not released in Two Hours.

There were above a Hundred thousand of them in Arms, and it might have proved a dangerous *Insurrection*. But, the *Queen*, at the Second return of the *Senators*, hearkning to the Advice of *Mazarini*, and the *Duke of Orleans*, and remembering the late dreadful Effects of *Masanello's* Tumult in *Naples*, releas'd the Prisoner; who was conducted Home last Night in Triumph, by an infinite Croud of People, who filled the Air with Shouts and Acclamations.

It is discoursed here, That the *Prince of Cende* will speedily return to *Paris*: From whom, both the *Court*, and the *Faction*, promise themselves new Grounds of Triumph.

During these Commotions, *Mahmut* fails not to act his Part, being at no small Expence, to maintain a certain Number of Strangers, whose whole Dependance is on me: These I instruct, to mix themselves with the *Rabble*, to insinuate into them hateful Notions of *Cardinal Mazarini*, and the *Court*. They buz up and down the City, like Flies in this hot Season, and sting the *Multitude* to Fury with their Stories. I spare no Cost, to procure the *Cardinal's* Ruine: That pernicious Wit comes not short of his Predecessor *Richlieu*, being as active in embroyling Foreign States; witness, the *Revolutions* of *Portugal*, *Catalonia*, *England*, and *Naples*; (in all which he had a principal Hand)

Hand) and is ever projecting, how to aggrandize his *Master*. And, the Universal Success of the French Arms in Germany, Flanders, Italy and Spain, has left him Nothing worth a Thought, but the Destruction of the *Osman Empire*.

*Eliachim* brings me News every Hour, how my *Myrmidons* succeed; for he acts abroad in the Streets, while I keep my Chamber, during the Tumults; being of *Demoisthenes's* Mind, who, when the *Athenians* were in an Uproar, took Sanctuary in the Temple of *Pallas*, and prostrating himself before the Altar of the Goddess, uttered these Words, O *Pallas*, I fly to thee for Protection; defend me from Ignorance, Envy, and Inconstancy; for, I love not the Society of the Owl, the Dragon, and the People.

Yet, whether in my Chamber or Abroad, be assured, Illustrious Prefect of the Imperial City, that *Mahmut* divides his Time between the Vows he makes, and the Services he does for the Grand Signior.

Paris, 3d. of the 9th. Moon,  
of the Year 1648.



LETTER X. VIII.

To Achmet Beig.

THIS Court is now in Mourning, for the Death of *Vladislavus*, late King of *Poland*: Whilst the *Politicians*, are canvassing the next Election. Those who Side with the House of *Austria*, favour the Succession of *Prince Charles*. But the *French*, are for *Casimir* their former Prisoner.

The *Duke of Bavaria*, is also dead. They say he died of Grief, to see his Country expos'd to the Insults of a *Victorious Enemy*: For, all his Forces were intirely defeated.

The *Prince of Conde*, has taken *Ipre* in *Flanders*; and, the *Arch-Duke of Austria*, has rendred himself Master of *Courtray*, without drawing a Sword, or firing a Gun: The *Mareschal de Rantzau*, has made an unhappy Attempt, to surprize *Ostend*, a Sea-Town in *Flanders*. For, carrying his Forces by Water, as soon as he had Landed his Men, a Tempest rose, and drove all his Ships out to Sea: So that, being encompassed by a numerous Army of his Enemies, and having no Way to escape, he and all his Troops were made Prisoners.

From the Sea we have Advice, that there has been a Combat, between the *Duke of Richlieu*, Commander of the *Naval Forces* sent to assist the *Neapolitan Revolters*, and  
Don



*Don John of Austria*, Admiral of the *Spanish* Fleet on that Coast: But the Issue of the Battel is not yet known; though most People guess the Victory to be on the *French* Side, in regard *Cardinal Mazarini* had, by the Advice of an *Indian* Ship-wright, caused all the *French* Ships to be plastered over with *Allom*, so that no *Fire-Ships* can hurt them. The *Spaniards* make great Use of these *Fire-Ships* in all their Sea-Fights, having learn'd, to their Cost, from the *English*; what Damage these Vessels do, when they formerly lost their whole *Armada*, which they before termed *Invincible*, and with which they failed to Conquer that *Island*.

From *Catalonia* the Posts bring News, which pleases the Wives and Friends of the Soldiers in those Parts: For, the *Mareschal de Schomberg* has cut in pieces the *Spanish* Army, taken *Tortosa* by Assault, where the Soldiers found a Booty of above Fifteen hundred thousand *Livres*.

A Courier is come from *Sweden*, who brings an Account of a late Formidable Conspiracy in *Russia*, against the Life of the *Czar*: The greatest part of the *Moscovite* *Grande*s were concern'd in this Plot; designing to Change the Form of Government, and divide that Mighty Empire into several Principalities, whereof every one of the Conspirators should have a Share. And, that they should be all subject to One Chief, who should be Elected by the Rest, after the Manner of *Germany*. To this

Q. 5. purpose,

Purpose, they had made a *Private Treaty* with the *Tartars*. *Morosoph*, the *Prime Minister of State*, and the *Chancellor Nazari*, were of the *Conspiracy*. Perhaps, thou wilt lament the *Fate* of the *Latter*, having receiv'd extraordinary Civilities from him, when thou wert at that *Court*.

*Banaanoph*, Son of the *Patriarch of Mosco*, revealed the *Plot*, with the *Names* of the *Conspirators*, to the *Grand Duke*: Who sent for them next Day to his *Palace*, under divers Pretences; where he commanded them all to be Kill'd, and their *Bodies* to be thrown to the *Dogs* in the *Streets* of that *City*.

The *French* report strange Things of *Sul-ran Ibrahim*: I wish all go well at the *Sublime Port*. If thou hast the same Desires, reveal them to none but thy *Friend*; for at some times, a *Man's* best Thoughts will be interpreted for *Treason*. Adieu.

Paris, 15th. of the 10th. Moon,  
of the Year 1648.

LETTER

## LETTER XIX.

*To the Musti.*

THY Venerable Letters are come safe to my Hands, bringing Light and Consolation to the Faithful *Exile*. With profoundest Reverence, I kiss'd and unfolded the Papers, which contain the Sacred Instructions of the *Vicar of God*. I blessed my self, when I read the Charge of *Royal Enormities*, the exorbitant Passions of a *Mussulman Emperour*, and the Prophanation of the *Throne* founded on *Justice*. Thou hast prevented the Qualms of a too scrupulous Loyalty, by assuring me, That it is a *Fundamental Maxim* of our *Law*, That all *Men in the World*, without Respect of Birth or Quality, are obliged to appear before the *Justice of God*: And, That he who obeys not the *Law*, is no *Mussulman*: And, If the *Emperor* himself be in this Number, he ought to be *Deposed* forthwith.

This has abundantly satisfied my Conscience, coming from the Hands of him, from whose *Sentence*, there can be no *Appeal on Earth*. I shall therefore readily obey thy *Orders*; and, without Demur, put in Execution what thou hast commanded me.

Who

Who can blame the Just Indignation of *Sultan Morat's* Widow, who in defence of her Chastity, threatned to sheath her *Ponyard* in the Breast of her *Sovereign*? But, incomparably more Eminent, was thy Daughter's Vertue, who not being able to resist the Force of the Mighty *Ravisher*, after she was polluted, would, like another *Lucretia*, have stab'd her self, had she not been prevented by the *Sultan*. How has he sully'd the Glory of the *Osman Race*, by these Effeminate *Vices*? What an Indignity has he committed against our *Holy Law*? Against the *Principal Patriarch* of the *Elect*? Much more noble, was the Continnence of the *African Scipio*, who, when at the Conquest of *New Carthage*, a Virgin of admirable Beauty, was chosen from among the Captives and presented to him, would by no Means defile her, but restor'd her again without Blemish to her Parents, saying with all to those that stood near him, *Where I a Private Man, I would gratify my Passion, by the Enjoyment of this lovely Maid; but, it becomes not the Leader of an Army, to give so bad an Example; nor a Conquerour, to yield his Heart to the Charms of his Captive.*

But it seems, that *Sultan Ibrahim*, was rather Ambitious of the Character of *Augustus* the *Roman Emperour*, of whom it is said, That he never spared any Woman in his Lust: but, if he cast his Eye on a Beautiful Lady, though her Husband were of the First Quality in the *Empire*, he would immediately send his Officers, to bring her to him by fair Means or by Force.

The

The *Philosopher Athenodorus*, who was very intimate with this *Monarch*, took a pretty Method to reform this Vice in his *Master*. For, when the *Emperour* one Day had sent a close *Sedan* or *Chair*, for a certain *Noble-Woman*, of the *House* of the *Camilli*; the *Philosopher* fearing some *Disaster* might ensue, (for, that *Family* was very *Popular*, and highly respected in *Rome*,) he goes before to the *Ladies Palace*, and acquainting her with it, she complains to her *Husband*, of the *Indignity* was offer'd her. He boiling with *Anger*, threatned to stab the *Messengers* of the *Emperour*, when they came. But, the prudent *Philosopher* appeas'd them both, and only desir'd a *Suit* of the *Ladies Apparel*; which was granted him. He soon put it on, and hiding his *Sword* under his *Robes*, enter'd the *Sedan*, personating the *Lady*. The *Messengers*, who knew no other, carried him away to the *Emperour*. He heighten'd with *Desire*, made hast to open the *Sedan* himself. When *Athenodorus* suddenly drawing his *Sword*, leap'd forth upon him, saying, *This mightest Thou have been Murder'd: Wilt thou never quit the Vice, which is attended with so much Danger? Jealousie and Revenge might have substituted an Assassin thus disguis'd in my Room: But, I took Care of thy Life. Henceforth take Warning.* The *Emperour* pleas'd with the *Philosopher's Stratagem*, gave him *Ten Talents* of *Gold*; thanking him for this reasonable *Correction*: And, from that Time, began to refrain *Unlawful Pleasures*, applying himself to a *Vertuous Life*.

Thou

Thou seest, Holy *Prelate*, that by perusing the *Histories* of the *Ancients*, a Man may furnish himself with useful Examples, and proper Observations. I always keep by me *Plutarch's Works*, and those of *Livy* a *Roman Historian*; as also *Tacitus*, who has left the *Annals* of that Formidable *Empire* to Posterity. It were a desirable Thing, That the *Mussulman Scribes* were employ'd in Translating such *Records* as these, into the *Arabic* or *Turkish Languages*; That so the *True Faithful*, who are *Destin'd* by God to Conquer the *World*, may not be ignorant of the Memorable Transactions of Former Ages. Some of our *Sultans* have been curious, to have *Plutarch's Writings* render'd in the Familiar Speech of the *Ottomans*. There are other *Memoirs*, not less worth the Labour. If it shall enter into thy Heart, to encourage so profitable a Work, the whole *Empire* of the *Resign'd* to God, will be indebted to thee. But, who am I, that presume to direct the Great Father of the *Faithfull*? Thou art enlighten'd with all Knowledge and Wisdom! Peradventure, thou hast Reasons to divert thee from such an Enterprize, which I cannot comprehend. Therefore, I cover my Mouth with Dust, and Acquiesce.

As to the late *Revolution*, I am not to dispute the *Will* of my *Superiours*. However, I receive the News of that *Tragedy* with less Discontent, in Regard, Thou thy self, who art the *Oracle* of the *Mussulmans*, hast thought fit to Depose *Sultan Ibrahim*: Using herein, the



the Advice and Consents of his own *Mother*, and of *Mahomet Bassa*, with that of the *Janiziar Aga*; who, next to thy self, are Two the most Knowing Sages in the *Empire*.

What remains, but that I shall pray for the long life of *Sultan Mahomet*? Desiring also, that *Heaven* may so direct his Counsels, that he may never do any thing, to merit the Fate of his unhappy Father.

Paris, 19th. of the 12th. Moon,

of the Year 1648.

## LETTER XX.

To Chiurgi Muhammel, Bassa.

At length the Deputies of the *Netherlands* Princes at *Munster*, have concluded a Peace: They have been these Six Years debating about *Trifles* and *Punctilio's*, as is the Manner of the *Christians*, even in the most Important Affairs. This Treaty was Sign'd the 24th. of the last Moon; when all farther Hostilities ceas'd on all Sides, except on the Parts of *France* and *Spain*; whose Quarrel could by no means be admitted, in this General Agreement of *Christendom*.

Thou.



Thou hast by this time heard of the late Tumults and Emotions in this City; the Disaffection between the Court and Parliament, with the Short Siege of Paris. Now things seem to be compos'd, and in a Calm: But, it may only prove a Truce, while both Parties take Breath, to rust upon each other with the greater Violence. The City is unmeasurably Rich and Populous, and can Arm an Hundred thousand Men at an Hour's Warning. The Parliament abets their Quarrel: this encourages them to vye with the Court: The Merchants live like Petty Kings; Abundance of Gold, fills them with Pride and Ambition. Whilst the Court, in the mean time, are Close and Reserv'd, projecting how to Destroy the Faction, and Assert the Regal Authority. The Queen-Regent is Resolute and Severe; yet suffers her self to be Mollify'd with the Milder Counsels of Cardinal *Maxarini*, and the Duke of Orleans.

In the Beginning of this Reign, I gave an Account to the Ministers of the Pope, of the Duke of Beaufort's Imprisonment in the Castle of the Wood of Vinciennes, which is one of the King's Palaces: This Prince is now escap'd from his Confinement, and come into the City. The Factions cry him up for a Patriot, and are resolv'd to protect him with their Lives and Fortunes.

If thou yet retainest thy Health and Vigor, thou art Happy. As for me, I feel continual Decays; yet am not troubled, perceiving

at the same Time, that I approach nearer to *Immortality*. Wherefore, I neither seek *Restoratives*, nor consult the *Physician*; but suffering my self to dissolve Gradually, I die with Pleasure, Pluming and preparing my self daily, as one ready to take Wing for a more *Happy Region*.

Paris 24th. of the 12th. Moon,  
of the Year, 1649.

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LETTER XXI.

To Dgnet Oglou.

I Am not surpriz'd at the News of *Sultan Ibrahim's* being Depos'd and Strangled? 'Tis but what I have for a long Time fear'd: These restless *Janizaries*, will ruine the *Ottoman Empire*. Neither am I startled to hear, that his *Mother* was accessary to his Fall; having a Double Motive, Ambition and Revenge, to induce her Consent. She always affected to Rule; and therefore, could not brook the *Sultan's* resolute Management of Affairs without following her Advice. Besides, she could not easily forget her Disgrace and Confinement, on the Account of the *Armenian Lady's* Death.

But,

But I am astonish'd and vex'd to hear, That the *Musli* should be concern'd in so *Black a Tragedy*. How shall we have the Confidence hereafter, to reproach the *Christians*, with their frequent *Treasons* and *Mur-d'ring* of their *Kings*; since it will be easie for them to retort, That the *Supreme Patriarch* of Our *Law*, has enter'd into the *Secret of Rebels*, Conspir'd the *Death* of his *Sovereign*, and caus'd him to be *Depos'd* and *Strangled*?

As for the *Aga* of the *Janizaries*, I suppose him rather over-aw'd into the *Conspiracy*, by the *Forcible Reasons* and *Elegant Parole* of the *Musli*, than any ways Voluntarily engaging himself in Crimes, to which he seems to have no Inclination. Besides, he could not refuse to make one in the *Party*, after it had once been propos'd to him; unless he were resolv'd, to be the First *Victim* of their Jealousie, and be Murdred himself; to prevent the Discovery of the Rest. Yet, his Duty and Honour, ought to have superseded all other Considerations: And he should have chosen to Die in his Allegiance, rather than to live stain'd with so foul a Crime.

However it be, I cannot approve their *Treason*. For, whatever the *Vices* of the *Sultan* were, they had no Right to punish him. He was accountable to None but God: And, they invaded the *Prerogative* of Heaven, in Dethroning Him, whom the *Divine Providence* had invest'd with the *Imperial Diadem*.

Much less can I approve their *Impiety*, in Defaming him now he is dead. Neither can I  
in

in Conscience comply with the Injunctions of the *Mufts*; who has commanded me, in a Letter, to spread an Ill Character of *Suban Ibrahim*, among the Christians, that so his own Proceedings may appear Just. 'Tis true, I owe Much to the Authority of this *Sovereign, Guide of True Believers*; yet I must not, to pay this Debt, turn Bankrupt of my Reason: I owe Something to my Self, and to the *Distinguishing Character* of a *Man*, and I promis'd him, indeed, to obey his Commands in this Point: But, he that has given me a *Dispensation* for all the Lyes and Perjuries I shall be guilty of in *Paris*; will, I hope, pardon me, if I turn my own *Confessor*, and Absolve my self, for not performing my Word to him in this Point.

I am not often guilty of Aspersing the Living, but I abhor to Injure the Dead; lest I should incur the Fate of him, who being at Enmity with a Famous *Wrestler*, pursu'd him with Malice and Revenge, even in his Grave. For, envying the Honour that was due to this *Wrestler's* Memory, in that his *Statue* was set up in a *Publick Place*, he went privately, one Night, with design to throw the *Statue* down: But, after he had spitefully Disfigur'd it in several Parts with a Hammer, and was busie in working its Overthrow; the *Image*, on a sudden, fell on him, and crush'd him to Death: As if the Spirit of him whom it represented, had given it this Fall, to revenge the Malice of his Adversary.

Certainly,

Certainly, the *Ancients* were not ignorant what they said, when, among other Sage Counsels, they advis'd Mortals, *Not to speak Ill of the Dead, but to esteem them Sacred, who are gone into the Immortal State.* And *Plato's Ring* had this Motto on it; *It is easier to provoke the Dead, than to pacifie them, when once provok'd.* Intimating thereby, That the Souls of the *Departed*, are sensible of the Injuries that are done them by the *Living*.

Therefore I will shun Detraction, especially of the *Dead*: And, if I cannot say much in Praise of *Sultan Ibrahim's Vertues*, let his *Vices* be buried with him in *Eternal Oblivion*.

I run no Hazards in writing thus frankly to thee, being assur'd of thy Fidelity. Besides, Death (which is the worst Punishment can be inflicted on me, for what I have said, should it be known) would not be bitter, when given by a Friend. Dear *Gues*, Adieu.

Paris, 20th. of the 1st. Moon,  
of the Year 1649.

LETTER

## LETTER XXII.

To Dancomar Kefrou, Kadilesquer  
of Romania.

WHEN I informed thee how the Scots had Sold their King to the English Rebels, it was easie to presage the Consequence, without a Revelation. When Sovereign Monarchs become the Merchandise of Factions, they commonly pay the Price with their own Blood: And there are few Examples of Princes that have been Imprison'd by their Subjects, and yet have escaped a Violent Death: For those who have once advanc'd so far in their Treason, as to seize the Person of their Sovereign, can never retire with Safety to themselves; or, at least, their Own Guilt makes them think so. The Consciousness of what they have already done, prompts them to proceed in their Wickedness; and, their Despair of saving their own Lives, makes them conclude it Necessary to take away his, whose Violated Majesty, they fear, will never pardon so Impudent an Essay of Treason.

But the Method which the English have taken to Murther their King, has not a Precedent in History: These Infidels have outstrip'd all former Traytors, in the Contrivance and Execution of their Regicide: They have



have even surpass'd Themselves, and their own First Designs.

It has been usual for *Traytors*, to take away the Life of a Depos'd *Monarch* Privately, by *Poyson* or *Assassin*, either in Respect to his *Royal Blood*, or to avoid the Possibility of a Rescue, from any of his Loyal Friends and Subjects. But, these *Barbarians* were resolved publicly to insult on *Majesty*, to brave the whole World in the Execution of their Villainy, and make a Pompous Conclusion of their *Treasons*. For, they Erected a New *Divan*, or *Court of Judicature*, composed of the most Infamous *Traytors*: There they formally Try'd their *Sovereign*, by a *Law* of their own making; Condemn'd him, as a Tyrant and a *Traytor*: And finally, caused his Head to be chopt off with an *Axe*, by an *Executioner*, before the Gates of his own *Palace*, in the sight of Thousands of his *Subjects*; that so they might appear, not so much to Kill their *King*, as to Destroy the *Monarchy* it self, and Triumph in its Ruine.

Hast thou, O Venerable Judge of the Faithful, ever Read or Heard of such a Daring *Treason*? All *Europe* startles at the Monstrous Fact. And Cardinal *Macarini* himself, who carried on that Private Web of Faction's Designs in *England*, whose First Threads his Predecessor *Richlieu* had spun; yet expressed an Horror, at the News of this *Tragedy*. And, I look not on this to be an Artifice of Policy in Him, to blind the World; but a real Discovery of his Sentiments: For he is too generous



nerous to approve so Barbarous a Proceeding, against a *Sovereign Monarch*, though his Enemy.

Other Day he was heard to say, *That in Revenge of the King's Murder, he would embarrass the Counsels of the English Rebels, more than he had done those of their Sovereign.*

This was not spoken so secretly, but *Mah-mut* had Intelligence of it within an Hour: For, I have more Ears in *Paris*, than those in my Head, to hearken after the *Intrigues* of this *Minister*; And, it will be difficult for him hereafter, to speak, write or act any Thing; no, not even in his Private Closet, which will not be disclosed to me.

Yet, though I thus watch his Motions as an Enemy, and do my utmost, to render his Designs against the *Ottoman Port*, Ineffectual; I cannot in my Heart condemn this *Minister*, who all the while, acts but the Part of a *Faithful Servant* and an *Able Statesman*, in striving to aggrandize his *Master*.

His supporting also the *Factions* in *England*, and nourishing the Discontents of that *Giddy-Headed People*, were but the Result of his Zeal for his *Country*, and for the *Church*, whereof he is One of the *Principal Pillars*. It being Evident from his Grief at that *King's Murder*, That he bore no Malice against him, but only sought to humble him into Terms of Compliance with *France*.

When I say this, I suppose the *Cardinal's* Sorrow on that Account, to be free from Fiction: But who knows, when the Actions

smaller Virtues to be had of

of *Statesmen* are Undisguiz'd, and when not? For, I am well assur'd, That whilst his *Agents* were busie in Embroyling that *Nation*, he promised the Exil'd *English Queen*, to assist her Husband with Men and Money against those very *Rebels*, with whom he held a Private Correspondence, and to whom his *Coffers* were really open.

Most of the *European Statesmen*, are corrupted with the *Maxims* of a certain Famous *Writer* whom they call *Matchiavel*. This *State-Casnist* has taught them, to boggle at no Crimes, which may advance the Ends they aim at; *Every Thing*, in his Opinion, being *Honest*, that is *Successful*. Thus, *Policy* among the *Nazarenes*, is Degenerated into *Sordid-Craft*: And, that which was once deservedly esteem'd a *Vertue*, necessary to the *Governments* of the *World*, is now turn'd into a *Vice*; of which the very *Out-Laws*, *Free-Booters* and *Pirates*, are asham'd.

God, who suffer'd the *Earth* to be Inhabited by *Angels*, for an *Infinite Number* of *Ages* before he Created *Adam*, and then Expelling them Hence for their *Wickedness*, and turning them to *Devils*, gave this *Globe* for a Dwelling-Place to *Men*; grant, that the *Enormous Crimes* of *Mortals*, may not provoke Him to Exterminate our *Human Race*, and restore the *Devils* to their *Ancient Habitation*.

Paris, 12th. of the 2d. Moon,  
11th. of the Year, 1849.



The End of the Third Volume.

